DOES JOHN L. LEWIS WANT TO BE PRESIDENT?

DEC. 5,
1936

Liberty

5¢

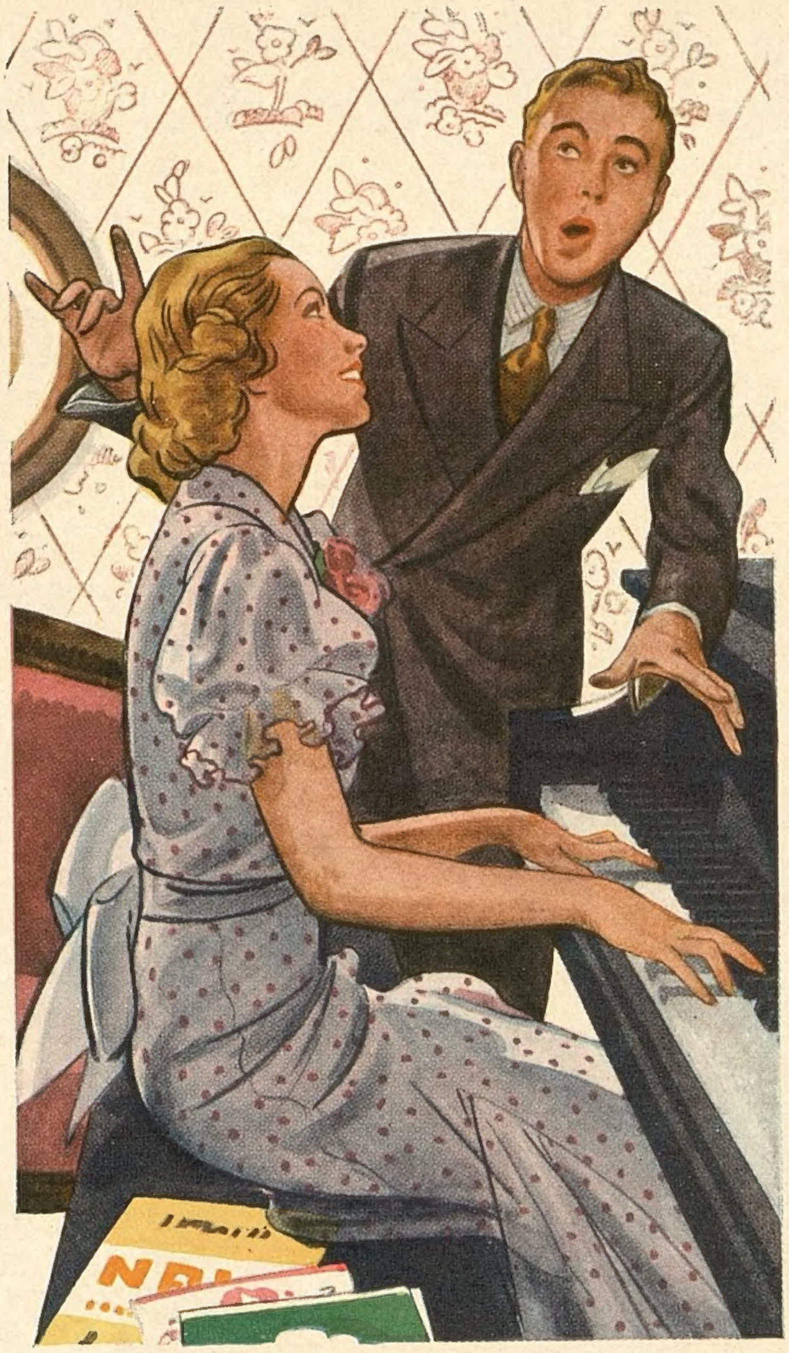
UERE F.
STEHUFF

PARK AVENUE CRIME

MURDER IN CEMETERY LANE
BY HEADQUARTERS OLD-TIMER

MORE WENDEL LINDBERGH REVELATIONS

JUST A FUNNY OLD SONG EVERYBODY KNOWS



"WE sing, we sing, we sing of Lydia Pinkham," so go the words of an old song known on every college campus.

Old grads sing it at their class reunions.

The young people sing it when they gather around the piano at home on their college vacations.

And mother, listening, puts her book aside and joins in the chorus.

"How she saved, she saved, she saved the human race—" remember the words of the parody?

From laughing young lips that have never known the twist of pain it comes with gay abandon. Just a funny old school song everybody knows.

But to silver haired mothers who have run life's gauntlet, to women who have lain on the rack in childbirth, known the fiery ordeal of the "change"—these words bring grateful memories. To them it is much more than just a funny song.

Lydia E. Pinkham was a real woman

The song is a parody. But Lydia E. Pinkham was a very real person. In fact hers is one of the best known names in the history of American women.

She began her work in the light of little knowledge. Her laboratory was a kitchen. Her compounding vat an iron kettle on a New England kitchen stove.

But today her work is being carried on under the banner of modern science.

And now her product is made in a great plant occupying six modern factory buildings.

Not a Patent Medicine

You may be surprised to know that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is not a patent medicine.

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts* which must be endured, especially during

The Three Ordeals of Woman

1. *Passing from girlhood into womanhood.*
2. *Preparing for Motherhood.*
3. *Approaching "Middle Age."*

**functional disorders*

On the contrary it is a standard proprietary compounded to aid women in facing the three major ordeals of their sex. It is to be found in every reputable drug store.

We who carry on the work of Lydia Pinkham do not offer this Vegetable Compound as a panacea or a cure-all.

We do know it has been tested and approved by women of three generations. We do know that a million women have written to tell us it has been helpful during the three most difficult ordeals of their sex: adolescence, motherhood and "middle age."

More than a Million Letters of Grateful Testimony

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been advertised these many years. But no advertisement we have ever printed could compare with the word-of-mouth advertising from one grateful woman to another.

In our files are more than one million letters from women in every walk of life—letters on scented notepaper or on torn wrapping paper—letters from women who have known pain and have written to us without solicitation to tell us how helpful Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been to them.

If you are in need of help we can honestly advise you to give it a fair trial.

We know what it has done for others.

We have every reason to believe it will do the same for you. The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

One woman tells another how to go "Smiling Through" with

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Good-looking hair is a Social Asset

Keep yours healthy and trim with
VITALIS
and the "60-Second Workout"

1 50 Seconds to rub—hair-nourishing oils are replenished. Circulation quickens. Your hair takes on new life and lustre.

2 10 Seconds to comb and brush—your hair looks rich and lustrous, but with no objectionable "patent-leather" shine.

GOOD-LOOKING hair alone won't carry you to fame and fortune and social success. But, unquestionably, it is an asset in any man's career.

For well-kept hair stamps him as a clean-cut fellow, respectful of himself and his appearance—it is a definite asset to his business and social life. Yet many men never give it the little time it needs for health and grooming.

Tight, dry scalp is often to blame for dull, lifeless, unkempt hair. And to waken your scalp there is nothing like Vitalis and the invigorating and stimulating effect of the famous "60-Second Workout."

Vitalis and massage quickens circulation in the scalp—restores the flow of nourishing oils—leaves your hair alive and lustrous and easy to comb. Loose dandruff goes. And yet there's no trace of that "patent-leather" look.

Get a bottle of Vitalis from your druggist. Start your "60-Second Workout" today.

ASK YOUR BARBER

He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. He is recommending Vitalis in the new single application Sealtube. It is the *most sanitary* package ever made. Be sure to get a Sealtube.

USE VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" FOR HEALTHY, HANDSOME HAIR

What Roosevelt Will Do In The Next Four Years

It is Liberty's privilege next week to publish the most important—and by far the most exciting—magazine article of the year.

Here is an authoritative forecast written by one of President Roosevelt's most trusted advisers—Dr. Stanley High—which clearly states the outstanding plans for the new administration.

Will Roosevelt chastise his enemies?

Will he revive the NRA? And if so, how?

Will he "crack down" on business?

Will he attempt any control of the news columns of the press?

Will he modify his liberal policies?

Will he cast the lobbyists out of Washington?

What will be on his new "must" schedule?

What will he do about the Supreme Court? Will he "pack" it with justices more favorable to his own policies?

Will the court lose its veto power?

Will he improve the relief program?

Will he balance the budget? And if so, how?

Will he intervene more in foreign affairs?

Does he look forward to a "quiet" second term?

These questions are answered explicitly and with full authority in next week's issue.

GET YOUR COPY EARLY ON WEDNESDAY!

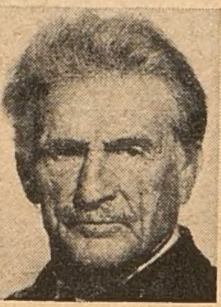
DECEMBER 5, 1936 **Liberty** VOL. 13, NO. 49

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALLACE H. CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

Health Advice Should Be as Free as Air and Water



BERNARR MACFADDEN

HEALTH is the one factor in life which is necessary to comfort and happiness. The feeling of well-being that comes to a healthy body cannot be financially valued.

We have a reputation of being a commercial nation. Our business genius has given us nearly half the wealth of the world, but we have overdone the job somewhat.

We have allowed business to creep into everything.

Even religion is a business with some.

And romance—even that is often commercialized.

There are women who go into court and sue for breach of promise.

If a woman loses her husband or a man loses his wife due to romantic attraction from some other sources, then there is often a suit for money damages. The victims measure their love in dollars and cents.

They sink romance to the level of prostitution.

And there is health—something that is worth more than life after we have lost it. It has been commercialized frankly, brutally.

With pitiless cruelty we allow the continuance of commercialized systems that lower human vitality, that often bring pain, distress, and even death, without official protest.

Health advice should be as free as air and water.

We talk of the importance of unemployment insurance;

We have enlarged on the value of insuring the comforts of life to the aged;

But all that is unimportant compared to health insurance. It should begin in babyhood and last throughout life.

The doctors, whether they be allopaths or homeopaths; the healers, whether osteopaths, chiropractors, or whatever they be—should be paid by the government.

Their services should be offered free to every one who needs them.

Think, for example, of a situation where a doctor is tempted by additional fees to advise an operation or to extend the illness of a patient.

Think, for example, of a situation where the death of a patient is sometimes of actual financial advantage to the physician.

Go into a small country town. The physician who has the largest number of deaths is the one who has the largest practice. A death advertises a doctor. His name becomes known to more people.

While the doctor who is able to cure his patients often remains unnoticed.

Out in California they have health clubs, in which each member pays two dollars a month, which includes all medical or surgical attention and advice that he might need. That is a commendable system.

With health of more importance than anything else in life, why can't we have Social Security legislation that would recognize this great human need?

At present we have death-dealing competition between various systems of doctoring.

If the commercial angle were removed entirely, the science of medicine, or, what is a better title, the science of healing, would progress far more speedily.

Doctors would be more open-minded. There would be no competition in the healing world. All would work together for the purpose of making their patients healthy and strong.

With the commercial angle removed, needless operations would not be recommended. Every system of healing would be given a fair chance to demonstrate its value.

For more than fifty years I have been teaching health-building, and many of the simple procedures that have proved invaluable are not recognized by the public. People everywhere should have the advantage of these invaluable truths.

And if all active workers in the science of healing were given a liberal income and their advice were free to everybody, the change that would be made in the health of the public would make an amazing difference in our mortality records.

Bernarr Macfadden

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Does John L. Lewis Want

LEWIS for President in 1940 or 1944? John L. Lewis, militant labor leader, in the White House?

Never before, during the heat of a Presidential campaign, has any one worthy of a hearing stopped to put in nomination a candidate for the next election. But that happened during the campaign of 1936 when some of the newspapers began to discuss the possibility of a Labor Party in the United States. And they mentioned only one candidate—the hard-fisted, fighting Lewis, president of the turbulent United Mine Workers and visible leader of such an insurrection in organized labor as we have not witnessed since the 1880s.

It does not matter that Lewis himself has made no move in the direction of the White House, or that the American Labor Party does not as yet exist and may never exist. It is a good news story. It is also a possibility.

A year ago the public knew Lewis only as the leader of the coal miners. Then last summer he blew to flame a fire already smoldering. At the convention of the American Federation of Labor he refused absolutely to abandon a policy at variance with the wishes of the majority, invited expulsion, and found the invitation ardently accepted. And when the voice of labor ceased to roar, Lewis had taken out of the Federation not only his own miners but a dozen other strong national and international unions—more than a third of the membership.

The visible focus of this battle is the question of industrial or "vertical" unions versus craft unions; but according to neutral outsiders it is really a struggle between a conservative element and a faction, which you may call either radical or progressive, for control of the A. F. of L. But since the outsiders now gathered up by Lewis in his Committee on Industrial Organization adhere to the industrial theory, it all comes to the same thing.

Craft unionism is organization strictly according to the kind of work the individual does. A union electrician may work in an automobile factory, a woolen mill, an office building, a repair shop, or as a cog in some building contractor's organization. A large mechanized factory may employ members of a dozen unions—machinists, stationary engineers, electricians, etc.—besides the union of those operatives who work the machines.

This, the British type of organization, is inherent in the structure of the A. F. of L. Industrial unionism is the continental European type. Each big industry has a single union to which all its workers are eligible no matter what they do. Apostles of industrial unionism say that it is the only form which fits the American scheme of heavy industry, wherein men are becoming less and less skilled craftsmen and more and more machine tenders. The advocates of craft unions fear the leveling effect of such organization. It is unjust, they say, that an expert carpenter or machinist should receive the same pay as a man who merely jerks a lever. Yet that, they believe, is the inevitable end of an industrial union—the same pay for all.

These two principles have locked horns before. The Knights of Labor, under Terence Powderly, were industrial unionists. They were fighting it out with the infant A. F. of L. when in 1886 the bombs of the Haymarket riot blew up not only a dozen policemen but their organization. Eugene V. Debs and Big Bill Haywood, both radicals in politics, carried on the fight until the one went to jail for violating the Espionage Act in the war and the other fled to Russia. The I. W. W. believed in industrial unionism. Indeed, it yelled, like the European syndicalists, for "one big union" embracing all laboring men regardless of their occupations. With the disappearance of the I. W. W. the idea languished.

Then, early in the administration of Franklin D. Roosevelt, the proponents of this idea began to take new heart. The American Federation of Labor had never, it is true, excluded industrial unions. But against declaring for industrial unionism as a governing principle its Executive Council stood like a rock. This managing body was another thorn in the flesh of the incipient insurgents. Rightly or wrongly, they declared that it was self-perpetuating and unresponsive to the real wishes of labor.

However, a few insurgents broke into this body. They included Lewis himself and Sidney Hillman, the furiously successful leader of the clothing workers in New York. Aside from the issue of industrial unionism, the dissenters disliked other things about the policies of the Federation. It had set itself rigidly against "dragging labor into politics." With one remote exception, it had never endorsed a candidate—as a body. The insurgents believed in "political expression." It had lost membership since the World War. They laid this to "old-fashioned methods."

LEWIS, they say now, had always fixed his eye on steel as the key not only to the American industrial scheme but to American unionism. Depending on steel for their existence are certain other industries, like automobile manufacture, where the workers have not yet organized except in those company unions which are to the labor leader a personal devil. The steelworkers had generally resisted union organization. There were a few craft unions among them when William Z. Foster, a radical outsider, stirred up the violent strike of 1919. When Foster lost, the unions disappeared. The steel companies took care that this should not happen again. Some of them, the Lewis faction maintains, kept the mills full of spies. As soon as a union organizer appeared, they spotted him. Any man caught talking to him lost his job a day or two later for dropping a monkey wrench.

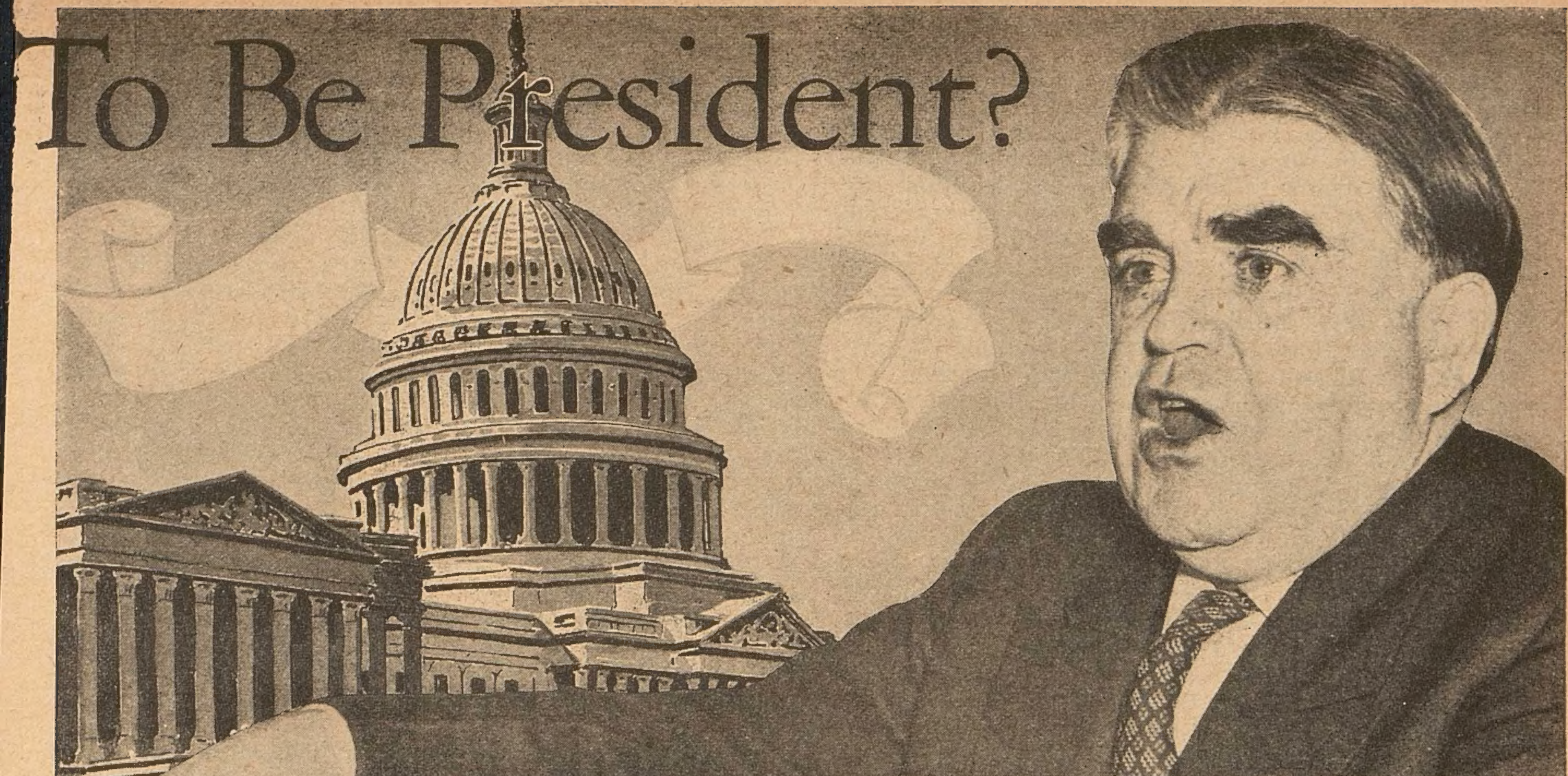
In 1934 the insurgents in the A. F. of L. forced passage of a resolution to organize steel. By 1935 the Executive Council made it plain that it intended to form this organization on the craft plan. There were stormy sessions of the Council before eight strong national and international unions, while still maintaining membership in the A. F. of L., formed the Committee on Industrial Organization with the avowed purpose of starting industrial unions in steel, rubber, and half a dozen other mechanized industries. This was open revolution. The Executive Council called on the leaders of the C. I. O. to appear and answer charges. They remained in contempt.

Finally, at the convention of 1936, the A. F. of L. expelled ten national unions and suspended two others. Since that time the printers have joined the rebels. They are not all industrial unions. Lewis professes that he is no foe of craft unionism—in its place. He has specifically exempted certain occupations, like the building trades and publishing, from the industrial plan.

Lewis has filled the eye of the public. In reality, leadership in the C. I. O. is a triumvirate consisting of him, Sidney Hillman, and Major George L. Berry of the pressmen. Hillman is one of the best loved, best hated, and generally respected among all American labor leaders. Berry had a leaning toward politics. Once he missed nomination as United States senator from Tennessee by a hair's breadth, and in 1924 he fell only three votes short of becoming the Democratic Vice-Presidential nominee.

With the approval and backing of the C. I. O., Berry formed Labor's Non-Partisan League. Breaking all precedent, this body came out flatly for Roosevelt as President. "An American Labor Party!" exclaimed the Washington correspondents, and pounced on the story. But, beyond admitting that the election would not see the end of the League, Berry and all the rest refused to talk of their ultimate intentions. Neutral insiders said in October that the future of the League depended on the result of the election. If Roosevelt should lose, they would

To Be President?



Wide World photo

An Intimate Look at Labor's No. 1 Fighter and What's Behind Him—Will a New Party Elect Him in 1940?

by WILL IRWIN

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

Pictures, Inc., photo

"Leadership in the C. I. O. is a triumvirate." Left to right: Major George L. Berry, Sidney Hillman, and Lewis.

probably go ahead and launch their American Labor Party. If Roosevelt should win—perhaps. "Roosevelt is the first President of the century who has given more than lip service to labor," said one man high in the C. I. O. "He hasn't gone as far as we'd like. But he's learning. If he keeps on learning—all right! If he doesn't—"

An American Labor Party by 1940, or at the latest by 1944, becomes therefore a distinct possibility. More than a possibility in New York State, where a Labor Party endorsing Roosevelt for President was on the ballot in November. But the possible Labor Party of national scope is another matter; and it has already selected its pioneer candidate in John L. Lewis.

HE has had a long climb from the drifts of the Pennsylvania coal mines. Born in Iowa, he is the son of Welsh immigrants. Like many of his ancestors in the old country, he served his apprenticeship in the coal mines. At about the age when more fortunate youths are matriculating at college, he broke away from the mines and drifted through the country, working at all kinds of jobs. This episode, like everything else about his personal history, is obscure. It is apparent that in all his wanderings he found time to read. His mind has an orderliness which comes only from education, and he uses the President's English fluently and accurately.

By his early twenties he was back in the Pennsylvania mines, active in a union and rising toward leadership. Before he was thirty his hard eloquence, his talent for negotiation, his brains, and his valor in any kind of fight had made him a power in the United Mine Workers.

When he was twenty-nine, he went to Washington as their legislative agent. He fought through several strikes, one of them among the most bitter in our industrial annals, before in 1919 he became acting head, and in 1920 full legal head, of the United Mine Workers. Those were fighting days. The American Communists, small though they were in numbers, had the zeal of a new party. Coal is traditionally our worst managed industry. Fishing, as they always do, in troubled waters, they started to organize in the coal fields. Lewis fought them until he virtually exterminated Communism in the mines.

However, his career as a union leader has been no procession of triumphs. He has won strikes and lost them; the United Mine Workers have had their abrupt ups and downs. Indeed, after the Jacksonville Conference failed of agreement, they were decidedly down.

He was a Democrat; and Roosevelt had not sat in the White House for three months before Washington was talking of his friendship with the new President. The NRA gave him an opportunity which he seized at once. His union became the official representative of labor in the code-making of the coal industry. He even forced the employers to adopt the "checkoff," that system whereby union dues are collected from the pay envelope. Under that refreshing shower the United Mine Workers grew and flourished. By the time Lewis entered his struggle with the conservative element in the A. F. of L.

it had more than 400,000 members and was reaching toward half a million. It was a strictly industrial union.

Most unprejudiced men like Lewis on sight; but, like or dislike, you cannot sit in his presence for five minutes without feeling that you have encountered a force. His photographs make him look stolid and rather brutal. Seen in the flesh, it is a strong face but predominantly intellectual. A short stocky body, which looks capable of heaving a ton of coal at one jerk, supports a large and powerful head. His direct slate-gray eyes are roofed with shaggy eyebrows; and for the rest, his small but strong features seem bunched in the middle of an expanse of face. Many observers have remarked that he looks like Lloyd George. The resemblance is racial, to begin with; but it goes further. Lewis often brings Lloyd George to mind with his gestures and mannerisms. The doughty little war Premier of Great Britain had a trick of reaching out and enveloping every visitor with his personality. "You're the man I've waited all my life to meet!" he seemed to say. Lewis, when he wants to use it, can summon the same effect. And both have the moodiness of the Celt.

There, perhaps, the superficial resemblance ends. Lewis is not without craft; especially, he is a splendid opportunist. But where the British Welshman is a fox, the American Welshman is a lion. In the past he has hurled himself into the melees which always characterize miners' strikes, lashing out with feet and fists. Even recently, when a leader of his opposition called him a name which means fight, Lewis knocked a tooth or two down his adversary's throat. Both his friends and his enemies agree that he has an instinct for domination. In his union, as in the new C. I. O., every one understands that he is boss and behaves accordingly. Yet his associates worship him, and the employees about his shop mention especially his consideration and his foreseeing care for their personal interests.

On the platform, when he is addressing the miners or any other assembly of his own kind, he barks out his words in short swift pithy sentences. But he is equally capable of charming a college with an address whose chief merit is its logic and command of facts. Publicly, he flashes very little wit or humor. His associates say, however, that he has both. Especially he can convulse a small audience with narratives of wandering days in his boyhood, or of old clashes in organized labor. But whoever hears these stories understands that they are not for quotation. No one seems to know exactly why he is so reluctant to reveal the details of his personal life. It is not, certainly, that he has anything to conceal. He was married early to the daughter of a country physician; has a son and a daughter; lives quietly, simply, and "regularly" and is not interested in dissipation. But although he will not be interviewed he talks freely—in confidence—to the reporters who visit the C. I. O.; and they consider him a good newspaper source.

HOW radical is Lewis at present? "Not so very," say the men in his confidence. During most of his career he worked in the spirit of any old-fashioned labor leader. Then, in the ferments of the past ten years, he changed his attitude. "I got on to myself and faced facts," he said to one of his associates. This first expressed itself in the declaration that labor belonged in politics. Apparently he believes that the machine has beaten the man; that even if renewed prosperity brings back the industrial indices of 1928 and 1929 we must still reckon with wide unemployment. Most labor leaders would agree with him on this point and probably most conservative economists would disagree.

At any rate, if we must have continuous and increasing unemployment, labor has the right to demand a greater share in the profits of industry. We can accomplish this within the framework of the capitalist system, provided that capitalism sees the signs in the heavens and reforms itself. That is probably a fair statement of Lewis's present position as judged by his actions and public expressions.

It is true that the Communists, who fifteen years ago considered him a black reactionary, have of late swung in behind him and are trying to egg him on to form his Labor Party. The A. F. of L. has not failed to note this support; but political conservatives among his followers refuse to take it seriously. The Communist leaders proved to themselves long ago that they cannot for decades make any showing at the polls. Their best chance is to join up with some other radical party, ride with it toward power, and try to mold it. Hence the raptures of the Daily Worker whenever it mentions Lewis. At present Communist support may be an embarrassment to him rather than a help.

And the future? One can only speculate. Much depends on Lewis's luck and efficiency in organizing the steelworkers. Had he succeeded in that before he entered the A. F. of L. convention in 1936, he would probably have taken over the organization instead of receiving his walking papers. But he did not. Our steelworkers, even though they strike now and then, have shown a strange reluctance to join unions. When the NRA compelled them to form some organization for collective bargaining they walked unprotestingly into what organized labor calls a company union. After that came the Presidential campaign, with Lewis and his League supporting Roosevelt. Agitation in the steel mills was bad politics. The drive for union membership went on, but underground. Everywhere hard-bitten experts are enrolling steelworkers. The spy system, if it ever had any wide existence, is useless nowadays. To discharge every man seen talking to a union organizer would deplete the mills.

THE election over, this drive for membership may be expected to come again to the surface. The steel companies are not taking all this lying down; there are those who expect a desperate strike before 1937 is past. If Lewis wins, his C. I. O. may dominate American labor. If he loses, it seems probable that the unions of the C. I. O. will fade back gradually into the parent organization. However, Lewis is moving to organize other important industries, such as rubber, radios, and automobiles. A success in these fields might compensate for a loss in steel.

The factions may possibly compromise before the year 1937 goes its way. Compromise, except in spirit, is hardly necessary on one point. The A. F. of L. included before the break nearly a thousand "locals" running on the industrial plan; and Lewis, as aforesaid, has admitted that certain industries should be organized as craft unions. What he wants, probably, is merely to change the emphasis. Any compromise would include a more aggressive policy in piling up membership.

Lewis, Berry, and Hillman will not be likely to yield on the political point. Organized labor must play its part directly in politics—or they won't play.

Now, as always, the leaders of the A. F. of L. repudiate the idea of political expression for the aspirations of labor. Their deeper resentment against the C. I. O. and its methods is compounded of self-interest and principle. If the industrial idea prevails, the leader of many a craft union will find his membership falling away. And William Green as president of the A. F. of L. has said that labor unions flourish best when membership comes voluntarily. Some Lewis methods seem to the A. F. of L. like dragooning labor into unions. As for the apparent political intentions of the Lewis faction—most leaders of the older group abominate that idea most of all. Finally, the A. F. of L. has stood for the democratic principle; and the scheme of organization which the Lewis faction proposes looks to them dangerously like dictatorship.

If it comes to a civil war in labor, the senior faction still holds most of the intrenchments.

And yet neither the C. I. O. nor the A. F. of L. will collapse all at once; and the only near-certainty in the present situation is some political expression of the labor element in the national campaign of 1940. Either we shall have an out-and-out Labor Party or else the political faction of labor will move to one of the established parties with the intention of taking it over. If this last happens, the chosen party is, of course, the Democratic.

And if Lewis reaches or approaches real political power, what will happen to him personally? Will he move to the right or to the left? No one can guess—perhaps not even Lewis himself.

THE END

THE OTHER NINE-TENTHS

A Sprightly Story of Love at First Sight and a Glamorous Lady

by

ELIZABETH TROY

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

TED FOLSOM knew nothing about antiques, but he always knew when he was sitting in one. For the past hour his notable length and brawn had been overflowing a torture seat that had a little ladder of slats climbing up his back, each one designed very foxily to catch him in the more sensitive section of his vertebrae. Only a Puritan could have invented such a chair. It inspired dark thoughts, some of them concerned with witchcraft and others with his sister Marjorie. It was Marjorie, lately gone very smockish, who had dragged him to this paralyzing studio tea.

The chair, however, was the lesser of two evils. If he rose from it he would be drawn inescapably into one of the groups of chattering geniuses infesting Harold Lumley's studio. Some one would demand that he take sides on the mooted point of what the depression had done to artistic endeavor. Did it, some one would scream at him, signify decay, or did it spell renascence? To this, out of an abysmal indifference, he would be able to bring forth nothing, and Marjorie, in his football days so proud of him, would now be exasperatedly ashamed.

Wriggling in the torment of cooped-up vitality, he looked over the people in the room and wondered why art must lack robustness. It looked as if it smoked too much and didn't get enough sun and air. Its eyes were excited and tired and it had a just-black-coffee-for-breakfast expression of gaunt tension. Its ego, he thought wonderingly, appeared to contain its only spark of health. For the nourishment of this it lived and slaved.

There was a girl discernible through the clouds of cigarette smoke who had a mop of red curls that were lovely and a big bony nose that was a pity. She was talking loudly—about herself. Talking, he supposed, with considerable brilliance. But to him she was conclusive evidence in favor of his fixed belief that women with talents nourished them only to compensate for lack of allure. Nature, handing out gifts, believed in only one thing at a time. A female endowed with talent seldom got matching features. He knew, because lately Marjorie had been bringing home girls who were not pretty but, she told him accusingly, "very interesting-looking."

Drowsiness, due partly to atrophied nerves and partly to overheated air, began to settle down upon him. He closed his eyes and in that moment a handful of piano notes, beautifully played, was flung into the din, which abruptly ceased. The piano came out more clearly, some one began to sing, a woman's high lyric voice—gradually dying out.

"I never knew before," said a voice near him, "that

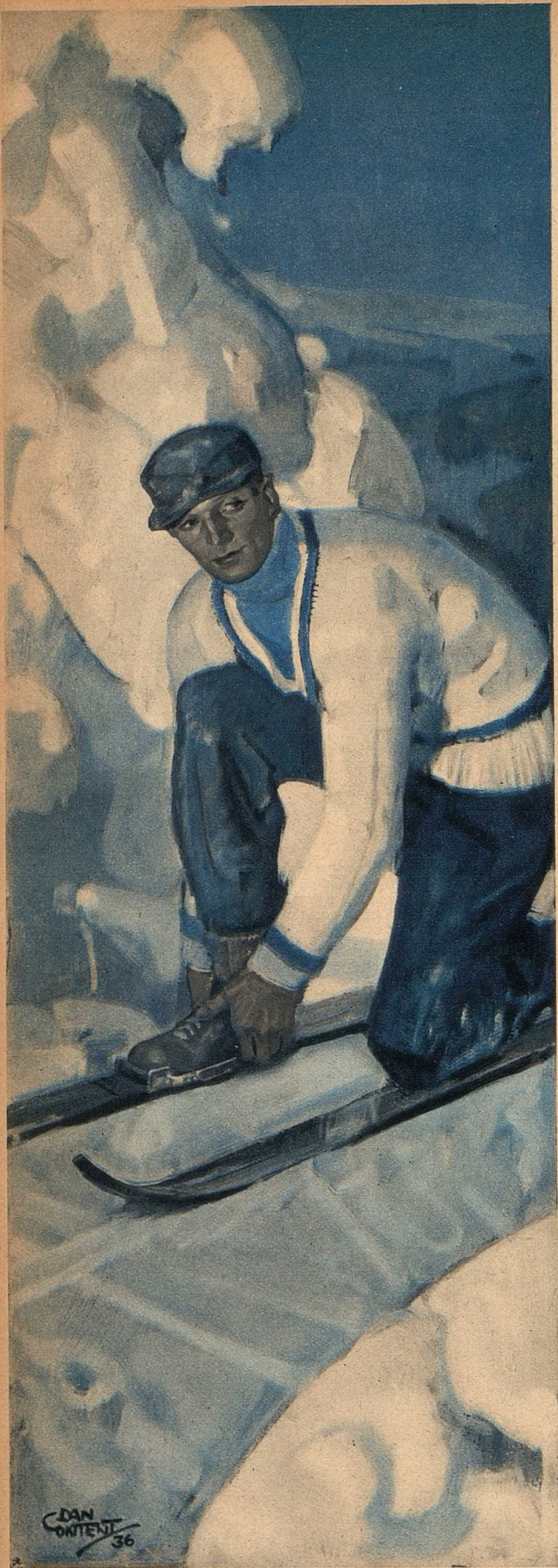


ILLUSTRATION BY DAN CONTENT

a coloratura could put strong men to sleep."

He started up out of his doze.

"I always go into a coma," he said crossly, "when people start chinning themselves on high C."

"Never mind," said the voice forgivingly, as if he had offered an apology; "nobody noticed but me. I've been looking at you ever so long, wondering if you play the piano or paint pictures or write Westerns. There has to be something or you wouldn't be here."

He blinked into the shadows and saw a pair of dark amused eyes, an arrestingly lovely mouth, a blunt delightful nose. He felt cheered.

"I am an editor and publisher," he said. He eyed her narrowly. If she wrote she would leap to this baited revelation instantly.

She merely smiled and said, "That clears it all up. You speak the language."

He was wide awake now. She looked very nice, very regular, even a little exciting.

"You should hear me," he boasted. He leaned forward, summoned to his features a feverish intensity, and asked, "Have you ever observed the stark pure lines of a Stillson wrench? Note that word 'stark.' Take also the tenpenny nail. There, as in no other thing, you may have noticed the striking, even poetic, economy of line."

"I know so little about art," she said gravely. Then she chuckled. "I know who you are now. You're Ted Folsom and you have a string of trade papers. Some one told me you were here."

"My Ice-Cream Journal," he said, "is read by four thousand ice-cream manufacturing geniuses. And my Hardware Monthly—to say nothing of Oil-Burner News Notes—has such art work as these people"—he waved a superior hand—"never dreamed of."

"Last winter," she remarked, regarding him with sudden fresh interest, "you got into the papers for ski jumping on Lone Mountain. And a few years ago you were football news—"

"So, with all that settled," he put in, "how come you—a nice girl with a clean face—in this feverish den?"

Her eyes twinkled. "My Uncle Douglas brought me," she said. "He's over there by the big easel—the thin man with the black ribbon on his eyeglasses. He's a first-string dramatic critic," she added apologetically.

Ted rose abruptly from the antique chair.

"This is no place for aliens like us. Let's go for a walk. It's snowing and lights are twinkling on it and we'll go wading in it and have supper somewhere."

"MY Uncle Douglas—" she began doubtfully.

"And my sister Marjorie," said Ted. "But they won't miss us. And, since I always like to know the names of girls I kidnap from studio teas—"

She was buttoning a glove carefully. It took quite a time. Without looking up she said, "Ellen Francis."

"Ellen is a grand name," he said. "A good old name that sews on buttons and rocks cradles and is ten tenths regular. No one-tenth genius blights a name like Ellen."

She chuckled again and his heart surprised him by beating a little more rapidly.

"Snow," he remarked as they walked through the thick wet flakes, "is very becoming to eyelashes. And there's a ski jump being built on the end of your nose. After supper"—he glowed happily—"let's keep on going places."

"I've got theater tickets to be used up," she offered hesitantly—"for a play called Wishes Never Come True."

She glanced up at him. There was a faint frown between his eyes.

"Isn't that," he asked carefully, "the one that got the Marliner prize? And wouldn't it therefore be sort of—high-brow?"

She laughed.

"It might. And I can't feel high-brow in snow, can you? I feel like a kid with a sled and a red muffler and woolly mittens—"

He caught her arm closer to him.

" Imagine anything like this," he said, " coming out of a studio."

At the supper table he saw with a shock how lovely she was. Her eyes were a deep vital brown, their lashes still moist with melted snow. He pushed aside the bowl of flowers on the table between them to have an unobstructed view of her. She put out a hand absently to touch a half-open rose. Something happened to him in that second. He thought suddenly of her fingers, slim and firm and tender against his cheek.

" How awful," he said, " if you'd turned out to be a lady novelist or something! "

She took the rose from the bowl and examined it.

" Why? " she inquired.

" Because "—he was finding it amazingly difficult to keep his tone casual—" because if I fell in love with a lady novelist I'd know she couldn't love me back. Not the way I'd want her to. This way "—he laughed shakily—" maybe there's a ghost of a chance."

" Maybe there is," she agreed gravely—" this way." Their eyes met in a brief second of excited breathless discovery. They laughed awkwardly, their cheeks pink. " Though I don't see why the poor lady novelist—" she began presently.

" I'll tell you," he said promptly. " She'd never belong to just me. A lot of the time she'd belong to the creatures in her own head. She'd go into trances to commune with them and I'd be left alone. And she'd be prowling around nights, drinking black coffee, and she'd forget to send out my shirts, and sometimes she'd forget to kiss me when I came home evenings. And if I didn't always treat her moods with reverent respect she'd have tantrums." He put out a finger to touch her hand lying on the tablecloth. " I was afraid just at first—seeing you with that studio crowd—but as soon as I'd really looked at you I knew it was safe to like you."

" DO you think a girl likes," she demanded indignantly, " to be called harmless? "

" You? Harmless? " He shook his head. " You're a menace—more and more a menace every minute." He looked at his watch. " It's a little after six. And if it keeps on this way I think that by nine—" He broke off suddenly to pull aside the curtains in the window beside their table. " There ought to be a moon if the snow stops, and a moon always speeds things up—"

" Then," said Ellen, " we'd better stay indoors. Because there is a moon. And it's a threat."

" It's a promise," he said, and their eyes met again and for a full second they could not speak. He said presently, " There's a pond frozen over not too far down Long Island. You can hire skates and they keep the snow swept off and they have hot coffee and a shack with a big log fire—"

Her eyes, wide and anxious, stopped him.

" Skating by moonlight with snow all over everything? Oh, no. It isn't fair. It's going too fast. Something may happen—"

" Something tells me," he said, " it's going to happen. I've been wishing for years to find a girl like you."

" Wishes," said Ellen, " never come true."

He laughed, his eyes bright.

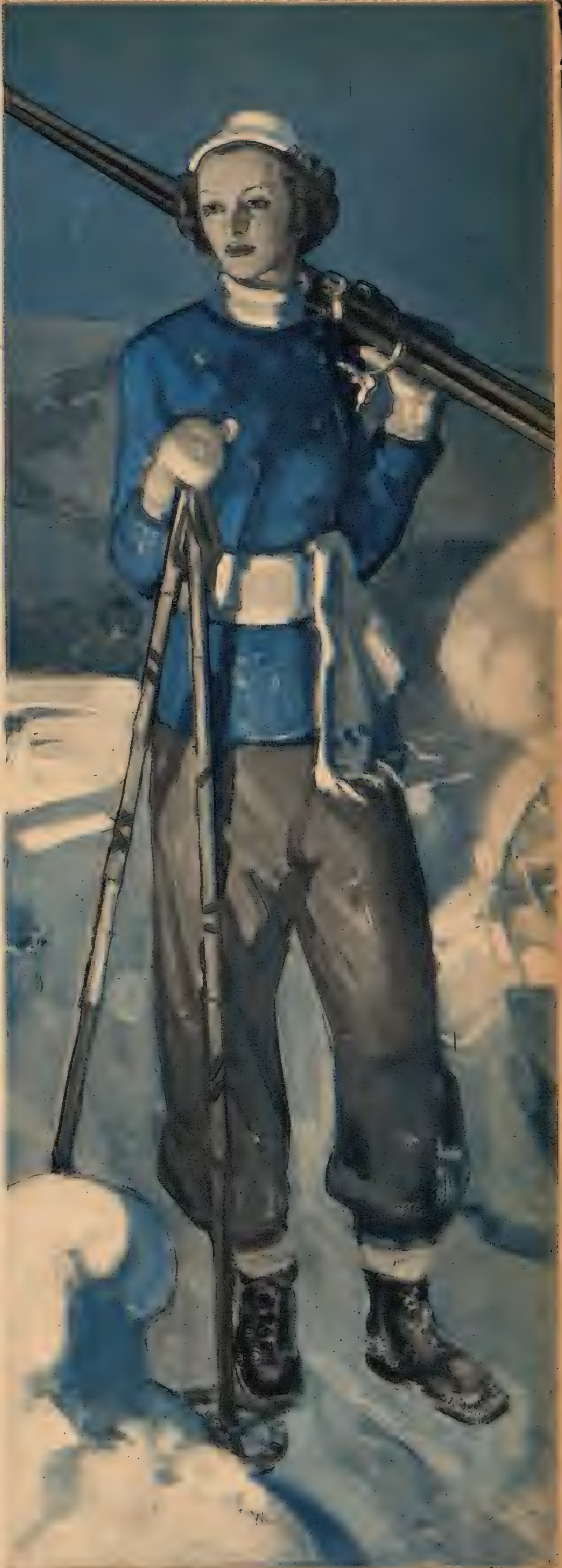
" That's just the name of a play," he said. " That's not life."

A taxi with a clacking tire chain swooshed them through the slush to the garage where he kept his car. They spoke very little during the drive down Long Island to the pond. When they arrived they quickened at once to the spell of the snow. The glamour of it sounded in the high carrying voices and excited laughter of the people reveling in the cold. They linked hands and skated, and her rhythm and strength were a new thrill.

" Tomorrow," he said contentedly, " I'm going to take you skiing with me at Lone Mountain."

She shook her head. " I'm not much good at it. I'm afraid of high places. I learned to ski just to discipline the phobia. I'll be a terrible disappointment to you."

" There are two ski runs,"



She turned, her eyes stormy and defiant. "That's not my fault!"

he said. "One of them is a nice ladylike affair without any jump. We'll play on that one. Say you will, Ellen."

She promised. Their sense of comradeship deepened as the time, which neither could have calculated, went on. Everything they talked about—grave things and foolish things—drew them nearer, and after a while they found themselves standing alone on the edge of the pond, deep in the shadows of a snow-heavy tree.

"It's long past nine o'clock, Ellen," he said. "And it's happened. I've fallen in love. So"—he became husky and frightened—"it wouldn't be just a kiss in the dark because of a pretty girl—"

He waited. After a shaking instant he realized she had moved closer to him, and his arms went round her and held her close, his face bent to hers.

Laughter—voices—broke in upon them. They drew apart, dazed, startled.

"Ellen—Ellen Harlow—it can't be—it *is*, as I live and breathe!"

"Come come and here here, Ellen, what's all this?"

"Rehearsal third-act curtain, that's what—"

"We're having a party at my house later, Ellen. Around twelve. One maybe. Bring him with you."

They got away at last. Without a word Ted turned with her to a bench to take off her skates, and while he was kneeling before her she laughed with a slight confusion.

"Ted, I was going to tell you in just another minute."

He was having some difficulty with the strap on her skating shoes and he did not reply. She went on, not quite confidently, "In the studio you looked at us all as if you thought we were not entirely human. You looked terribly superior, darling, and I thought it might be fun to make you like me—a little—"

He laughed with much amusement. "The joke was a great success," he said. "Right now I feel pretty silly. Those things I said about the lady novelist, for instance—and the way I turned down your tickets to Wishes Never Come True—the Marliner Prize play by Ellen Frances Harlow—that was funny, too."

She chuckled but her eyes were on his face, trying, through the dark, to see his expression. "Of course it was funny. I loved your not wanting to see it—there's been entirely too much fuss about that play—" She broke off for at that moment he straightened and the light from the small clubhouse window fell upon his face. She leaned forward intently serious. "Ted—just because I write plays doesn't make me any different to you than I was just—just a few minutes ago, does it?"

"It puts you out of my reach," he said haltingly. "And a few minutes ago—there under the tree, before I knew—I thought you could be all mine. Now I know I'd have only the smallest part of you—I couldn't stand that—"

SHE was on her feet at once.

"You think that kiss—and the things I said—were with the smallest part—" She choked on a swiftly rising indignation. "If that's your estimate, I'm glad to know—"

"Ellen—wait—you've misunderstood—"

"I have not misunderstood," she declared hotly. "The very instant you knew I had written a play, you changed. As if by having a talent I ceased to be—be attractive." She turned away from him, ignoring his effort to seize her hand. "I'm going home—with the others."

"But Lone Mountain tomorrow—you promised—"

"I don't know. I may be there. Last week I promised some other people—actors and painters and other undesirable aliens—to join a party up there, and I was going to go with you instead. Now, if I go, I'll go with them—"

"Ellen, I'll see you there."

But she was not listening. She walked rapidly away from him to the shack. He started after her. But after a few steps he turned back. He strode angrily toward his car. Temperament. Hypersensitive vanity. Darned creators were all alike. He'd been perfectly right about them. And she was no different—except—confound her!—he'd fallen in love with her.

And he knew weakly he'd be at Lone Mountain tomorrow on the bare chance of seeing her again. . . .

The sun had ceased all effort to attempt warmth for the bright clear cold on Lone Mountain and was dropping back into a welter of crimson and purple when Ted arrived. A man who intended all along to buy trade-paper advertising but wanted perversely to be coaxed had robbed him of nearly all of the day. Phil Scott, a rosy young man with a knitted tasseled cap pulled over his ears, informed him he'd missed the Norwegian ski jumpers.

Ted inquired, "Was my sister Marjorie and her crowd here?"

His old skiing companion nodded.

"Marjorie," he told Ted accusingly, "was furious. She brought people to get thrills out of watching you out-Norway the Norwegians. And they went home—"

"All of them?"

"All. But, look here—you're going down once or twice anyway, aren't you? You haven't driven all these fifty miles in the cold just to turn around—"

Ted, who had made a move to return to his car, hesitated.

"You going with me, Phil?"

"I've been down and up and up and down all day," said Phil resignedly. "And my shoes still feel eight feet long and I keep walking with my knees bent—but I'll go up with you and watch you—"

"Come on," said Ted.

AFTER he had got into skiing garb they climbed up the long winding path. At the top they found, surprisingly, some one sitting on a bench beside the path of the ski run. She was a slight girl with deep-brown eyes. She wore a knitted red cap and red trousers and a huge white belt was wrapped twice around a French-blue tunic. Beside her a pair of skis rested on their heels against the bench.

Added color came into her cheeks as her eyes met those of the astonished Ted.

"Oh—hello. You're awfully late. Marjorie and the others went home."

"I didn't come," said Ted, "to see Marjorie. I"—he broke off, his heart leaping to the quite new thought that she had waited for him. "Why did you stay after the others left?"

She smiled at him coolly. "Quite a lot of people stayed for the dance at the Inn—"

"Oh, I see," said Ted quickly. He managed at last to present belatedly the wide-eyed gaping Phil.

"I knew right away it was you," babbled Phil over Ellen's hand. "I went to the first night. What a play!"

Ellen smiled at him uncertainly. An acute silence followed. Ted, very red, kicked at a bit of hard snow. The slightly fatuous smile on Phil's face faded as the sense of being unnecessary grew within him uncomfortably. He mumbled something about having a dinner date, made pleased-to-see-you sounds and hastened down the path.

"I suppose," ventured Ted, "you run into that sort of thing all the time. It must be very pleasant."

She did not answer. She sat there quietly, regarding the squared toes of her boots. She looked very small and young, and he had to put his hands into his pockets to keep from picking her up and holding her close.

Tormented by a sudden need for action—always his outlet for mental tension—he began to strap on his skis. She looked up quickly.

"Are you going down that awful thing?" she asked, her eyes wide with fear. He nodded.

"It's pretty foolish to climb all the way up to the top if you're not going down," he said. He paused politely. "I'll go with you down the path first, if you like."

She eyed him curiously. "You think I'm afraid to go down that, don't you?" She nodded toward the ski run.

"You said you had a phobia about high places," he reminded her.

She gazed abstractedly at the sharp gleaming incline. "The play," she remarked irrelevantly, "isn't the top of anything. No one knows why it caught on. And I may never be able to do it again." She turned her eyes upon him steadily. "If I don't I'll have to go down—even from the little place I've climbed to—to where they'll forget all about me. You think I'm afraid of that, too, don't you?"

"I think you'd care," he said. "You couldn't be happy, could you, down there with just ordinary things, the way ordinary girls are? You're different. You have—talent."

She rose abruptly.

"I'd care," she said. "I want to keep climbing up." She turned, her eyes stormy and defiant. "That's not my fault! But I wouldn't be afraid to go down—not if I knew some one cared for me—me, just as I am—with or without the separate thing that makes plays. And there isn't any one like that."

"Ellen!"

He took a step toward her, but she turned her back, picked up her skis, and walked to the path. Over him crept a dread that it was carrying her straight out of his life. His mouth opened to call out to her.

But he put down the words. He wanted her to need him as he needed her, and she needed nothing. He shut his mouth grimly and took off blindly over the edge of the great slide.

Ellen had moved but a few steps on the path. Startled by the swift swish of flying skis, she turned to watch. Her hand flew to her throat as his tall figure, lightly, easily balanced, shot down the incredible incline. The jump hurled him into space. He was in the air, a delicately hung object of blue and white, for a bare fractional second. And then she saw him waver a little, saw his arms flail the air, his legs crouched for the landing. In a sudden flash of horrified intuition she sensed that he had not gone down in the spirit of cool daring that has behind it the perfect co-ordination of brain and bodily equilibrium. He had gone recklessly, on the spur of the moment, without that needed instant of preparation of mind and muscles.

He fell, as she had known he would. He landed violently, flung along his side through a flying cascade of ice and snow.

His skis rose, crazily crisscrossed, and when his body stopped sliding at last, he did not rise.

She cupped her hands about her mouth and shouted, "Ted! Ted!"

He did not answer. She shouted toward the Inn. But it was the supper hour and a jazz band was making appropriate noises for the smart gay crowd down for the winter sports. Lights twinkling cheerily in Christmas-card windows deepened the bleak gray emptiness of the sunless valley below her.

She glanced down the path, long, winding, rutted—a long walk—too long. Above her was the start-off of the ski run. That way she could get to him in seconds—

SHE went up, strapped on her skis, and looked down. She made herself look down because she knew she was going down. Her heart contracted and swelled sickeningly. In her stomach burned—and then froze—that childish hollow spot that she had never been able to overcome. She shut her eyes against the fear that shook her whole body. But even behind her eyelids she could see him, lying down there, hurt, no one to help him—he might be dead—

She took off. Icy air swept into her eyes and nostrils and bit into her skin. It was a swift gale holding her taut, and then suddenly it let her go and there was nothing—nothing at all—under her feet. Space held her in an instant of unbelievable exquisite wingedness until at last she dropped, hard, sidewise, into a vicious slashing shower of snow and ice.

But she felt none of it. She had one thought—

"Ted! Ted!"

Miraculously he stirred. With clumsy difficulty he sat up, rubbed his head—"Ouch! Bumped my head—" And then he saw her. Horror grew in his eyes.

"My God—*Ellen!*"

"You aren't dead." She raised her bruised bleeding little face. "You aren't dead." She burst into tears. "Oh, I hate you! I hate you! I never want to see you again!" And after this astounding irrelevancy she fainted.

. . . . .

A tall pale young man with a strip of adhesive tape showing on his temple put a huge foot quickly into an opening door and said, "She's got to see me this time."

The young colored woman blinked but stood firm. Miss Harlow could not be disturbed. Miss Harlow was working on a new play.

Mr. Folsom narrowed his eyes alarmingly. This was the twentieth time he'd been here and she'd left that message. Day after day and all in one day he'd written notes, sent telegrams, telephoned, and called.

And now he was desperate. To his ears, as he stood there before the entrance to her apartment, came the stammering tap-tap of a typewriter being poked at pitifully by the fingers of one hand. The left one at that. Its mate, he well knew, was attached to an arm broken for him. Broken, in the last analysis, *by* him.

HE swept out an arm, gathered into it the gasping young colored woman, heaved her up and set her down. From there he simply followed his ears and opened another door, without knocking.

"Go away—go away at once," said Ellen Harlow, very pale. "Can't you see I'm writing?"

He couldn't see anything. He could only stand there, filling his eyes with her, the haunting depth of her eyes, the lovely curves of her mouth. And when he saw her arm lying stiff along her breast, the fingers sticking out, he had to blink furiously to keep from bursting into tears. He croaked at last, "I'll go, but first I've got to tell you—"

She stopped him at once. She jumped up quickly, her eyes filled with sudden hot tears.

"Don't you dare to th-thank me! I—I didn't do it for you at all. I did it for headlines. It was a publicity trick. It was box-office. And that's all."

"I've been to the play," he said quietly, "eight times, Ellen. It's a wonderful play." His voice became husky and humble. "I'd like to have whatever it takes to write a play like that." This apparently had a quieting effect. She relaxed a little and laid a thoughtful finger on the letter X on her typewriter. She did not look up.

"And I don't care at all what you took the jump for," he went on. "But I'd like to have what that took, too. What I mean is if a person like that ever loved a person—" He drew a short heavy breath and said profoundly, "Boy!"

"But they're bad housekeepers," said Ellen. "They prowl in the night, drinking black coffee, and they get into moods, and they forget to send out shirts—"

She stopped. He came nearer and spoke over her shoulder. "But that's only with the one tenth they do that. They'd be loving a person with all the other nine tenths, wouldn't they?"

She merely poked at another letter on her typewriter. He looked down at her hand and his eyes fell upon the page. It began with "Act 1" and under that was written "I love you, Ted," about fifty times. She must have been typing it all morning with her one good hand.

THE END

Paradise on Wheels..

by CORNELIUS

READING TIME
8 MINUTES
2 SECONDS

FOR weeks, nay months, mostly secretly, nay even subserviently, I'd been shopping around for a trailer. Today I don't think there is a thing I don't know about some of them. And that's quite a job in itself.

First of all, there's the weight to be considered. Next, the number of wheels and where the weight comes, or perhaps lies, in the vehicle you use to tow you. Then there's the material it's made of, and how that's joined together. And the interior where you're going to spend at least eight hours a day. Then there are the doodads and the knickknacks and the gewgaws. And last, and certainly not least, the type of attachment used as a connecting link.

All these things are important, whether you're using the trailer for fun or forever. Roger W. Babson, the statistician, predicted a little while ago that within twenty years half the population of the nation would be living on wheels! Government officials in Washington claim there are nearly a million people towing their homes behind them this fall. William B. Stout, who designed the Henry Ford trimotor airplanes for many years, told the Miami Beach Rod and Reel Club that the "next great industry in America will be the manufacture of portable homes, some of them on wheels," and added that half the homes in the country would be mobile in the next thirty years.

Time and again as we trailered along we—Arthur Thompson and I—would drive up to some choice spot, hopeful of a pleasant night's rest. If it wasn't an indignant farmer, it would be a cussing camp attendant. They all shooed us away. Some towns throughout the country had large signs at all entrances: "Trailers not ALLOWED here. Pass on."

One night, up in Oregon, we drove all night because no one would let us anchor our land yacht anywhere. But down in Florida we found them standing out along the highways with big painted signs, welcoming us in!

Within three months we had added 18,200 miles to the speedometer of the light sports runabout we used to tow it. Sometimes we traveled twenty-four hours on end, with stops only for gas and water and food. We made three transcontinental jumps in it, one in less than four days from New York to San Francisco. Of course, on a fast run like that, one of us slept in it while the other drove. It was like having your own private car on the back of your own private train.

Could we sleep in our little rolling home while it was moving along? That is where the coupler or connecting link comes into the story. You see, when you're out shopping for trailers, that is one of the most important items. I had remembered reading somewhere about the accident that Joe Widener, the horse-racing executive, had had in his, down in Florida the year before. A trailer that sways behind a car is of no use whatsoever. In fact, it is a menace to the highways. All four-wheel vehicles, *without* their own power, sway when being towed. Two-wheel vehicles don't. Now, next time you're out driving, notice the big trucks. You'll see that the fellows who tow the four-wheelers travel at snail's pace compared to the boys with the two-wheelers.

In some parts of the country trailer cities have sprung up. Once I counted over five hundred trailers in a camp not far from El Paso, Texas. Down near Tampa on Florida's lovely west coast, last winter, I counted 822. And in another spot, in southern California, 917.

Out in Orchard Lake in Michigan, in October, Justice of the Peace Arthur F. Green wrestled for some days with the question of whether a trailer was a house or an automobile accessory!

Which brings up something else again. Of course the people who use trailers for vacations, for week-end trips, for fishing and hunting expeditions, have nothing to do with it; but the hundreds of thousands who are now using trailers as their homes, and who roam here, there, and everywhere at will, are becoming a real problem to the taxpayers of the nation. As time goes on and they increase, to exist and bob about the highways in their comfy little homes on wheels, the problem will also increase.

Karl Hale Dixon, the noted automobile magazine publisher, said in Chicago the other day that the number of houses on wheels in the country grew from 100,000 in 1935 to more than 300,000 this year. At the present rate of production, he said, there would be more than a million new ones on the highways next year. In 1935, Dixon's figures showed, 75 per cent of the trailers were homemade. By 1937, he said, only 25 per cent would be homemade. Eliminating the home builders, the number of trailer makers in the country at the start of 1936 totaled approximately 350. So rapidly has the industry grown that more than 600 manufacturers, including factories and smaller custom builders, are now operating in the field. Less than 200 of these are corporations.

The screen comedian W. C. Fields having a bit of breakfast in his handsome new trailer, in which he travels around the country extensively.

Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., and his own comfortable trailer, which cost $400, and in which he made three transcontinental jumps.

Rolling My Home Behind Me

VANDERBILT, Jr.

18,000 Miles of Ups and Downs on the Open Road—How a Famous Nomad Joined the Trailer Caravan

Trailers, like cars and refrigerators, radios and furniture, may be bought now on the installment plan of so much down and so much a month. They range in price from $250 to $25,000! Some friends of mine who live on the Eastern Shore of Maryland toured the world a couple of years ago in theirs, which cost them that top price.

Of course mine was not as elaborate as theirs, but it was, I'm quite sure, as comfortable. It cost me about $400, a quarter of which I paid down; the rest in monthly installments, like rent. Arthur and I figured out that it came to less than two bits a day. I sold it within a half hour after I'd come back from my trip, at a good profit, oddly enough, to some one who was as eager to try it out as I had been a few months before.

The cost of haulage was very low. We figured it came to about half a cent a mile. On the other hand, our little caravan was very light, and weight has a lot to do with it. It weighed less than 1,400 pounds with all equipment in it.

Toward the end of our trip—which, incidentally, took us to nineteen western states, as well as those one passes across the country—we gave a lift to a young couple who'd been married a few days previously in Chicago and were taking a hitchhike honeymoon over the country. They were so delighted with our quarters that we hated turning them out a few days later on, when we were southbound and they were going north.

One night, at the bottom of the Yosemite Valley, we had parked right out in a deep dense pine forest, and were dancing in the moonlight on the pavement with a couple of young ladies traveling in another trailer parked near us. We'd sprinkled the pavement with talcum powder to make it more slippery, had our radio going full tilt, and were having a wonderful time. All of a sudden, from out of the darkness a few feet away, we saw an immense black bear, up on its hind legs, his huge paws extended, coming our way. We beat a hasty retreat for our land yacht; and none of us dared budge from there to the towing automobile until dawn.

After that experience, and one other, I got the idea that a duralumin or other metal trailer would be the best sort. I investigated at some length and found some companies that built them thus; but the interiors were not as comfortable as ours, and in hot weather the heated metal made them more than uncomfortable.

In camp after camp, park after park, we met interesting, amusing, amazing, tragic, pathetic, humorous, gentle, kindly people. The other kind more often go to the big hotels or travel on the fast liners, and like to show off. Not having an exhibition complex, the more genuine folk pull their modest little homes behind them. They're a friendly lot, the trailer folk. They come and peep in on you; examine carefully all new trinkets or ideas they see; exchange conversation and thoughts on how to eliminate squeaks, rattles, noises; tell you of the places to avoid in the direction in which you are going, and the camps and towns where you'll be treated "white"; give homey bits of advice on sanitation and health; and pass on the latest amusing trailer story. We grew to love them, their genuine sincerity and sweetness. And yet, we never met a Pollyanna among them; they were too matter-of-fact for that.

Much can be said for and against trailerites. The problems they present in taxation, however, I'm sure will somehow be solved. But it is unkind to classify them as "tin-can tourists," for their trade isn't anything at all like that. They *spend* money in almost every town they pass through. They bring a far higher class of tourist to most of the camps they park in. They are a clean, decent, philosophic crowd who have a lot of common sense in their souls. They're good-natured and jolly and full of the love of life. I never met a "sour-puss" in any trailer I ever hailed.

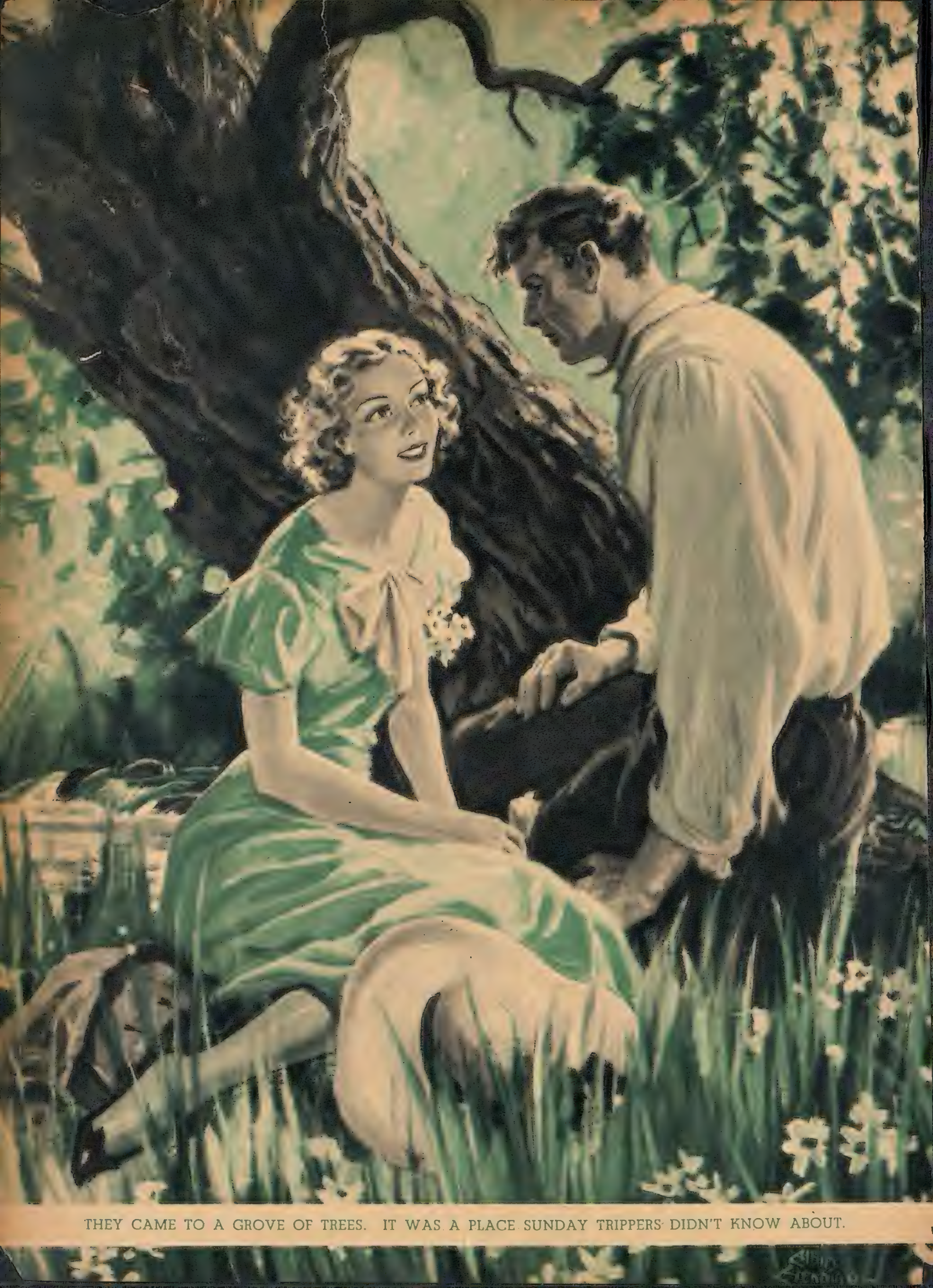
Once, up in the Dakotas, we were trying to figure out how to take a bath. Lots of trailer folk from other caravans around us came over with suggestions. Finally one youngster hit upon a brilliant idea. We attached an ordinary bathtub spray to the outer end of our twenty-five-gallon water tank. After dark, while one of us stood out under it in his birthday suit, the other one pumped vigorously upon a bicycle pump attached to a spigot from within. There wasn't much force to the shower, but we got up a lather, and everything was going fine, when a series of flashlights blazed on around us, and we found practically all the trailer folk congregated, watching us get clean.

If they were having half as much fun as we were, it was worth it.

Some of the biggest commercial houses in the country are using trailers for commercial purposes nowadays. One concern last year put out a display of all of its products in a trailer train of dozens of vehicles. They had a regular encampment every night, wherever they were. It reminded one of Buffalo Bill on tour. THE END

Mrs. G. L. Dickerson of Chicago hangs out her wash at the summer encampment of the Tin Can Tourists of the World in Sandusky, Ohio.

Trailer homes—a section of a summer conclave of 2,000 Tin Can Tourists of the World who have put wheels under their parlors.



THEY CAME TO A GROVE OF TREES. IT WAS A PLACE SUNDAY TRIPPERS DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT.

BRUSH FIRE

by

JAMES M. CAIN

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

The Author of Double Indemnity (Remember?) Gives You Another Stark and Powerful Story

HE banged sparks with his shovel, coughed smoke, cursed the impulse that had led him to heed that rumor down in the railroad yards that CCC money was to be had by all who wanted to fight this fire the papers were full of, up in the hills. Back home he had always heard them called forest fires, but they seemed to be brush fires here in California. So far, all he had got out of it was a suit of denims, a pair of shoes, and a ration of stew, served in an army mess kit. For that he had ridden twenty miles in a jolting truck out from Los Angeles to these parched hills, stood in line an hour to get his stuff, stood in line another hour for the stew, and then labored all night, the flames singeing his hair, the ground burning his feet through the thick brogans, the smoke searing his lungs, until he thought he would go frantic if he didn't get a whiff of air.

Still the thing went on. Hundreds of them smashed out flames, set backfires, hacked at bramble, while the bitter complaint went around: “Why don't they give us brush hooks if we got to cut down them bushes? What the hell good are these damn shovels?” The shovel became the symbol of their torture. Here and there, through the night, a grotesque figure would throw one down, jump on it, curse at it, then pick it up again as the hysteria subsided.

“Third shift, this way! Third shift, this way. Bring your shovels and turn them over to Shift Number Four. Everybody in the third shift, right over here.”

It was the voice of the CCC foreman, who, all agreed, knew as much about fighting fires as a monkey did. Had it not been for the state fire wardens, assisting at critical spots, they would have made no progress whatever.

“All right. Answer to your names when I call them. You got to be checked off to get your money. They pay today two o'clock, so yell loud when I call your name.”

“Today's Sunday.”

“I said they pay today, so speak up when I call your name.”

The foreman had a pencil with a little bulb in the end of it which he flashed on and began going down the list.

“Bub Anderson, Lonnie Beal, K. Bernstein, Harry Deever. . . .” As each name was called there was a loud “Yo,” so when his name was called, Paul Larkin, he yelled “Yo” too. Then the foreman was calling a name and becoming annoyed because there was no answer. “Ike Pendleton! Ike Pendleton!”

“He's around somewhere.”

“Why ain't he here? Don't he know he's got to be checked off?”

“Hey, Ike! Ike Pendleton!”

He came out of his trance with a jolt. He had a sudden recollection of a man who had helped him to clear out a brier patch a little while ago, and whom he hadn't seen since. He raced up the slope and over toward the fire.

Near the brier patch, in a V between the main fire and a backfire that was advancing to meet it, he saw something. He rushed forward, but a cloud of smoke doubled him back. He retreated a few feet, sucked in a lungful of air, charged through the backfire. There, on his face, was a man. He seized the collar of the denim jacket, started to drag. Then he saw it would be fatal to take this man through the backfire that way. He tried to lift, but his lungful of air was spent: he had to breathe or die. He expelled it, inhaled, screamed at the pain of the smoke in his throat.

He fell on his face beside the man, got a little air there, near the ground. He shoved his arm under the denim jacket, heaved, felt the man roll solidly on his back. He lurched to his feet, ran through the backfire. Two or three came to his aid, helped him with his load to the hollow, where the foreman was, where the air was fresh and cool.

“Where's his shovel? He ought to have turned it over to—”

“His shovel! Give him water!”

“I'm gitting him water; but one thing at a time—”

“Water! Water! Where's that water cart?”

The foreman, realizing belatedly that a life might be more important than the shovel tally, gave orders to “work his arms and legs up and down,” a bucket of water, and little by little Ike Pendleton came back to life. He coughed, breathed with long shuddering gasps, gagged, vomited. They wiped his face, fanned him, splashed water on him.

Soon, in spite of efforts to keep him where he was, he fought to his feet, reeled around with the hard, terrible vitality of some kind of animal. “Where's my hat? Who took my hat?” They clapped a hat on his head, he sat down suddenly, then got up and stood swaying. The foreman remembered his responsibility. “All right, men, give him a hand, walk him down to his bunk—”

“Check him off!”

“Check the rest of us! You ain't passed the Ps yet!”

“O. K. Sing out when I call. Gus Ritter!”

“Yo!”

When the names had been checked, Paul took one of Ike's arms and pulled it over his shoulder; somebody else took the other, and they started for the place, a half mile or so away on the main road, where the camp was located. The rest fell in behind. Dawn was just breaking as the little file, two and two, fell into a shambling step.

“Hep! . . . Hep!”

“Hey, cut that out! This ain't no lockstep.”

“Who says it ain't?”

When he woke up, in the army tent he shared with five others, he became aware of a tingle of expectancy in the air. Two of his tent mates were shaving; another came in, a towel over his arm, his hair wet and combed.

“Where did you get that wash?”

“They got a shower tent over there.”

He got out his safety razor, slipped his feet in the shoes, shaved over one of the other men's shoulders, then started out in his underwear. "Hey!" At the warning, he looked out. Several cars were out there, some of them with women standing around them, talking to figures in blue denim.

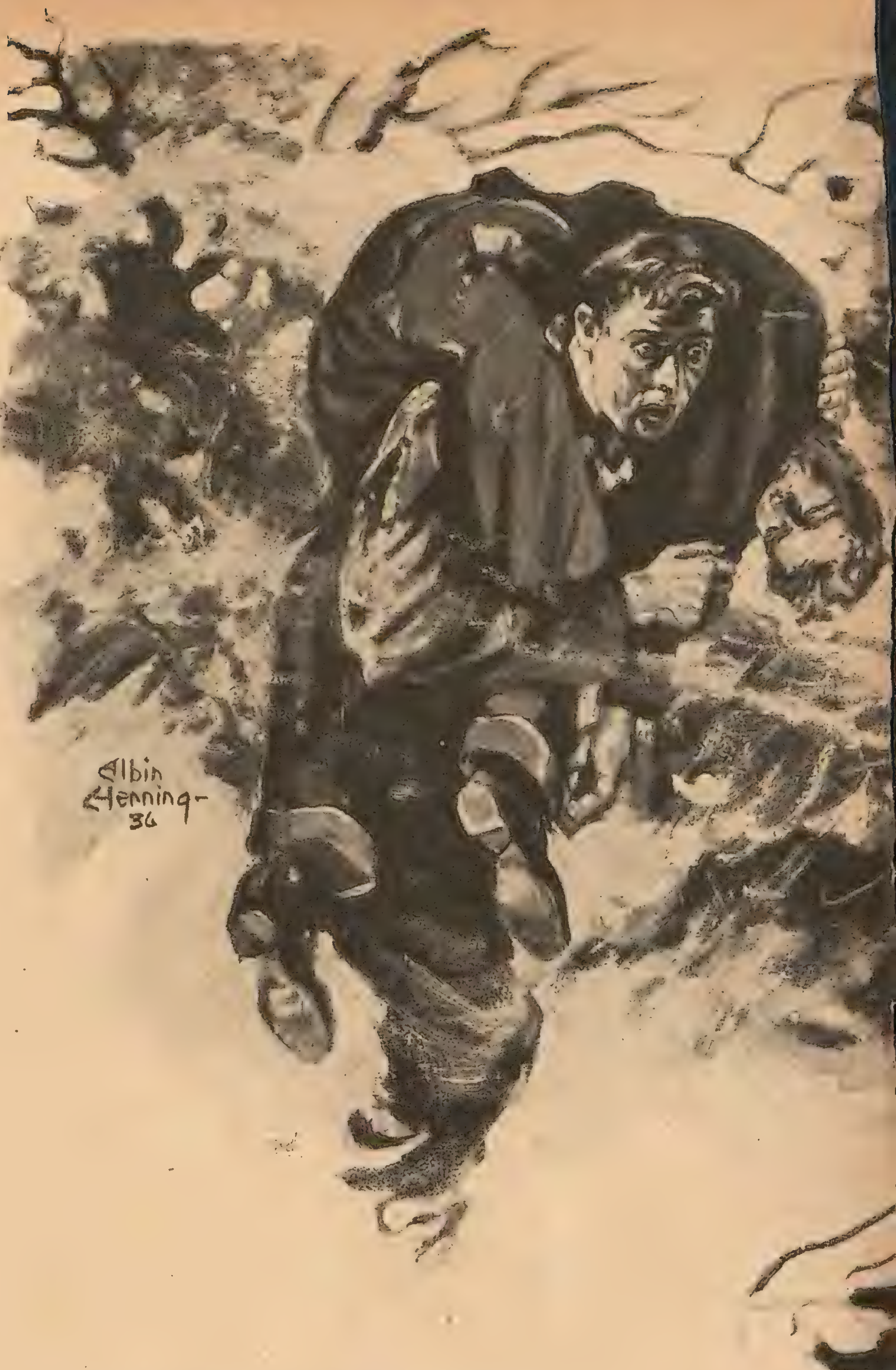
"Sunday, bo. Visiting day. This is when the women all comes to say hello to their loved ones. You better put something on."

He slipped on the denims, went over to the shower tent, drew towel and soap, stripped, waited his turn. It was a real shower, the first he had had in a long time. It was cold, but it felt good. There was a comb there. He washed it, combed his hair, put on his clothes, went back to his tent, put the towel away, made his bunk. Then he fell in line for breakfast—or dinner, as it happened, as it was away past noon. It consisted of corned beef, cabbage, a boiled potato, apricot pie, and coffee.

He wolfed down the food, washed up his kit, began to feel pretty good. He fell into line again, and presently was paid, four-fifty for nine hours' work, at fifty cents an hour. He fingered the bills curiously. They were the first he had had in his hand since that day, two years before, when he had run away from home and begun this dreadful career of riding freights, bumming meals, and sleeping in flophouses.

He realized with a start they were the first bills he had ever earned in his twenty-two years; for the chance to earn bills had long since departed when he graduated from high school and began looking for jobs, never finding any. He shoved them in his pocket, wondered whether he would get the chance that night to earn more of them.

The foreman was standing there, in the space around which the tents were set up, with a little group around him. "It's under control, but we got to watch it, and there'll be another call tonight. Any you guys that want to work, report to me eight o'clock tonight, right here in this spot."



He lurched to his feet, ran through the backfire. Two or three came to his aid.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALBIN HENNING

By now the place was alive with people, dust, and excitement. Cars were jammed into every possible place, mostly second-, third-, and ninth-hand, but surrounded by neatly dressed women, children, and old people, come to visit the fire fighters in denim. In a row out front, ice-cream, popcorn, and cold-drink trucks were parked, and the road was gay for half a mile in both directions with pennants stuck on poles, announcing their wares. Newspaper reporters were around too, with photographers, and as soon as the foreman had finished his harangue, they began to ask him questions about the fire, the number of men engaged in fighting it, and the casualties.

"Nobody hurt. Nobody hurt at all. Oh, early this morning, fellow kind of got knocked out by smoke, guy went in and pulled him out, nothing at all—"

"What was his name?"

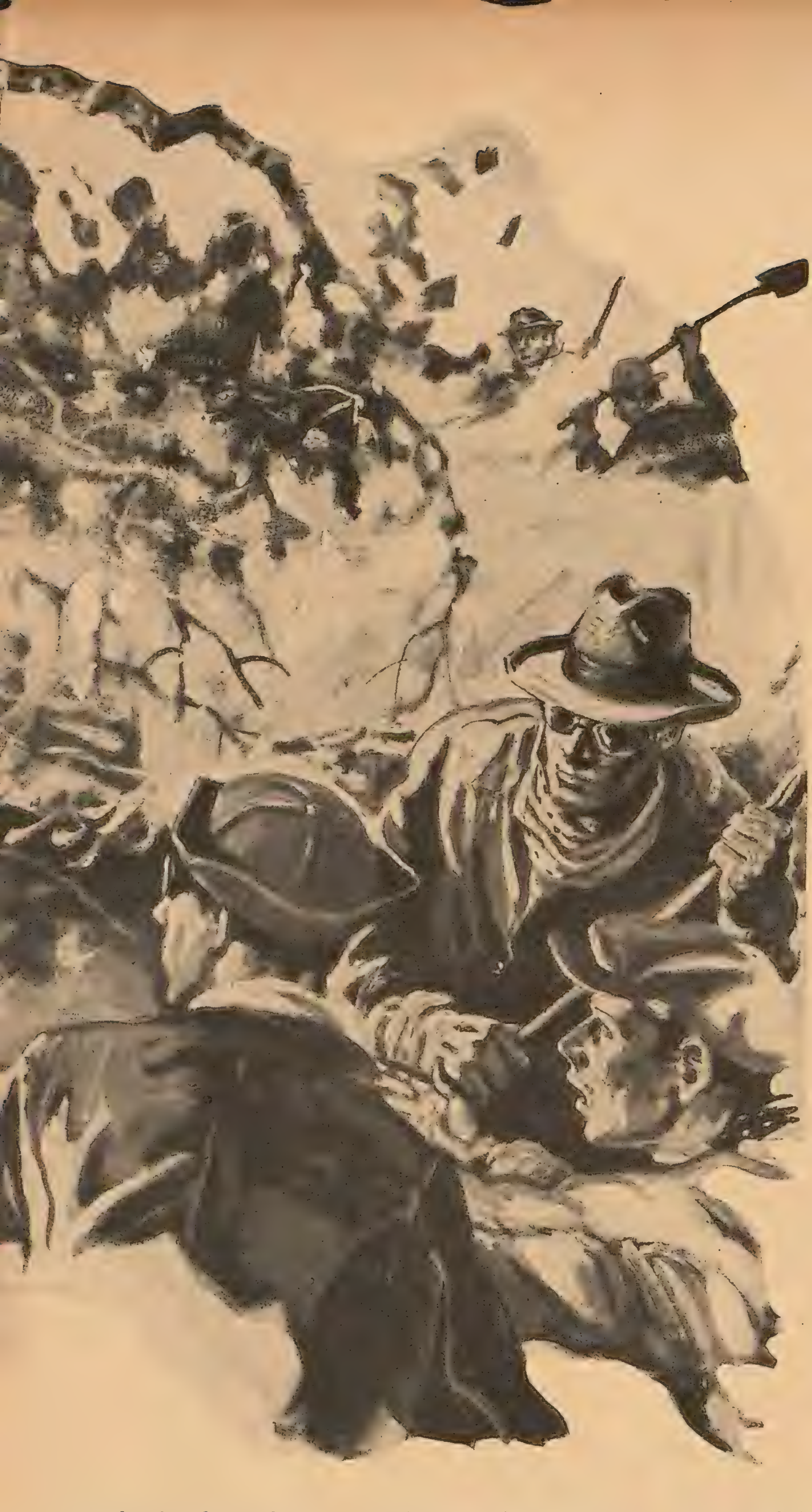
"I forget his name— Here—here's the guy that pulled him out. Maybe he knows his name—"

In a second he was surrounded, questions being shouted at him from all sides. He gave them Ike's name and his own, and they began a frantic search for Ike, but couldn't find him. Then they decided that he was the main story, not Ike, and directed him to pose for his picture. "Hey, not there; not by the ice-cream truck! We don't give ice cream a free ad in this paper. Over there by the tent."

He stood as directed, and two or three in the third shift told the story all over again in vivid detail. The reporters took notes, the photographers snapped several pictures of him, and a crowd collected. "And will you put it in that I'm from Spokane, Washington? I'd kind of like to have that in, on account of my people back there. Spokane, Washington."

"Sure, we'll put that in."

The reporters left as quickly as they had come, and the crowd began to melt. He turned away, a little sorry that his big moment had passed so quickly. Behind him he half heard a voice: "Well, ain't *that* something to be getting his picture in the paper?" He turned, saw



several grins, but nobody was looking at him. Standing with her back to him, dressed in a blue-silk Sunday dress, and kicking a pebble, was a girl. It was a girl who had spoken, and by quick elimination he decided it must be she.

The sense of carefree goofiness that had been growing on him since he got his money, since the crowd began to jostle him, since he had become a hero, focused somewhere in his head with dizzy suddenness. " Any objections? "

This got a laugh. She kept her eyes on the pebble but turned red and said: " No."

" You sure? "

" Just so you don't get stuck up."

" Then that's O. K. How about an ice-cream cone? "

" I don't mind."

" Hey, mister, two ice-cream cones."

" Chocolate."

" Both of them chocolate and both of them double."

When they got their cones he led her away from the guffawing gallery which was beginning to be a bit irksome. She looked at him then, and he saw she was pretty. She was small, with blue eyes, dusty blonde hair that blended with the dusty scene around her, and a spray of freckles over her forehead. He judged her to be about his own age. After looking at him, and laughing rather self-consciously and turning red, she concentrated on the cone, which she licked with a precise technique. He suddenly found he had nothing to say, but said it anyhow: " Well, say—what are you doing here? "

" Oh—had to see the fire, you know."

" Have you seen it? "

" Haven't even found out where it is, yet."

" Well, my, my! I see I got to show it to you."

" *You* know where it is? "

" Sure. Come on."

He didn't lead the way to the fire, though. He took her up the arroyo, through the burned-over area, where the fire had been yesterday. After a mile or so of walking, they came to a little grove of trees beside a spring. The trees were live oak and quite green and cast a deep shade on the ground. Nobody was in sight, or even in earshot. It was a place the Sunday trippers didn't know about.

" Oh, my! Look at these trees! They didn't get burnt."

" Sometimes it jumps—the fire, I mean. Jumps from one hill straight over to the other hill, leaves places it never touched at all."

" My, but it's pretty."

" Let's sit down."

" If I don't get my dress dirty."

" I'll put this jacket down for you to sit on."

" Yes, that's all right."

They sat down. He put his arm around her, put his mouth against her lips.

It was late afternoon before she decided that her family might be looking for her and that she had better go back. She had an uncle in the camp, it seemed, and they had come as much to see him as to see the fire. She snickered when she remembered she hadn't seen either. They both snickered. They walked slowly back, their little fingers hooked together. He asked if she would like to go with him to one of the places along the road to get something to eat, but she said they had brought lunch with them, and would probably stop along the beach to eat it, going back.

They parted—she to slip into the crowd unobtrusively; he to get his mess kit, for the supper line was already formed. As he watched the blue dress flit between the tents and disappear, a gulp came into his throat; it seemed to him that this girl he had held in his arms, whose name he hadn't even thought to inquire, was almost the sweetest human being he had ever met in his life.

When he had eaten, and washed his mess kit and put it away, he wanted a cigarette. He walked down the road to a Bar-B-Q shack, bought a package, lit up, started back.

Across a field, a hundred yards away, was the ocean. He inhaled the cigarette, inhaled the ocean air, enjoyed the languor that was stealing over him, wished he didn't have to go to work. And then, as he approached the camp, he felt something ominous.

Ike Pendleton was there, and in front of him this girl, this same girl he had spent the afternoon with. Ike said something to her, and she backed off. Ike followed, his fists doubled up. The crowd was silent, seemed almost to be holding its breath. Ike cursed at her. She began to cry. One of the state policemen came running up to them, pushed them apart, began to lecture them. The crowd broke into a buzz of talk. A woman, who seemed to be a relative, began to explain to all and sundry: "What if she *did* go with some guy to look at the fire? *He* don't live with her no more! *He* don't support her—never *did* support her! She didn't come up here to see *him;* never even knew he was *up* here! My land, can't the poor child have a good time once in a while?"

It dawned on him that this girl was Ike's wife.

He sat down on a truck bumper, sucked nervously at his cigarette. Some of the people who had guffawed at the ice-cream-cone episode in the afternoon looked at him, whispered. The policeman called over the woman who had been explaining things, and she and the girl, together with two children, went hurriedly over to a car and climbed into it. The policeman said a few words to Ike, and then went back to his duties on the road.

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Ike walked over, picked up a mess kit, squatted on the ground between tents, and resumed a meal apparently interrupted. He ate sullenly, with his head hulked down between his shoulders. It was almost dark. The lights came on. The camp was not only connected to county water but to county light as well. Two boys went over to Ike, hesitated, then pointed to Paul. "Hey, mister, that's him. Over there, sitting on the truck."

Ike didn't look up. When the boys came closer and repeated their news, he jumped up suddenly and chased them. One of them he hit with a baked potato. When they had run away he went back to his food. He paid no attention to Paul.

In the car, the woman was working feverishly at the starter. It would whine, the engine would start and bark furiously for a moment or two, then die with a series of explosions. Each time it did this, the woman would let in the clutch, the car would rock on its wheels, and then come to rest. This went on for at least five minutes, until Paul thought he would go insane if it didn't stop, and people began to yell: "Get a horse!" "Get that damn oilcan out of here and stop that noise!" "Have a heart! This ain't the Fourth of July!"

For the twentieth time it was repeated. Then Ike jumped up and ran over there. People closed in after him. Paul, propelled by some force that seemed completely apart from himself, ran after him. When he had fought his way through the crowd, Ike was on the running board of the car, the children screaming, men trying to pull him back. He had the knife from the mess kit in his hand. "I'm going to kill her! I'm going to kill her! If it's the last thing I do on earth, I'm going to kill her!"

"Oh, yeah?"

He seized Ike by the back of the neck, jerked, and slammed him against the fender. Then something smashed against his face. It was the woman, beating him with her handbag. "Go away! Git away from here!"

Ike faced him, lips writhing, eyes glaring a slaty gray against the deep red of the burns he had received that morning. But his voice was low, even if it broke with the intensity of his emotion. "Get out of my way, you! You got nothing to do with this."

He lunged at Ike with his fist—missed. Ike struck with the knife. He fended with his left arm, felt the steel cut in. With his other hand he struck, and Ike staggered back. There was a pile of shovels beside him, almost tripping him up. He grabbed one, swung, smashed it down on Ike's head. Ike went down. He stood there, waiting for Ike to get up, with that terrible vitality he had shown this morning. Ike didn't move. In the car the girl was sobbing.

The police, the ambulance, the dust, the lights, the doctor working on his arm, all swam before his eyes in a blur. Somewhere, far off, an excited voice was yelling: "But I *got* to use your telephone, I *got* to, I tell you! Guy saves a man's life this morning, kills him tonight! It's a *hell* of a story!" He tried to comprehend the point of this; couldn't.

The foreman appeared, summoned the third shift to him in loud tones, began to read names. He heard his own name called, but didn't answer. He was being pushed into the ambulance, handcuffed to one of the policemen.

THE END

Three- and Four-Star Books Recently Reviewed in Liberty

★★★★ **THE MELANCHOLY LUTE** by Franklin P. Adams; **THE BAD PARENT'S GARDEN OF VERSE** by Ogden Nash.

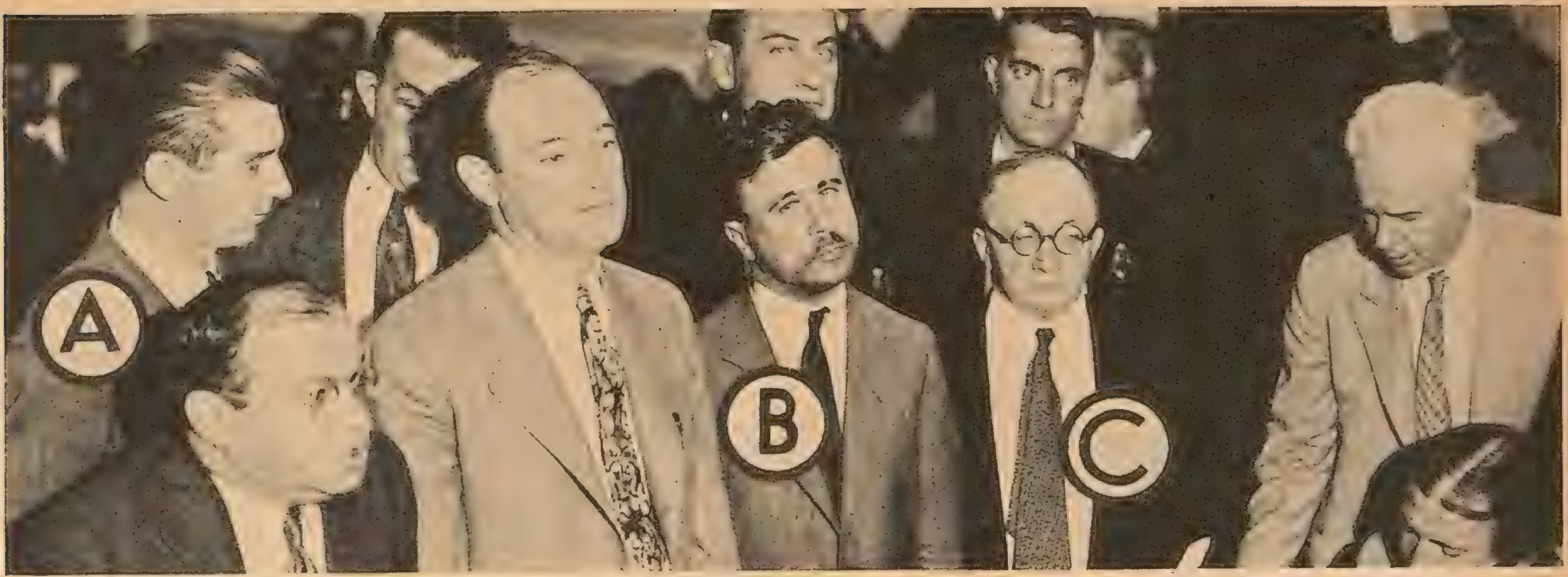
★★★ **BIRD ALONE** by Seán O'Faoláin; **PARAGUAYAN INTERLUDE** by C. W. Thurlow Craig; **WHY QUIT OUR OWN?** by George N. Peek with Samuel Crowther; **ROAD TO EXILE** by Emilio Lussu; **GREEN MARGINS** by E. P. O'Donnell; **THE ALICE BRADLEY MENU-COOK-BOOK: OCTOBER-NOVEMBER-DECEMBER; GREAT LAUGHTER** by Fannie Hurst; **LIFE WAS LIKE THAT** by Mary Doyle; **A PUZZLE FOR FOOLS** by Patrick Quentin; **MOHAMMED** by Essad Bey; **NEW DEAL DECISIONS** by James Mussatti.

THIS WEEK'S REVIEWS

★★★ **THE HOUSEHOLDER'S COMPLETE HANDBOOK** by Hawthorne Daniel. Little, Brown & Company.
Not a cookbook, but a veritable fount of instructions on how to keep the house—inside and out—in smooth running condition.

★½ **ARIZONA'S DARK AND BLOODY GROUND** by Earle R. Forrest. The Caxton Printers, Ltd.
A painstaking account of who killed whom in the range feud of the '80s. Written as if the author thought some one cared.

SECRETS of NEW YORK'S HOMICIDE SQUAD



Val Greer (A) and the green-goods artists who swindled him: Count Boris Dobrynski (B) and Professor Szparkowski (C).

PARK AVENUE CRIME...

Murder in Cemetery Lane

by A HEADQUARTERS OLD-TIMER

The Inside Story of a Bizarre Adventure: the Case of the $50 Bill, the Swindled Bootlegger, and the Trail of Two Dead Men

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

Eugenia Maurey, the count's "wife"—or so he testified, thereby landing in Sing Sing.

IN late April, 1931, there landed in New York City a tall, dark, and exceedingly symmetrical young woman. Her passport bore the name, Eugenia Maurey. And she brought with her the tip-off which led to the uncovering of the most daring of the many daring Park Avenue swindles—a swindle with even a dash of murder in it.

There was quite a turnout to meet her at the pier, mostly G-men who wanted to ask her about an expensive chemical named santoin large quantities of which were said to be stored in New York warehouses. A few of us boys from Headquarters went along, too.

The Federals got wise to the santoin, or supposed santoin, when a certain Count Boris Dobrynski, said to be the importer of the product, was picked up in Vienna for bouncing a rubber check. At the time, and apparently for some weeks previous, our friend Eugenia had been the count's—what shall we say?—companion.

Boris was able to prove to the Austrian authorities that his title was genuine, even if his check wasn't. He had been a colonel in the late Czar's own regiment, and afterward military governor of the Department of Kherson.

"I don't know anything about Boris's business affairs," said Eugenia with great dignity.

"Then why were you traveling around with him?" asked a hard-boiled Fed.

The girl's big brown eyes filled with what looked like tears. "I thought I was in love with him," she sobbed, "and he promised to divorce his wife and marry me—but he didn't. Now I hate him. I never want to see him again."

A sad story, truly! All she forgot to say was that she was a married woman, anyhow, and the count couldn't have wed her even if he'd wanted to.

The Feds couldn't get anywhere with Eugenia on the santoin lead. She either didn't know, or wouldn't tell. And as for us—hell, she hadn't committed any crime, so we made our little record of the case and let her go.

One year and three months later, on July 23, 1932, at 6.40 A. M., John Herman Sohl was driving his milk wagon along a deserted Queens Borough thoroughfare named Fresh Meadow Road. As he passed Cemetery Lane, he thought he saw some foreign substance half concealed in the tall weeds which lined the roadway. Descending cautiously, he poked the substance with his foot. It was the body of a man. Just beyond lay the body of another. Both were apparently very dead.

John Herman didn't stop to see if there were any more, but jumped into his cart, and drove like a crazy man to the nearest telephone. Lieutenant McCoy, Detectives Cornibert, Tromp, Leighton, and Curry of the 111th Precinct responded immediately. So did representatives of the Medical Examiner's office.

Both men had been shot through the head twice. One of the shots on each man was a contact shot, as shown by the powder burns on the flesh. These bullets had probably been fired after the others took effect—just to make sure, you know. Their hands were tied behind their backs. Their mouths were sealed with adhesive plasters. Their bodies lay side by side on their stomachs. There was no sign of a struggle. There was no blood on the ground.

"Took 'em for a ride, I guess," commented Louis Cornibert, one of our best boys, who has had a lot of truck first and last with ride victims.

"Right," agreed Tromp; and, together with Cornibert, settled down to work on the case.

I think I should say right now that neither Eugenia Maurey nor the two corpses in Cemetery Lane play the principal roles in the drama I am about to unfold.

Eugenia disappeared almost immediately from the Manhattan scene. So did the alleged santoin of her friend Count Boris Dobrynski. But the information we had been fortunate enough to gather that day we welcomed her at the pier proved to be far more precious—from a police standpoint—than all the santoin in the world.

As for the two stiffs, they turned out to be more valuable to us dead than they would have been alive. Their fade-out was a run-of-the-mill affair, one of those routine diversions with which the peaceful inhabitants of the Borough of Queens occasionally greet the dawn. I wouldn't give it another thought, or ask you to, if it weren't for the fact that the investigation it started led by a devious and little-suspected trail to one of the most daring swindles in the history of New York City crime.

AT first, however, there was nothing in the murder trail to make Cornibert and Tromp believe that it would lead from the tall grass of Cemetery Lane to the tall mansions of glittering Park Avenue. The murdered men were either Scandinavians or Slavs. Labels in their clothes showed that they had been purchased chiefly in Europe and Cuba.

The Missing Persons Bureau had no record of lost men corresponding to the descriptions the detectives gave. Our fingerprint men at Centre Street couldn't help, either.

Finally Cornibert had the bright idea of taking pictures of the victims' faces and printing them in all the local foreign-language newspapers. The idea worked. A reader of the New Russian Word promptly recognized the round-faced man as a native of his own home town, Sosnowiec, Poland; by name, Kurt Lamprecht.

He didn't know much about Lamprecht in recent years, but he knew people who did; and through them Louis and his partner were able to run down his home address. Here they were stumped. There was nothing in the apartment to show who did the killing or why it should have taken place.

Through Lamprecht's Polish friends, however, they were able to identify the blond good-looking victim as Longin Kovtoun, a tailor, who lived at 333 East Sixteenth Street. So over east went Cornibert and Tromp. Patience—that's the thing in detective work—patience and infinite care.

After a two-hour search the men were about to leave, when Tromp—giving the desk about the tenth once-over—uncovered two canceled checks signed by Kovtoun and drawn to "Cash" on the Manufacturers Trust Company. The first of these checks, made out for $450, disclosed nothing of possible value; but the second, for $350, bore the endorsement of Valentine Greer, a well known midtown speakeasy proprietor.

Here, at last, was pay dirt. Not that the boys suspected Val Greer of being mixed up in the murder of Cemetery Lane. Val wouldn't get that far away from Forty-second Street! But Val was known as a smart guy. Before he endorsed a check for a goof, he'd know something about him and about his business.

The case was becoming definitely Manhattan now, so we decided at Headquarters it was time to notify the D. A. and get a little advice. District Attorney Dodge assigned one of his best men, Assistant District Attorney Charles Pilatsky, to the case.

"The thing to do," said Pilatsky, reaching for his hat, "is to get Greer, and get him quick."

SO we took the cagey bootlegger to the station house, and went after him for the story of the check. It didn't do any good. He wouldn't give up. Meanwhile Pilatsky had told off Special Investigator Jack Rafferty of the D. A.'s office to trace every cent received or paid by Greer for the last five years. Jack is a good man, and he did a good job, but the only thing he could turn up was that on one occasion Greer had drawn $5,000 from his bank and apparently got nothing for it. This gave Pilatsky an idea.

"Greer," he said, "these two friends of yours were mixed up in some sort of a racket." The D. A. was probably improvising at this point, but it was worth a try. "I don't know yet what part you played in it, but I do know this: some one took five thousand dollars from you, and you got nothing in exchange."

The D. A. was rewarded by a start of surprise.

"If I can show that these two murdered men took that money from you, I might be able to prove that you had a very good motive for—"

Greer's defenses were now definitely down.

"I didn't do it!" he shouted. "I didn't murder them! I swear I hardly knew them!"

"What happened to that five thousand?"

The "smart guy" hung his head. "I lost it."

"How?"

"In the apartment of Count Boris Dobrynski," he finally answered.

Naturally the name meant nothing to the D. A. He hadn't met that incoming steamer nearly a year and a half before, down whose gangplank had tripped shapely Eugenia Maurey.

Some of us at Headquarters, however, were able to place in District Attorney Pilatsky's hands certain vital information about this mysterious Russian nobleman, his activities and associates, which made him more than ever interested in getting out of Valentine Greer the modus operandi by which he had "lost" $5,000 in that Park Avenue apartment.

The story, when it came, was a pip.

A mutual acquaintance, the assistant manager of a big New York hotel, first introduced Dobrynski into Val's place. Soon he became a regular customer. One night, after a few drinks, the count told of a mysterious process for transferring *and* multiplying valuable works of art—yes, the count whispered, even such valuable works of art as $100 or even $1,000 bills.

The speakeasy man's curiosity was aroused, also his greed; for, although the count had not said so in just those words, it was clear that the function of the mysterious invention, in not too scrupulous hands, would be to make two $1,000 bills grow where only one bill grew before.

It was, therefore, with the tacit knowledge that he was walking into a counterfeiter's "den" that Mr. Valentine Greer the following afternoon knocked on the door of a sumptuous apartment on the eleventh floor of that Park Avenue hotel.

"This," said the count, indicating a small slender man, "is Professor Arcady Szparkowski, late of the Imperial University of St. Petersburg."

The professor bowed silently.

“He doesn’t understand a word of English,” the count explained, “and I had some difficulty, Mr. Greer, in describing your profession. We have no word in Russian for speakeasy! But he understands that you are the gentleman to whom he is to demonstrate how to double your money every two hours.”

The professor was already drawing out of a large valise an imposing array of bottles, test tubes, trays, and a small electric heater.

“Do you happen to have a dollar bill?” the count asked.

Greer drew out from his wallet ten singles, and handed them to the professor, who examined them all carefully and chose the newest. From one of the bottles he poured some chemical on a small sponge. Then he passed the sponge lightly over both sides of the dollar bill. Presently he held up for Greer’s inspection an absolutely blank white sheet.

“Now we have good government paper, and also,” explained the count, drawing his own wallet from his pocket, “a perfectly good fifty-dollar bill.”

He handed the latter to Greer.

“Examine it carefully,” he continued, “and you might jot down the serial number, if you will.”

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

Patience, industry, and perseverance is a recipe for successful police work and is the motto which has long hung over the desk of Chief of Police Thatcher Colt.

Never, says Mr. Colt, after reading the accompanying story, has he known a more satisfying or, for that matter, more thrilling example of the way the formula works than in the tracing of the Park Avenue counterfeiters from the riddled corpses in far-away Cemetery Lane.

Thatcher Colt’s hat is off to the two Homicide Squad detectives and the fighting Assistant District Attorney who did the job.

Anthony Abbot’s famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3 P. M., E. S. T.

Greer turned the bill over in his hand, felt it carefully, wrote down the serial number, and, at the count’s direction, handed the bill to the professor.

The latter picked up another sponge, and on it he poured some liquid out of a second bottle. Then he washed both sides of the fifty-dollar bill, as he had done the one-dollar bill, but without taking out the coloring. Against each side of the damp bill he placed a sheet of ordinary white paper, cut slightly larger than the bill itself.

“Now watch closely,” counseled the count.

Val Greer did. He didn’t take his eyes off the professor, who had taken from his pocket an ordinary round pencil, and was now rolling the three sheets—the two blanks and the bill—tightly around it. He then glued the ends of the papers down to make a tight roll, laid the roll on the floor, and with his foot began propelling it up and down the room.

As he reached the Park Avenue end, he would stoop down, pick up the pencil, replace it on the floor, and start his rolling again. When he reached the fireplace at the other end of the room, he would repeat the process, always picking up the roll and replacing it carefully in position for the return trip.

“How long does this keep up?” asked Val.

“Two hours,” replied Dobrynski.

AND it did. Methodically the little professor kept up his journeying. Spellbound, the speakeasy man watched. Confidently Count Dobrynski smoked. At last, when it seemed to the American that he could wait no longer, the bespectacled scientist picked up the pencil for the last time, looked at it carefully, and muttered something in Russian to indicate the great moment had come.

Greer and the count leaned over the long center table on which the professor was now unrolling with his slim deft fingers the mysterious papers.

“You take them, Mr. Greer,” said the count, “and look at them for yourself.”

At first glance the outer sheets were as white as they were when they went into the roll. On their inner sides, however, the sides which had lain against the dampened bill, appeared a perfect reproduction of the bill itself—the front on one sheet, the back on the other. The American looked at his two companions. They were gazing at their handiwork with obvious satisfaction. As for him, his heart sank.

“You can’t paste these two damn things together,” he blurted. “You’d never get away with that.”

The count smiled indulgently. The professor, also smiling, poured some of his mysterious liquid into a shallow tray, and placed the clean sheet of government paper, which he had made by washing the one-dollar bill, in the chemical solution. Having wet the blank paper thoroughly, he took it out and placed it with great care between the impressions of the fifty-dollar bill which he had secured in the previous experiment. Then, with the edges neatly squared, he began rolling them as before around the same ordinary pencil, and began his monotonous tantalizing scuffing up and down the room.

Finally the professor nodded his head to signify satisfaction, and walked quickly over to the electric heater, which he had already plugged into a wall socket. Slowly he passed the roll over the heater. Three, possibly five minutes. It seemed like hours to Greer. Then he carefully raised the ends of the rolled-up paper.

Greer jumped to his feet and grabbed the pencil from the professor’s hands.

“Careful. Don’t tear the bill,” cautioned Dobrynski.

Trembling, Greer lifted the outside sheet and turned it over. It was white on both sides. Beneath it lay a perfect fifty-dollar bill.

“Look at the serial number,” urged the count.

Greer looked, compared the figures with those on the bill he had been holding. They were identical.

“There’s one more test that you, as a smart business man, will want to apply,” purred the count in his most reassuring manner. “Take the two bills to two different banks. Ask them if they’re genuine.”

VALENTINE GREER was early at his favorite teller’s window the following morning.

“Four tens and two fives,” he said, slipping one of the fifties under the wicket.

The teller looked at the bill critically, crackled it between the thumbs and forefingers of his two hands, and laid it to one side.

“Four tens, you say, and two fives,” he repeated, as he passed out the bills.

“I’m glad to know that fifty’s O. K.,” said Greer nonchalantly. “It looked a little phony to me.”

The teller looked at it again more critically.

“I’ll take all of them you’ll give me,” he said.

At a second bank Greer repeated the process with the other bill and the same result.

The count was waiting in Val’s place when the proprietor came in with his spoils.

“O. K.?”

“And how!”

“Good!” replied the count. “Keep the change. After this, you furnish the bills for copying, we do the work, you get back your own bills and half the new money. Is that fair?”

“Fair enough! When do we start?”

“Whenever you’re ready. But I suggest you ge together a good bunch of bills, and of high denominations. The professor tells me he only has enough chemicals left for one more operation—without going back to Europe for more—so it wouldn’t pay either you or us to waste it on a few small bills.”

“I should say not! I’ve got five grand I can lay my hands on right away. It’s just lying there in the bank. And I’ll speak to my partner, Jim Connolly. He’s lousy with dough.”

Next day Greer drew out from his account in the Manufacturers Trust Company five crisp new $1,000 bills. Jim Connolly went to the Emigrant Savings Bank, and drew out $6,000; to the Franklin Savings Bank, and drew out another $6,000; from his safe-deposit box, $8,000 more; $20,000 in all. With his own $5,000 Val Greer now had $25,000 to lay on the line.

In the count’s suite everything was in readiness for the great adventure. On the table in the center of the room were set out in brave array the bottles, trays, sponges, test tubes, and a neat pile of already cleaned one-dollar bills. On a side table at the end of the couch were other bottles with long graceful necks and golden heads that rose above the edges of glistening silver containers.

"For our celebration," laughed the count, "after we've made the money."

Professor Arcady Szparkowski was carefully laying each bill in a tray of liquid, and placing it on top of one of the cleaned dollar bills. When he had finished the lot, he began stacking them one on another. Then, after carefully squaring the edges, he wrapped them all in a sheet of heavy brown paper, and wound the package with strong twine. Placing it on the floor, he stood on it and began jumping up and down.

"The rolling method isn't so practical when there are a good many bills to be done," explained Dobrynski. "This method is just as effective, though."

For two hours the three men took turns jumping on the package of treasure. Then the professor spoke in Russian.

"He says it's done now," explained the count. "All we have to do is to dry the bills. That'll take a little time in so big a package."

The professor plugged in his heater, and began waving the bundle back and forth over it. After a while Dobrynski relieved him. Pretty soon Greer took his turn at the drying. Then the professor again. It was hard work, holding the heavy wet package at arm's length and waving it back and forth above the heater. Val Greer was glad to turn back to his chair.

It was then that the explosion occurred.

The package, apparently dropped by the professor on the red-hot coils, blew into a thousand pieces. The room was thick with a confetti storm of green paper. A flurry of flakes settled on Val's face, on his shoulders, on his hands. It was the money all right, his money and Jim Connolly's, gone, gone into nothing.

When Val Greer came to—somebody had apparently knocked the head off the bottle of champagne and poured its contents over his face to revive him—Count Dobrynski was sobbing hysterically, and the professor, brokenhearted, was muttering unintelligible gibberish. It took several hours and several bottles of champagne to make the three friends forget their troubles. Valentine Greer hasn't entirely forgotten his yet—and neither has Jim Connolly!

But it wasn't until months went by, and no word was received from his counterfeiting friends, that "smart guy" Greer began to suspect that something was wrong. Even then, in view of the nature of the transaction, he could hardly report it to the police. It was only because of this double murder in Queens that he was now bringing the transaction to light.

HERE, surely, was food for thought. The count and the professor might or might not be the cold-blooded murderers who had trussed up their victims and thrown them, bound and gagged, into the tall grass of Cemetery Lane. But they were undoubtedly international crooks whose whereabouts was of vital interest to us boys in Centre Street.

We picked up Dobrynski in a flat at 14 West Eighty-second Street. But we had a little trouble in locating the professor.

Count Boris at first denied all knowledge of the speakeasy man or his money, but, with the possibility of a murder charge staring him in the face, he broke down and told what we all suspected but could not prove—that the whole thing was simply a modern version of the old green-goods swindle.

"It's easy," he began, with that unctuous pride that all crooks have in their devious accomplishments. "Greer told you, I suppose, how he watched the professor all the time while he was rolling the pencil back and forth on the floor, picking it up and putting it down again. Well, no man can watch anything *all* the time for two hours. It is a cinch to divert his attention for a moment—and a moment is all that a deft-fingered fellow like the professor, here, needs to slip one pencil up his sleeve and another one down it. It was the second one, wound up just like the first, that we showed Val."

"But how about the serial numbers? Greer said they were the same."

"They were. Give me that wallet." A pocketbook containing seven hundred-dollar bills and several pencils with red, blue, and green indelible leads had been found in the apartment. "All these bills are from one series. The serial numbers on all seven bills are the same, except for the last numbers. See, here a number 3, a number 8, a number 9. With one stroke of this red pencil I make the 3 into an 8. With another, I make the 9 into an 8. We have three 8s now, but two are all we need. You're Greer. You hold one of the 8s. I'm the professor. I've already wrapped the other round the pencil that I have up my sleeve."

"But how about the package that exploded?"

"Same thing, exactly. The package containing the $25,000 passed back and forth between us until Greer was fairly reeling from fatigue and excitement. It was a cinch to substitute a similar bundle stuffed with green paper and a few chopped-up dollar bills. A little sulphur, a little guncotton, a very little explosive, and a sudden touch of the red-hot coil did the rest."

Here was the perfect swindle! The victim didn't know he was swindled—and even if he suspected, he wouldn't dare squawk about it for fear he'd be sent up the river on a counterfeiting charge. But in this particular instance we had our star witness already in custody and thoroughly scared, so we were able to go to trial against the count and the professor.

GREER gave his testimony. Supporting witnesses verified many of the details. The count's confession was read to the jury. Then came the big surprise. Dobrynski took the stand, repudiated the confession, and told a long rambling story in his own defense, which was obviously a sheer fabrication. But the jury believed him, at least enough of them to cause a disagreement.

At a second trial the count not only repeated the fairy story which had gotten him off the first time, but supplemented it with a strong sympathy play to the jury. He was taking the rap for another's sins, he explained, because he was so much in love.

"With whom?" asked Pilatsky.

"With my Eugenia."

Pilatsky well knew who Eugenia was. In the papers in front of him he had the information, without which the count might once more have escaped. But the D. A. feigned innocence, and asked blandly, "Who is she?"

"She is my wife," moaned the count.

Now we had him. The rest might be a question of veracity between a couple of counterfeiters and a bootlegger. But when Pilatsky was able to produce the evidence that the lithesome Eugenia couldn't be the count's wife for the very good reason that she was somebody else's, the value of all of the witness's testimony sank into nothingness.

Judge Cornelius F. Collins sentenced both men to from four to eight years in Sing Sing—and when they get out, which won't be long now, the Feds will be waiting at the gate with tickets for a free ride to Europe.

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR: We never did connect the count or the professor—or, for that matter, anybody else—with the murder in Cemetery Lane. But Assistant District Attorney Pilatsky, who is a really "smart guy," as he proved in the swindling case, has a theory, which I dare say is right.

Count Boris had a slick way of assuaging his victims' feelings by offering, if they got him another victim, to pay them back "out of his own pocket" some of the money they had lost. That he had taken the two friends, Lamprecht and Kovtoun, into camp, there was little doubt; and, since he admitted that the former had worked for him in some vague capacity, his having drawn them into his scheme on some pretext or other was a distinct probability.

The D. A. thinks—although he doesn't offer the idea in his official capacity—that Kovtoun and Lamprecht tried to work the swindle on some underworld character, who didn't hesitate to revenge himself by taking them for a ride.

THE END

NO NERVE

by

OSCAR SCHISGALL

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT

WITH a nervous hand on the telephone, Ben Hazen hesitated. His frightened eyes swung again to the automobile in the moonlight, beyond the open door. It was a long black sedan, and the bulky man who dangled over its steering wheel was dead. He must have driven incredibly far, Ben knew, with that bullet in his chest. And he had lived just long enough to sound his horn outside the farmhouse.

Ben's burning gaze darted to the rear of the sedan. There was an unlocked suitcase on the back seat. A moment ago he and his wife had opened it to gape in stupefaction at neatly stacked bundles of bank notes. Thousands, tens of thousands of dollars for the taking—

He started, swallowed hard, as Martha hurried into the house. A small woman who had drawn a shabby old coat over her nightgown.

“Why don't you phone the troopers, Ben?”

“I ain't so sure I—want to.”

She stared in amazement. “What are you talking about? We've got to! When a man drives up and dies at your door—”

“You know who he is, don't you?” Ben's tones suddenly became harsh. “The radio reporter said some feller robbed a bank down near New York of a hundred thousand in cash this afternoon. Killed one of the tellers and got away. Another teller thought he'd wounded the holdup man. With all that money in the car and the bullet in his chest—reckon he's the one, all right!”

Martha's stunned eyes widened in bewilderment. “Then why don't you phone the troopers?”

“With a hundred thousand dollars just waiting out there to be picked up?”

“Ben!”

His lips tightened in his gaunt face. “I could drive him up to the lake. It's only a mile to where the road curves around the shore. I could let the car run over the bank, with him in it. They'll find him in the morning, of course. But they'll figure he drove till his wound got him, and ended up in the water. They'll probably reason he left the money with an accomplice.”

Weakly, shaking a little, Martha Hazen sat down. “But, Ben,” she blurted, “we can't do a thing like that! Why, it—it would be—”

He didn't listen. On abrupt resolve, he strode out of the house, his face gray; and when he returned, it was to place the suitcase in a corner. He didn't look at his wife now. “I'll be back in a half hour.”

Nor could Martha's panicky protests stop him. He refused to hear them. He even shook off her hand.

When he was gone, she sank back upon the chair and dazedly brushed straggling hair out of her eyes. She was trembling.

She wished frantically that Ben hadn't done it. She wished she had protested more desperately. It would be far, far better to continue their colorless life on the farm, she felt, than to venture into a new existence with such money.

Her mind followed the sedan along the moonlit road. And then, of a sudden, she heard the drone of an oncoming car. Golden headlights stabbed into the open kitchen door. She sprang up with a little cry. She looked out—and saw the same black sedan.

It squealed to a stop.

“Ben,” she gasped, “what in heaven's name—”

Ben Hazen stiffly stepped out of the sedan, as though he had driven many cramping miles. His bony face was haggard, embittered by a kind of self-contempt. He came slowly toward the door, looking at his wife strangely, and emitted a crack of harsh laughter.

“I DIDN'T have the nerve,” he said. And when he saw she could manage no immediate reply, he went on: “Reckon I'm just plain yellow. Drove down to the lake and stopped, and just sat there paralyzed. Couldn't do it.”

Martha's eyes brightened miraculously. Something like ecstasy welled up in her, throbbing violently in her chest.

“Oh, Ben!” She found her breath and lurched across the room to the telephone. He offered no protest when she called the state troopers. He sat down, scowling at the floor, while she informed them that a car had stopped in front of their house; that they had run out, to find its driver dead and a suitcase full of money on the back seat. Would the troopers come quickly? . . .

“In ten minutes,” she told him unsteadily as she replaced the receiver, “the troopers will take the whole thing off our hands! After that—Ben, I reckon maybe we'll sleep better!”

He nodded, lifted his head to reply. But the words were checked, and he looked around in quick surprise.

Outside they could hear the drone of a motorcycle that had turned off the road toward their house. Ben impulsively went to the door. It was impossible for the state troopers to have sent a man so soon. Yet a trooper was already swinging off the motorcycle!

The officer stopped beside the sedan to peer into its window. What he saw evoked an exclamation. He yanked the door open, bent over the body. Then he straightened to look at Martha and Ben.

“THIS man's dead!”

“Yeah.” Ben answered in a voice which even Martha couldn't recognize. “Yeah. We—we just telephoned the troopers about it. He drove up here, honked his horn, and by the time I got to him he'd slumped over. There was a suitcase full of money in the back. We brought it inside. Reckon he's the feller robbed that bank down near New York today. Come in. I'll show you the valise.”

The amazed trooper went back for another glance into the sedan before, tense of face, he came into the kitchen to stare at the money in the suitcase.

“By heaven,” he whispered, “you two are lucky, all right! There'll be a reward for the recovery of that money.” He laughed nervously. “And I could have had it for myself if I'd had any sense!”

Ben frowned at him. “You? How?”

The trooper jerked his head back at his motorcycle. “Had ignition trouble a little while ago. My motor died and the lights went out down near the lake. I was tinkering with the thing, trying to find a loose wire, when this sedan pulled up about a hundred yards away. I had half a mind to go down and see why it had stopped; but as I started forward, the car turned and headed back this way. I couldn't make it out. I got my engine going again right after that and followed. Recognized the sedan as I came by just now.

“Considering the probable reward,” the officer repeated, “you two sure are lucky.”

“Yeah,” Ben Hazen muttered huskily. “Yeah, we—we're lucky, all right!”

THE END

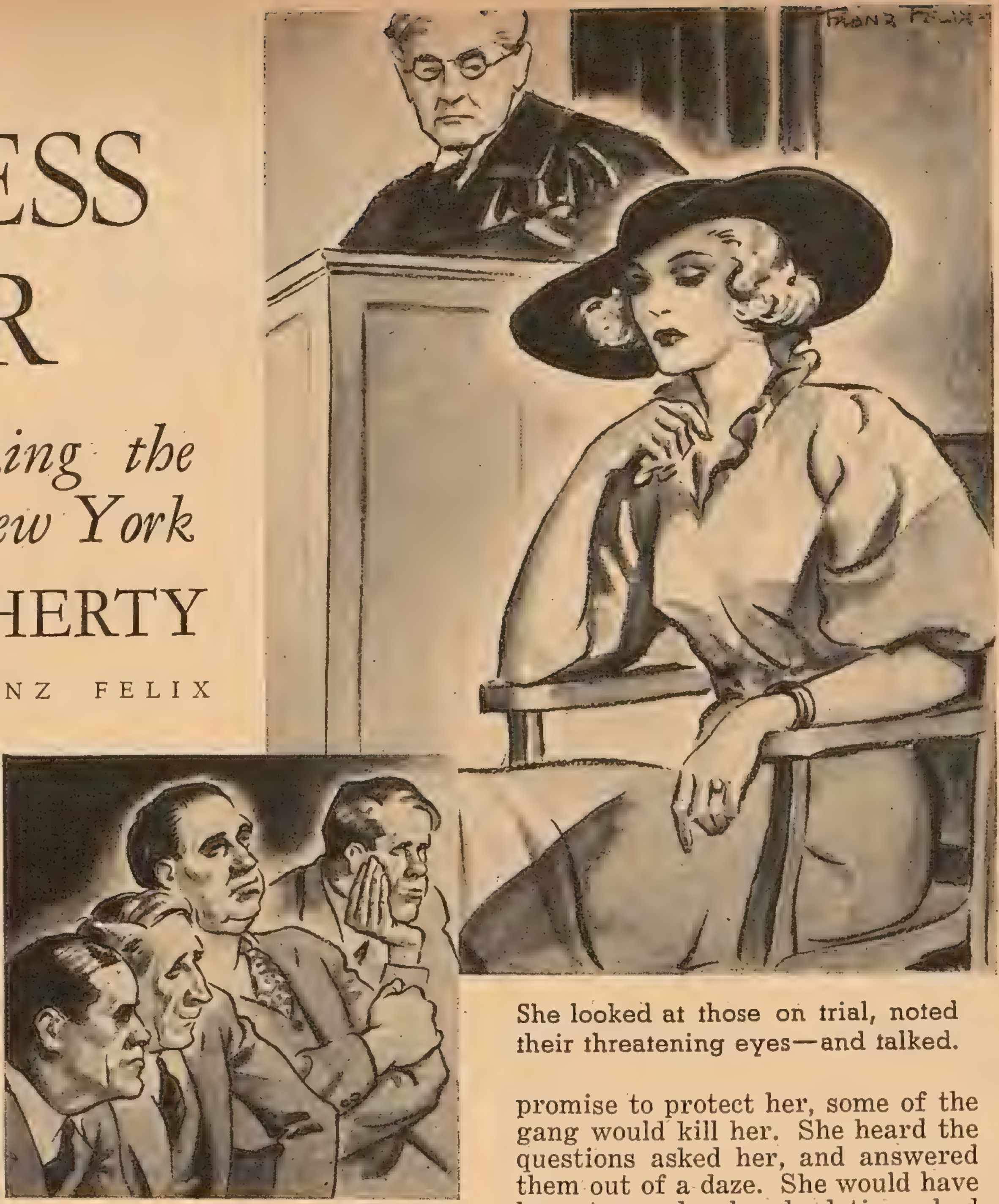
THE WITNESS CHAIR

More About Tracking the Crime Barons of New York

by EDWARD DOHERTY

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANZ FELIX

READING TIME
3 MINUTES 55 SECONDS



She looked at those on trial, noted their threatening eyes—and talked.

"CALL Florence Brown."

Special Prosecutor Dewey spoke the words quietly. The gang of racketeers sitting on the defense side of the courtroom paid scant attention to the name, though some grinned and one winked at his attorney.

"Cokey Flo" was coming to testify against her former associates—Cokey Flo, red-light madam, drug addict, hard wise woman of the underworld. Dewey thought he could trust her but he wasn't sure. She had told him a straight story; but on the witness stand she might forget it, or soften it, or deny it altogether. He wasn't sure, but he had to take a chance. Florence Brown, if she told the truth, would clinch his case.

Flo might not be able to stand up under cross-examination. She had scarcely finished the five-day reduction cure; her body was still crying out for drugs. She was so feeble she could walk but a few steps.

It had taken her a long time to make up her mind to testify. She was no rat. She was no squealer. She was in jail, facing six charges, and would probably stay in jail for years. She was sick. She had no money. No friends came to see her. But she wouldn't talk.

Barent Ten Eyck of Dewey's staff asked her, "Why should you be loyal to the underworld? What has the underworld ever done for you?"

Flo thought it over. She came to the conclusion that she owed the underworld no allegiance; that she owed nothing to any man, even Jimmy Frederico; and that even if she wanted to help Jimmy by keeping silent, it was too late. Other witnesses had damned him.

She took the stand. She looked at Luciano and "Little Davie" Betillo and "Tommy Bull" Pennochio, and all the others on trial. She noted their grins, their scowls, their threatening eyes. And she talked.

She hated Little Davie, believing him a merciless killer. She hated Tommy Bull, because he peddled a morphine that was impure and deadly. She held Luciano responsible for the deaths of at least two of her friends whose lives he had promised to spare.

Hour after hour Flo sat in the witness chair, talking, baring her past, fighting her agonies. Now and then she was allowed to rest. Several times, with the permission of the judge, she was given a thimbleful of brandy.

All the time she was afraid that, despite Dewey's promise to protect her, some of the gang would kill her. She heard the questions asked her, and answered them out of a daze. She would have been trapped a hundred times had she not been telling the truth.

Dewey marveled at her. The defense lawyers marveled—but kept on questioning her. Hour after hour they kept at her, trying to break her.

Dewey breathed a sigh of relief when it was over. And then he grew nervous again.

Mildred Harris's turn had come now, and she was more of a problem than Flo.

Mildred had more at stake. She had a father and mother living in a small town not far from New York. She had a child. What would they do when they learned what she was? They were so proud of her. They were so good, so loving. They went to church. They prayed for her. It would destroy them to learn about her. And then—Luciano might kill them.

"No," she kept saying for months, "I won't talk. I won't hurt my people. I won't have them killed."

But after her husband, Pete Harris, was arrested, she began to change her mind.

"The underworld's never done anything for Pete or me," she concluded, "except to make bums of us. We tried to quit, but Luciano wouldn't let us. Well, we'll quit now—no matter what the cost."

Mildred Harris testified. The defense lawyers attacked her as savagely as they had Florence Brown. But they could not shake her.

Cokey Flo and Mildred Harris, women of the underworld, by their testimony sent Luciano and the others to the penitentiary for long terms.

The trial has long since ended, but the witnesses are still under Dewey's protection; and he's helping them to go straight, to be "legitimate." They no longer need drugs. They no longer fear vengeance. And they have made an honest living ever since the trial.

THE END

To the Ladies

by

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 34 SECONDS

WHEN you buy a ten-cent toothbrush you generally take a red one, whereas if you spend twenty-five cents for a toothbrush, the color you pick will probably be amber. . . . Last year you preferred green bath towels, but this year you want them blue. . . . While tan is the popular color for automobiles out West, black autos prevail in the eastern states. . . . Some shade of red is the color liked best by the largest number of women, with blue the next feminine choice. . . . Men generally reverse this rule, blue being their first fancy and red their second.

My authority for the above information is Mr. Howard Ketcham, color engineer, color detective, color psychologist. Day and night his investigators prowl the business streets of fifty cities, checking up facts of commercial importance concerning your favorite colors and you. Manufacturers, merchants, and sales managers consult Mr. Ketcham on the color question. He knows much more than we do about our own color tastes.

"In making a survey with a color chart," he told me, "when you ask people to point out their favorite color you can only trust what they say right off the bat, before they stop to think. Thinking seems to confuse their genuine taste with the taste they believe they *ought* to have."

A shy young man will be less bashful with the girls, says Howard Ketcham, if he wears an orange necktie. And lampshades of cherry pink will lead the guests to be more talkative at a party.

HOWARD KETCHAM

● This poor-little-rich-girl story is true, and it's a new one to me:

A daughter of one of our wealthiest families has gone into hiding. She is running away from the boy she loves because she has seen, since childhood, how unearned wealth destroyed her own father. The fortune derives from her mother's side of the family. Her mother married a man of comparatively modest means—and that was the end of him. Money ruined him, spoiling his character, turning him toward self-indulgence and excesses of every kind. The rich girl dares not marry her impoverished young man. She is afraid her wealth would lead him to the same destruction suffered by her father.

● *Early hints for Christmas shoppers:*

For kitchen window shades, silken cords ending in little pulls shaped like miniature teakettles. . . . Knitted gloves in gay Scottish plaids. . . . Bright-colored Christmas candlesticks with angels carved on 'em. (All these under two dollars.) . . . At around five dollars we have clocks that tell what time it is in every big city . . . and Schiaparelli's three-strand necklace of gold and crystal heads . . . and Charbert's holiday specialty, three perfumes in one package.

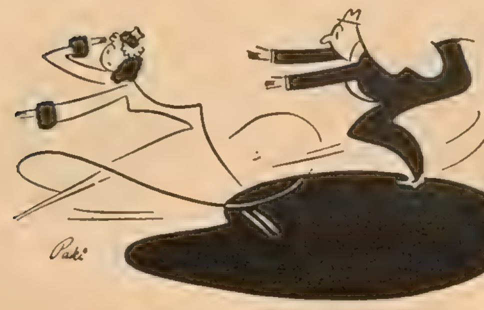
● To the slinky streamline of their black cloth dresses style-wise Parisiennes add a note of innocence this winter with big velvet cuffs and neck scarf of baby blue. . . . They wear a rhinestone orchid at the throat to counterpoint the sparkle of their eyes. . . . In the afternoon their costume is of shining gold lamé, pleated below like the skirt of a Breton fishwife. . . . . Evening gowns of demure black chiffon fall in ample folds, but are slit at the sides to reveal a skintight *shamelessly* naked-looking sheath of flesh-tint satin.

● A reader has asked me to tackle the problem of the Sunday husband. I can't solve it, but here are the facts: One type of married man never loafs at home on Sunday in bathrobe or dressing gown. As soon as he gets out of bed he showers and shaves himself, puts on his clothes for the day, and starts going places. Some wives complain. They say he ruins their Sabbath rest. . . . Another type of husband never does anything except loaf at home on Sunday, spilling pipe ashes and sports pages all over the house. Again some wives complain. They say he gives them the fidgets. . . . For the two kinds of suffering wives I can only suggest a week-end exchange of husbands. Or, perhaps they had better just keep on complaining.

● Among the new career books, I recommend Loire Brophy's If Women Must Work (published by D. Appleton-Century Company), and Nursing as a Profession, by Esther Lucile Brown (published by the Russell Sage Foundation).

● At your next dinner party try this salad ice instead of an ordinary salad. Guests will appreciate the cool interlude before a sweet dessert.

Simmer 2 tablespoons minced onion in butter, adding 1½ pounds sliced tomatoes, 1 clove garlic, salt, black pepper, and ½ teaspoon powdered basil. Fry 10 minutes, then cover and cook 10 minutes more. Uncover and reduce well. Strain through a sieve after taking out the garlic, then add 1 cup water and 1 tablespoon flour kneaded smooth with 1 tablespoon butter. Boil up and let cool. Stir in the beaten whites of 3 eggs and ½ cup stiffly whipped cream. Pour into ice trays in your refrigerator and freeze thoroughly. Serve in individual ramekins with cheese straws.



Wendel TELLS ALL—

"MY 44 DAYS OF KIDNAPING, TORTURE, AND HELL IN THE LINDBERGH CASE"

AS all the world knows, the execution of Hauptmann was delayed three days, from March 31 to April 3. The reason for the delay was Paul H. Wendel, with his " confession " to the Lindbergh kidnaping. In October, his explanation of the circumstances in which he had written and then repudiated that " confession " was to result in the indictment of Ellis H. Parker, New Jersey detective, and Parker's son and namesake, among others, by a federal grand jury.

Last week Wendel told in Liberty how on Friday, February 14, in a New York City street, he was forced into a car by two men who said they were federal officers and poked a gun in his ribs. Driving cleverly with the traffic lights, they whisked him over into what he recognized as the Sheepshead Bay section of Brooklyn, where in the cellar of a house, with straps, chains, and handcuffs, he was made fast in a sitting position. There was a radio to drown any outbursts from him; by the radio programs he could keep track of the passing of time. His captors and guards were Bill (Murray Bleefeld), Hank (Harry Weiss), Jack (Martin Schlossman), and Tony (Bleefeld's father). He gathered that a fifth man was directing them and watching him. " If Bruno burns, you'll burn," he was told. " You're going to confess to the Lindbergh kidnaping." The Monday morning following his capture, the four came into his prison cellar carrying ominous-looking tools.

PART TWO—OUTDOING THE INQUISITION

I WAS good and faint by Monday morning. The cup of coffee I had Saturday night and the glass of water I had Sunday morning weren't, so to say, sustaining. I hadn't put anything else in my stomach since Friday morning. But the tools the boys brought with them, as they filed into my cell, were not knives and forks.

Hank carried a pole about as long as a hoe handle but strong enough to bear a man's weight. One end of this pole he placed on a jut high up on the partition at my right, and drove a nail into it which held it securely. Jack, who had driven the car the first day, took the other end and carried it diagonally across to another jut.

Bill and Tony then took off my handcuffs and tied a heavy rope around each of my wrists in the kind of loop that gets tighter the more it is pulled. This rope they

Acme photo

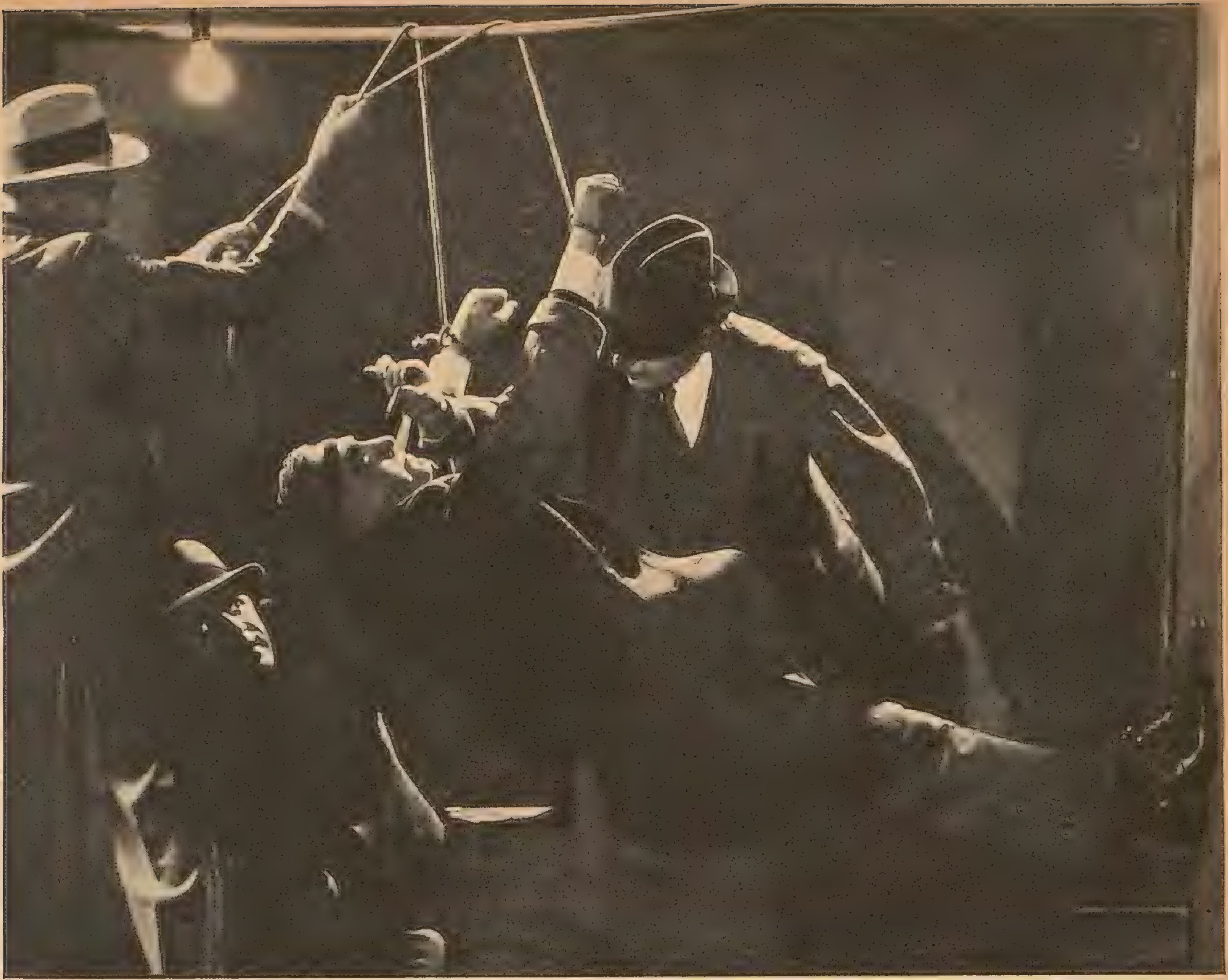
"Bill"—Murray Bleefeld, named by Wendel as the visible gang leader.

Wide World photo

"Hank"—Harry Weiss, who, Wendel says, was one of his tormentors.

Pictures, Inc., photo

"Jack"—Martin Schlossman. Wendel tells how he drove the kidnap car.



"Nearer and nearer he came, until I felt the heat on my eyeball." Wendell came to Liberty's Studio and posed for this explanatory photograph.

More Revelations of the Strangest Figure in the 20th Century's Most Famous Crime

by PAUL H. WENDEL

READING TIME ◉ 21 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

now passed over the pole above me. At the same time some one loosened the dog chains from the iron posts under the box, and used them to tie my feet firmly to an iron spike in the wall in front of me.

It didn't take a poet's imagination to realize what would happen to my aching body the moment some one behind me began pulling that rope!

Bill then bound around my head something that felt like a metal band about an inch wide. I couldn't see it because he stood behind me as he put it around my forehead and clamped it together at the rear, where he must have attached a heavy weight to it, because immediately my head and body jerked backward until the small of my back came in contact with a sharp edge which cut into my flesh and caused excruciating pain. This sharp edge was the top of a board which stood up from the box about eight inches like a low chair back.

I didn't cry out, but my torturers must have seen the expression of anguish on my face; for Bill said:

"Well, doc, how about the confession?"

"You're crazy," I gasped, "if you think I'll sign it! I—"

I never finished that sentence. The ropes on my wrists tightened painfully—my hands and lower arms were already swollen from the handcuffs—as some one I couldn't see pulled the rope over the pole and strung me up by my arms. I thought they would be torn out of their sockets—especially when my body straightened in mid-air and the chains on my feet began pulling against the rope on my hands.

Hank then grabbed a short length of rubber hose lined with metal, and began beating me with it over my knees and shins, across my chest and shoulders, my arms and hands, finally my face and head. The skin of my left ear later broke and the blood trickled down on the shoulder of my coat.

"Now," yelled Bill, "will you do it?"

"No!" I cried, half in despair.

"You —— ——, you will!"

Bill then took a large electric-light bulb, 150-watt I should say, attached it to the socket on the end of a hanging cord, waited until it got very hot, and began rolling it over my face, neck, and ears. This lasted perhaps ten minutes, perhaps fifteen. Then they lowered me on to the box again, took off the ropes and put on the handcuffs, chained my feet and hands to the iron posts as before, and brought me back to the stooping position in which I had already sat for sixty-eight hours.

"Hank," said Bill, "give him a cup of coffee."

They all went out. After a while Hank came back with the coffee. He also gave me a couple of slices of buttered toast. I guess they thought I might pass out on them if they didn't feed me something.

Of course I *was* exhausted physically. Who wouldn't have been after such treatment? But, somehow, the shock to the mind was greater than the shock to the body. Here was I, a simple law-abiding citizen, snatched from the peaceful routine of my daily life and—A. D. 1936, mind you—thrown into a medieval dungeon and subjected to inquisitorial tortures. It would take more than coffee and buttered toast to restore the mental assurance of the rightness of things from which I had been so cruelly dislodged!

"Don't be a damn fool, doc," Hank said. "You can make yourself a lot of money."

I was in no mood for conversation.

"Let me out of here!" I demanded.

Hank smiled as if that had been a great joke. Then he went out, bolted the door, and left me in darkness.

About Amos 'n' Andy time he came back and started in again:

"Why don't you do as Bill tells you? Then we could all get out of here tomorrow."

"I won't confess to a crime like that, for you or anybody else."

"If you don't, doc, we have orders to bump you off."

"You wouldn't dare do that!"

"Wouldn't we, though!"

I had a sinking feeling that they would.

"Who's behind you in this thing?" I asked.

"You'd be surprised!" he replied, and went out and turned off the light again.

Every time any of them came in to talk to me, they'd take the cotton out of my ears; and when they went out, they'd stick it in again. Then I'd have to squirm and twist until I could loosen the strap around my arms and rub the cotton down so I could hear with one ear. This time I must have done too good a job, for the stuff fell out of my ear to the floor. Then I could hear the whispering outside my door much more clearly.

"Why don't we do with him what we did with Judge Crater?"

"What was that?" asked a voice that I hadn't heard before; at least, I hadn't heard it in my cell.

"Put him in a concrete barrel and throw him into the ocean," the first voice answered.

I didn't believe what they said about having disposed of Crater. Of course it might have been true—they seemed capable of any atrocity—but I got the feeling distinctly that they were merely trying to impress some one. Since they thought I couldn't hear them, that some one must have been out there with them.

THERE was more whispering, and even some low talking. Then some one said:

"Not so loud—he'll hear your voice!"

Later, when I was asked by the authorities if I recognized that voice as young Ellis Parker's, I frankly admitted that I could not.

"I don't think Ellis Parker, Jr., would do such a thing," I said.

Alas, circumstances have forced me to change my opinion of that young man!

Some one besides the four men who showed themselves was obviously in that cellar of torture and directing the moves of the active criminals; for, as I have said, they were continually retiring to consult with him and receive their orders. Three of the four—Tony, or Bleefeld, Sr., is dead—have made statements that this man was Ellis Parker, Jr., and that it was he who stood behind me in the doorway and pulled the torture rope. All I can say is that, whoever this fifth man was, he was the same man who had put the finger on me that Friday noon on East Thirty-second Street, for— But I am getting ahead of my story.

Next morning Bill and Hank came in and saw the cotton on the floor. They seemed terribly upset. Hank made as if to hit me, but didn't. Bill poked new cotton down hard into both my ears, then tried to find out if I could hear. I let on that I couldn't. He seemed satisfied, and started for the door along with Hank. But I called them back and made a request.

When I had come into this place, I had been relieved of everything in my possession: fountain pen, watch, correspondence, notebook, automobile license, and wallet. In the wallet I had three dollars in bills and a small sum in checks. I now asked the privilege of endorsing these checks to my wife and sending them along with the money to her, because I knew the family would be needing funds. This request they granted. In fact, Bill came back a little later and said he had slipped fifty dollars of his own money into the envelope along with mine.

My family got the envelope all right, and the checks and my three bucks, but they are still waiting for the fifty from big-hearted Bill!

The next morning—Tuesday the 18th—Bill came in about ten o'clock, accompanied as on Monday by the other three. First he asked me if I could hear anything. I made no reply, although I had again loosened the cotton so that I could hear fairly well. Then he took the wads out of my ears and asked me again if I was ready to sign a confession. When I replied that I wasn't, he said angrily:

"Hank, get that pole!"

WHEREUPON they put me through the same process as before, only more violent. This time, in addition to the stringing up of the arms and jerking back of the head and the burning with the bulb and the beating with the hose, Hank struck me several heavy blows in the face with his clenched fist. After about fifteen minutes of this Bill said:

"Well, what are you going to do?"

"Let me out of here!" I cried.

"Shut up!" said Hank, smacking me across the face. "You'll never get out of here unless you confess."

I said nothing, and pretty soon they let me down again, and handcuffed and chained me as before. Hank asked me if I was all right. I guess he thought I might pass out on them before they got the confession. He even tried to give me some aspirin tablets, but I wouldn't take them.

"You're a glutton for punishment," he said as he went out.

About ten that evening Bill again appeared. He sat down on the box beside me.

"How do you feel, doc?"

"Badly!"

"Well, don't be a damn fool. Do as you're told and you'll make a lot of money."

I didn't even try to answer. I was sick of hearing this rot. But I did tell Bill how awful I felt, and protested that it wasn't human to treat me this way.

"Take me back to the hotel," I said, "and I won't say anything about what's happened."

"I can't do that, doc; but I'm going uptown to see the big boss tonight, and I'll see you in the morning."

He did—and so did all the others. But they didn't say anything about setting me free. Instead, they went at me like a bunch of madmen. They didn't bother this time about elaborate machinery. They simply used their fists and their fingers. Taking advantage of my helpless condition, they gave me a terrific punching about the chest, arms, and shoulders. Then they took turns beating me and pulling my hair, until it just seemed that I couldn't stand it any longer.

"Doc," said Hank, "why don't you do as Bill says and save yourself these beatings?"

I shook my head. I was too far gone to speak. Whereupon Bill said:

"We have orders, doc, that if Bruno burns, we are to burn out your eyes, stab you in the back with a knife, pin a notice on you, 'This is the Lindbergh kidnaper,' and throw you in front of the State House."

I said nothing. They plugged up my ears, handcuffed, strapped, and chained me, and went out. Toward evening Hank gave me another cup of coffee.

Strange as it may seem, I was encouraged by the events of the day. In the first place, I figured that the more times I successfully withstood their efforts to intimidate me, the nearer I was to ultimate victory. Then, too, the extravagance and absurdity of their threats—such as that one about throwing me on the Capitol steps after I was dead—made me feel that they were not at all sure of the ground on which they were treading. This false confidence of mine—I was soon to learn how false it was!—increased when I heard Hank's next remark.

"Doc," he said, "do you suppose we could get five hundred dollars from your brother in New York for letting you go?"

"No."

"Or from your sister in the Bronx?"

I wasn't going to have any one else dragged into this thing, especially as I felt sure they wouldn't release me, but were just trying to chisel a little extra graft as they went along. So I again said, "No."

"That's too bad, doc," Hank said. "If somebody'd pay us enough, we'd let you out."

Thursday, the 20th, began more pleasantly than any of the other days had done, because they brought me a really attractive breakfast: orange juice, two fried eggs, toast, and coffee. I ate with relish. But my pleasure was short-lived. When Bill arrived near noon, I soon realized that this was to be the toughest day of all.

"Doc," he began, "what are you going to do?"

"I demand that I be let go," I replied. "I promise you that I will say nothing to anybody."

"I can't. I have orders to get the confession or knock you off."

AGAIN I refused; and he ordered the pole put up as before, also the ropes looped on my wrists and the metal band around my forehead, with the weight behind to bend back my head and spine. The rope pulled, and I braced myself for the beatings which I was sure would follow. But they had devised a more subtle form of torture. Before, they had told me they would burn my eyes out. Now they prepared to do it.

Under orders from Bill, Hank lit a cigarette and advanced steadily toward me with the lighted end pointed toward my right eye. Nearer and nearer he came, until I felt the searing heat on the surface of my eyeball.

"I'll burn 'em out if you don't sign!" he shouted.

I did not speak.

"We'll make the —— —— do it!" cried Bill. "Never mind about the cigarette, Hank. You take one leg, and you, Jack, the other."

They unchained my legs and began pulling them wide apart.

"Spread-eagle!" Bill commanded, and they obeyed.

Up went my arms, farther, farther. Out went my legs, wider, wider. Then the old man called Tony moved in between my spread-out thighs and pushed his knee into my groin.

"I'll break your damned legs!" Bill swore, and he ordered them to give it to me all at once.

My legs being held higher than be-

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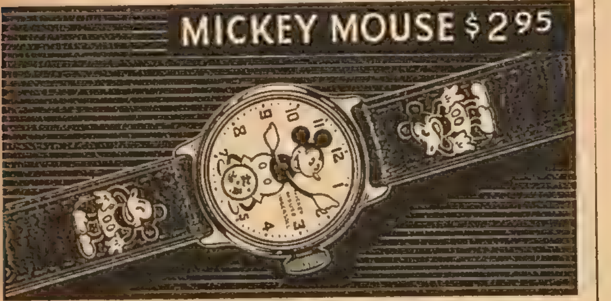

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fore, my head was thrown farther back, so that I could at last see the man who was standing in the doorway behind me—the mysterious fifth man who pulled the rope. He wore horn-rimmed glasses and a mustache. I knew him for the same man I saw on Thirty-second Street that first day.

I think I fainted. If I didn't, I must have come near it, for soon I realized that Hank was trying to revive me with a liquid which he said was water with aspirin tablets dissolved in it.

"My God!" Bill was saying. "You certainly are a glutton for punishment! Why don't you give up?"

I again shook my head.

"Honest, doc, if you don't, we've got to knock you off."

I was crying now, not from fear but from pain, and I suppose I was making a good deal of noise. As a matter of fact, we had all been talking pretty loud; and the boys were just waking up to the danger of it.

"Listen, Bill," said Hank. "This man'll howl so loud he'll bring the cops. Let's gag him."

"O. K.!"

They produced a dirty rag from somewhere and tied it across my mouth. Then Bill brought in a huge drill such as is used to make holes in hard wood or steel.

"You see this?" he said. "If you don't write that confession, I'm going to bore a hole into your stomach."

He took off my gag and waited. I said nothing.

"And that isn't all," he went on. "We'll pick up your son Paul and bring him over here, and we'll pull his legs out of his body right before your eyes."

Instinctively I lowered my eyelids.

"We'll bring your whole damn family over here—your wife and your daughter—and we'll bump 'em off in front of you."

"You wouldn't do that to a woman. Besides, my daughter is in a delicate condition."

"What the hell do I care? I'll take your grandchild's head and beat its brains out on the cement floor in front of you—and if that won't do, I'll pull *you* apart!"

When they had first begun to threaten me, I hadn't believed half they said. Now, with the realization—and the pain!—of what they had already dared to do still with me, I felt sure that they would do whatever might be necessary to break me down; that they wouldn't stop at torturing or even killing my wife and family.

I won't say that I decided at this point to do what they asked, but I did decide that it was useless just grimly taking this punishment in the hope that they would get tired and let me go. The torture would evidently go on, becoming more and more severe, until it included my loved ones as well as myself—and in the end they would have to kill us all in order to bury the evidence of their crime.

Having reached this decision, I began treating with them in a softer and more placating manner. It seemed hardly worth while to try to appeal to the better nature of such monsters, but I thought it wouldn't do any harm to tell them some of the other hard situations I had been through in my life—and, to my surprise, they listened sympathetically, one might say respectfully.

I was surprised but not too much impressed. There was just a chance, of course, that Bill and the rest were sincere in their changed attitude toward me. On the other hand, they might simply believe they had won, and might be kidding me along to make me think how nice they would be to me, once I came through.

Nevertheless, I told them of my father, Dr. Hugo Wendel, who gave up his beloved medicine in Germany to come to America and take up the ministry at the request of the Lutheran Church, and of his struggles to raise a family on the small salary that the church could afford to pay in those days.

Then I launched into the story of my own life—of my early interest in my father's scientific books, of my ambition to be a great scientist, of my studies at the College of Pharmacy, of my subsequent marriage, of my need of a larger income to support my family, of the sacrifices they and I both made to enable me to study law and gain admission to the bar, of the legal difficulties I got into in New Jersey because I wouldn't accept a bribe of ten thousand dollars to double-cross my friends in an asphalt deal, of my loss of money in 1929, and of my struggles since to recoup my fortunes.

"Bring in the mattress," Bill

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commanded; "and let doc lie down."

While Hank and Jack were doing this, I heard him say to somebody behind me, but doubtless for my ears:

"There's something wrong here. This man is no killer."

When the mattress was spread out on the floor, I was permitted to lie down with my hands still handcuffed and my feet tied together with the iron chains. I requested that my hands be let loose, because they were terribly swollen and pained me; but they said no, they couldn't do that, for if I escaped it would mean curtains for them.

"Just take it easy, doc. Get a good rest, and I'll see if I can get the mob to let you go."

After they went out I tried to sleep; but what with the lack of air and the pains in my groin, I couldn't keep my eyes shut, so I fell to reasoning out my situation more clearly.

Even supposing the seemingly impossible—that these boys who had tortured me so cruelly now meant well by me—it seemed hardly likely that the men higher up in this conspiracy, having gone so far, would suddenly get softhearted. No; I must be prepared for Bill's coming back and saying, as he had before, that the only way out for me was to write a confession.

Should I do it?

In view of what they had already done to me and what they promised to do to my wife and kids if I didn't come through, there seemed only one sane answer to that question: I should comply, or appear to comply, with their demands. Then, with the help of my good friend Ellis Parker, I could easily prove that I had been forced to sign a confession to a crime which he and all his family knew I had not committed.

MY legally trained mind then turned to the question of preparing indisputable evidence which Parker and my other friends could use in proving my contention and in apprehending the criminals.

First of all, there was the confession itself. I would put into it certain statements, such as that my son and I had stayed overnight with my sister in the Bronx; whereas actually I hadn't been to my sister's house since 1929, and could easily prove it. Then I would say that I had kept the baby in my house in Trenton, and that my wife and daughter and son had taken care of it; because I knew that Ellis Parker and members of his family had been in my house many times during that period—also his secretary, Mrs. Anna Bading, who was an intimate friend of my wife and myself—and that, since the house was not a large one, it was impossible that there should have been a baby there all that time without their knowledge.

These two points alone would be enough, I knew, to show that the confession was not a true one.

As to the matter of tracing my kidnapers, I devised what I thought was

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a sure-fire scheme. For more than a week now I had been wearing the same suit of clothes, and during most of the time the same overcoat. As you can imagine, they looked terribly wrinkled and dirty. I figured that these boys could be made to see the desirability from their own standpoint of having me look fairly decent as I left their place, and would therefore fall in with the plan of sending my things out to be cleaned and pressed.

I knew that cleaners always put some tag or other mark of identification on every garment that went through their works, and that these marks would be useful later to locate this neighborhood—I was taking it for granted that they would send the garments out to a local tailor for a quick job—and might even help to trace the crooks themselves, since the tailor might know these men by sight if not by name.

I was also counting on the drops of blood on the shoulder of the coat. My ear had now scabbed over, but before doing so it had dropped enough blood to be noticed by any one cleaning the garment or even pressing it. This would back up my testimony that force had been used to obtain the confession—a fact which would not only tend to invalidate that document but would greatly increase the seriousness of the kidnapers' offense and the severity of their punishment under the Lindbergh Law.

THAT night I heard nothing from my captors. In the morning, about ten, Hank appeared with the pole. He was about to put it in place when Bill told him to forget it. Bill had in his hand what he said was a typewritten copy of what I had told him the day before about my life. I assumed that he hadn't seen the boss the night before, as he had planned, but was going to take this statement to him today.

"I'm going to see the mob today," he said, "and tell 'em I'm satisfied we've got the wrong man."

On that he went out. A little later Hank brought me another good breakfast. It was late in the afternoon when Bill came back, looking—or pretending to look—discouraged.

"Doc," he said, just as I had expected, "you've got to write a confession. If you don't, I have orders to bring your son over here *tonight.*"

I had made up my mind. I didn't hesitate.

"All right," I said. "Give me some paper!"

Wendel had to spend a day and more writing "confessions" before he produced one satisfactory to "the boys uptown." In Liberty next week he will reveal their stipulations, and will make public in full, verbatim, his written "confession" which they finally accepted. He will tell how he managed to see and memorize details of the house where he was imprisoned and tortured, in order to be able to identify that house later on.

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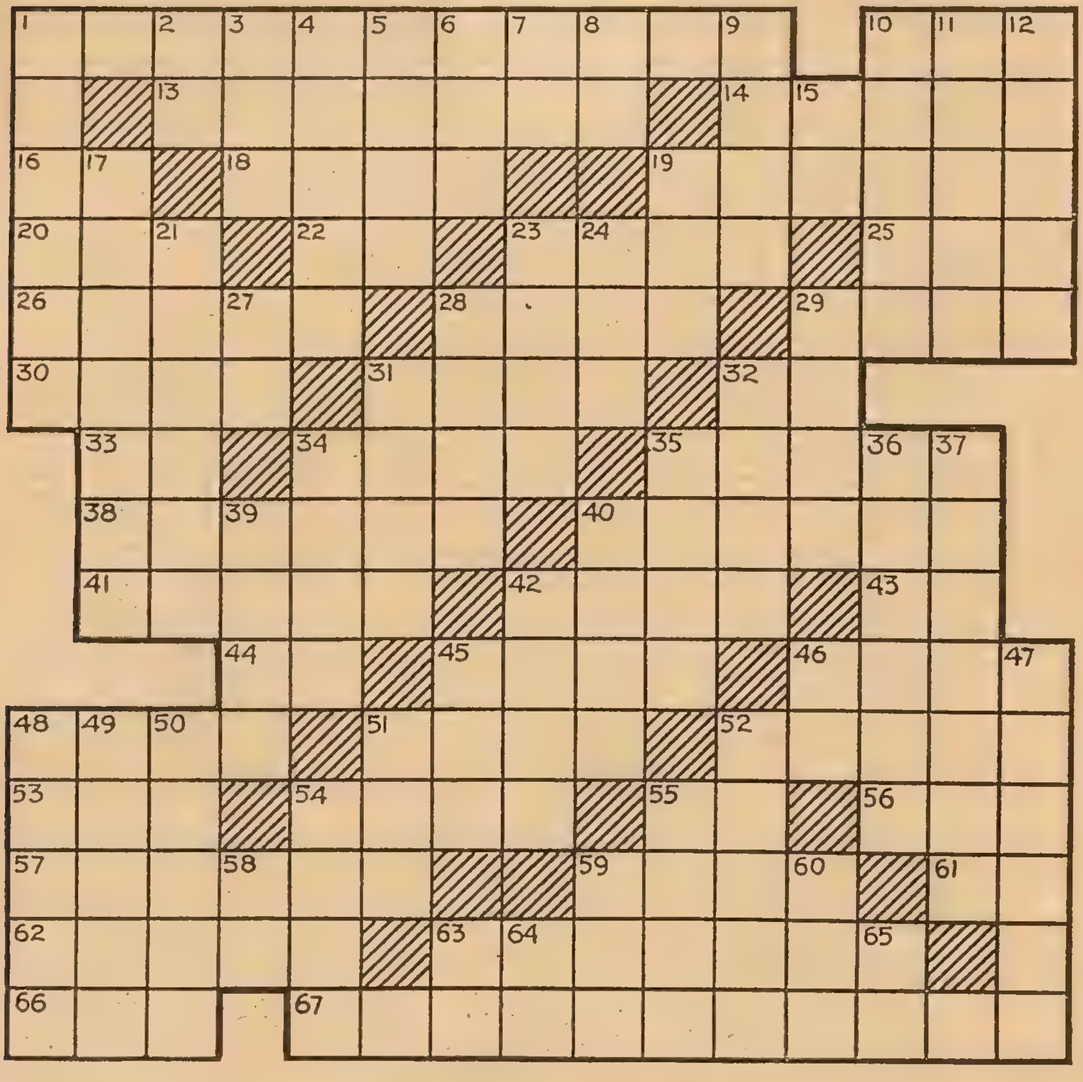
Puzzle # 58

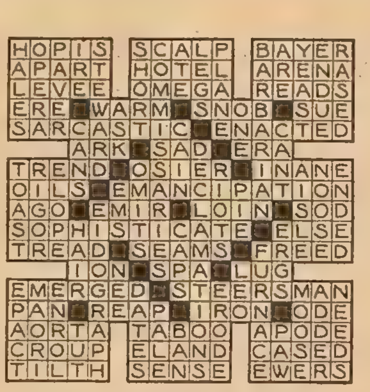
Cockeyed Crosswords

by TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 Biggest jumper in the Bible
10 It's featured on the weak end
13 Non-government relief
14 Swing at the Metropolitan
16 Short form of Crepe Whiskers
18 It made a happy landing on a mountaintop (plural)
19 Jowl weeds
20 Kipling's kid
22 George Russell, his mark
23 Tall stories
25 Them as had, ——
26 Anybody who doesn't agree with Hitler
28 What the unemployed are for
29 "Present!"
30 What he greeted the dentist with; rah material
31 General's yesman
32 State of incredulity (abbr.)
33 Society begins this way
34 They lead a hell of a life
35 These sure are knockouts
38 Toothless old saws
40 Kind of leather hair on actors
41 A stick-up at the aviation field
42 Indian fighter
43 A moving word
44 He wielded the Big Stick and busted the trusts (inits.)
45 Kind of tomato to garnish a ham
46 Giveaways; bum breaks
48 Mounted pingpong
51 This held Dobbin together for years
52 Luck of the game (never give a sucker an even one)
53 The start of avarice
54 A wren
55 Way up on the scale and noteworthy
56 Some very airy letters
57 He never enjoys Thanksgiving
59 It's full of browns and yellows
61 Short height
62 These are spirited little people
63 A potential popper for the kiddies
66 The bath of ages
67 Geezer? Geezer who? Sure glad Geezer extinct! (two words)



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HOPIS SCALP BAYER
APART HOTEL ARENA
LEVEE OMEGA READS
ERE■WARM■SNOB■SUE
SARCASTIC■ENACTED
   ARK■SAD■ERA
TREND■OSIER■INANE
OILS■EMANCIPATION
AGO■EMIR■LOIN■SOD
SOPHISTICATE■ELSE
TREAD■SEAMS■FREED
   ION■SPA■LUG
EMERGED■STEERSMAN
PAN■REAP■IRON■ODE
AORTA TABOO APODE
CROUP ELAND CASED
TILTH SENSE EWERS
```

Answer to last week's puzzle

VERTICAL

1 This makes the mare and your money go
2 This'll hand you many a laugh
3 Mrs. Martin Johnson
4 The veil around Queen Mary's nose
5 If this goes without a hitch you'll have to move your dogs
6 This is long, but vita's short
7 Etaoin, shrudlu, or the mess at the printshop
8 Hootin Nannie (abbr.)
9 The first things all babies play with
10 Melt together
11 The steam that heats the love nest
12 Sticky sock
15 A big joke on mother
17 Nom de pomme
19 This queen enjoys the hives
21 Berlin's full of this—but not thanks to Hitler!
23 Kellys ——
24 Steam generated by overheated bodies
27 1050
28 Two outstanding things about Mae West
29 The paradise where women wash, cook, sweep, weep, and worry
31 Yeah man!
32 Lover of fine woolens (he eats the sleeves off vests)
34 The prince who got into opera
35 Sweetie pie
36 A shark in some quiet pool
37 Breadbasket
39 A hootin' annie
40 Filthy weed incinerator
42 Popular place to sleep
45 Edge
46 Acute rumbatism (abbr.)
47 Sure signs of an early fall
48 You'll find these on top of the biggest men in London
49 Seed
50 The youth of a mosquito
51 Stable crunch
52 In America, a buffalo; in Australia, a washing implement
54 Footrest for the tired business man
55 Chew fat
58 King's English (abbr.)
59 The man with 33 teeth
60 This is more than sufficient
63 The smell of loneliness (abbr.)
64 Kind of radio juice (abbr.)
65 Gabby governor's state (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

OKAY! I'LL TAKE YOUR BET!
... AND I'LL COLLECT, TOO, WHEN THIS COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM COMES UP AGAINST THIS TOUGH BEARD AND TENDER FACE OF MINE.
OK—MISTER—I PAY YOU IF YOU DON'T GET THE SMOOTHEST, CLOSEST SHAVE YOU EVER HAD . .
HEY—WHAT IS THIS? NO PULL—NO STING —SAY—MAYBE . . .
NO MAYBE ABOUT IT PAL—COLGATE'S SMALL BUBBLE LATHER . . . THAT'S THE TICKET FOR COMFORTABLE SKIN-LINE SHAVES!
BIG BUBBLES
LEAVE STUBBLE
SMALL BUBBLES
SHAVE CLEAN
BOY, YOU WIN. THE DINNER'S ON ME . . . I'VE NEVER HAD A SMOOTHER, CLOSER SHAVE IN MY LIFE!
THEY'RE YOURS FROM NOW ON WITH COLGATE'S . . . AND JUST WAIT AND SEE HOW MUCH LONGER THOSE SKIN-LINE SHAVES LAST!
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM
COLGATE

BUBBLE PICTURES SHOW WHY

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COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES LAST HOURS LONGER

LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES 25¢

GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES 40¢

THIRD RAIL, the most dangerous bronc in Colonel Manger's rodeo, showing in New York, rushes into the arena. On his back is Dusty Wyde, who'd had the bad luck to draw him. But, instead of throwing his rider, Third Rail stops, almost collapses. Those in the know realize the horse has been fixed. Buckshot, dropped into his ear, has lodged in his head. Dusty is suspected.

Patsy, Dusty's sister, lying gallantly, takes the blame on her own shoulders and says that she did it to save her brother from a killer horse.

She herself suspects Hector Ryon, the rodeo's publicity man. Hector loves wealthy Mildred Graham but Mildred is on the point of marrying Dusty.

Patsy is, now, not only in disgrace but in physical agony also. For when Monk Raleigh, crooked rodeo judge, tried to force himself on her, she struck him in the mouth with her fist, cutting her hand cruelly.

Chance Wagner, from a ranch near the Wydes', in Montana, undertakes, with cowboy surgery, to sew up the cut. As he does this, in Patsy's hotel bedroom, she makes it clear that she loves him but scorns him as a drinking, gambling bum.

Just after Chance has bandaged Patsy's hand, Hugh Branders comes in. Hugh is a youthful and debonair New Yorker entangled in a marriage to a girl he has never lived with. He has fallen wholeheartedly for Patsy.

He asks her, now, to leave with him, and she consents.

"Go ahead and ride to hell with him," Chance sneers.

"Right," she agrees, but her voice breaks.

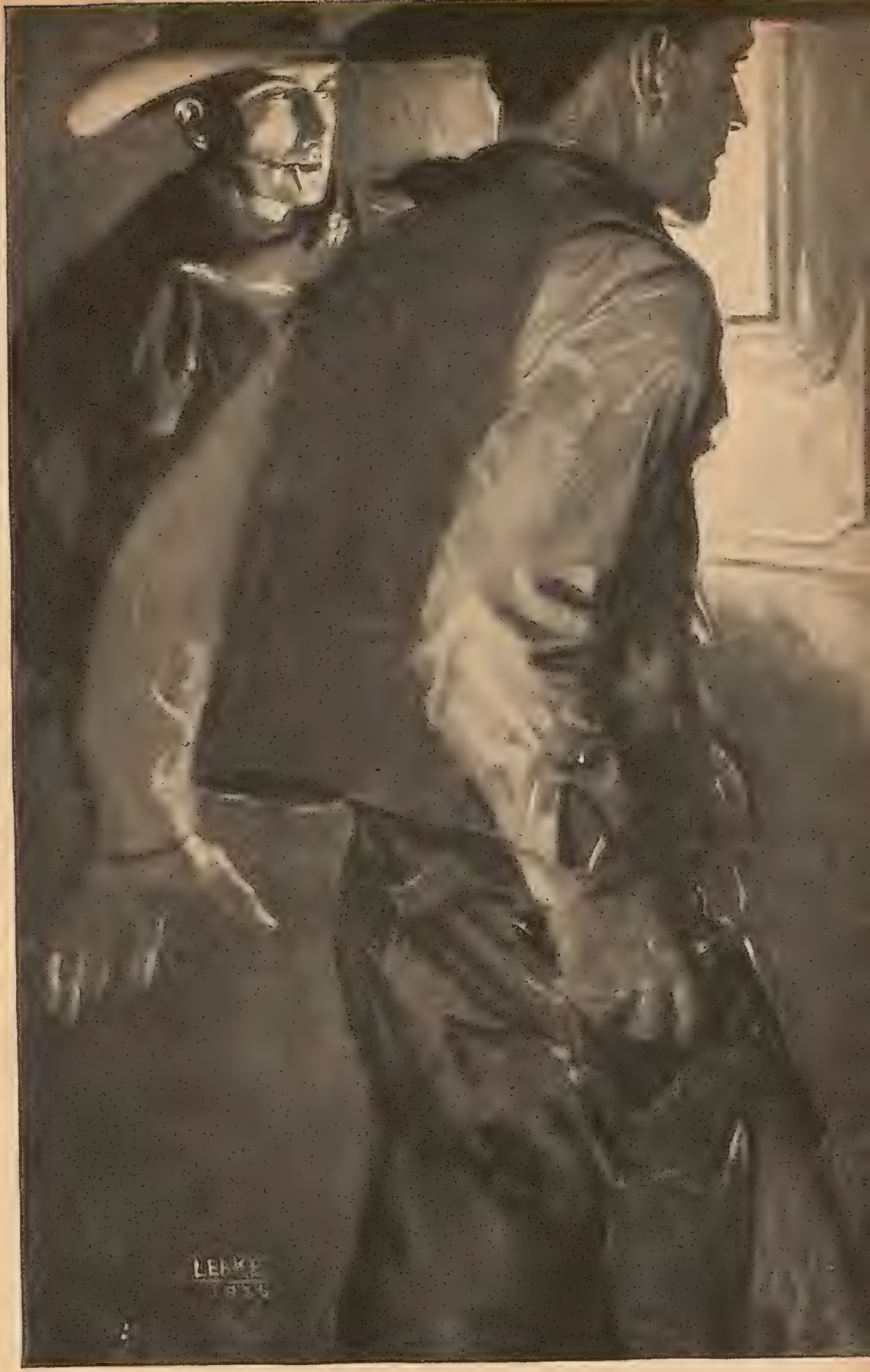


ILLUSTRATION BY GERALD LEAKE

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

RIDING HIGH

by Dora Macy

Author of Ex-Mistress and
Public Sweetheart Number One

PART NINE—THE WEST RUNS WILD

BLINDLY she reached for the door and swung it open. The next moment she was in the hall, with the door slammed between them. Down the corridor, at the head of the stairs, Hugh stood lighting a cigarette, waiting for her.

In the car he advised her to lean back and rest.

"Don't try to talk, honey," he suggested.

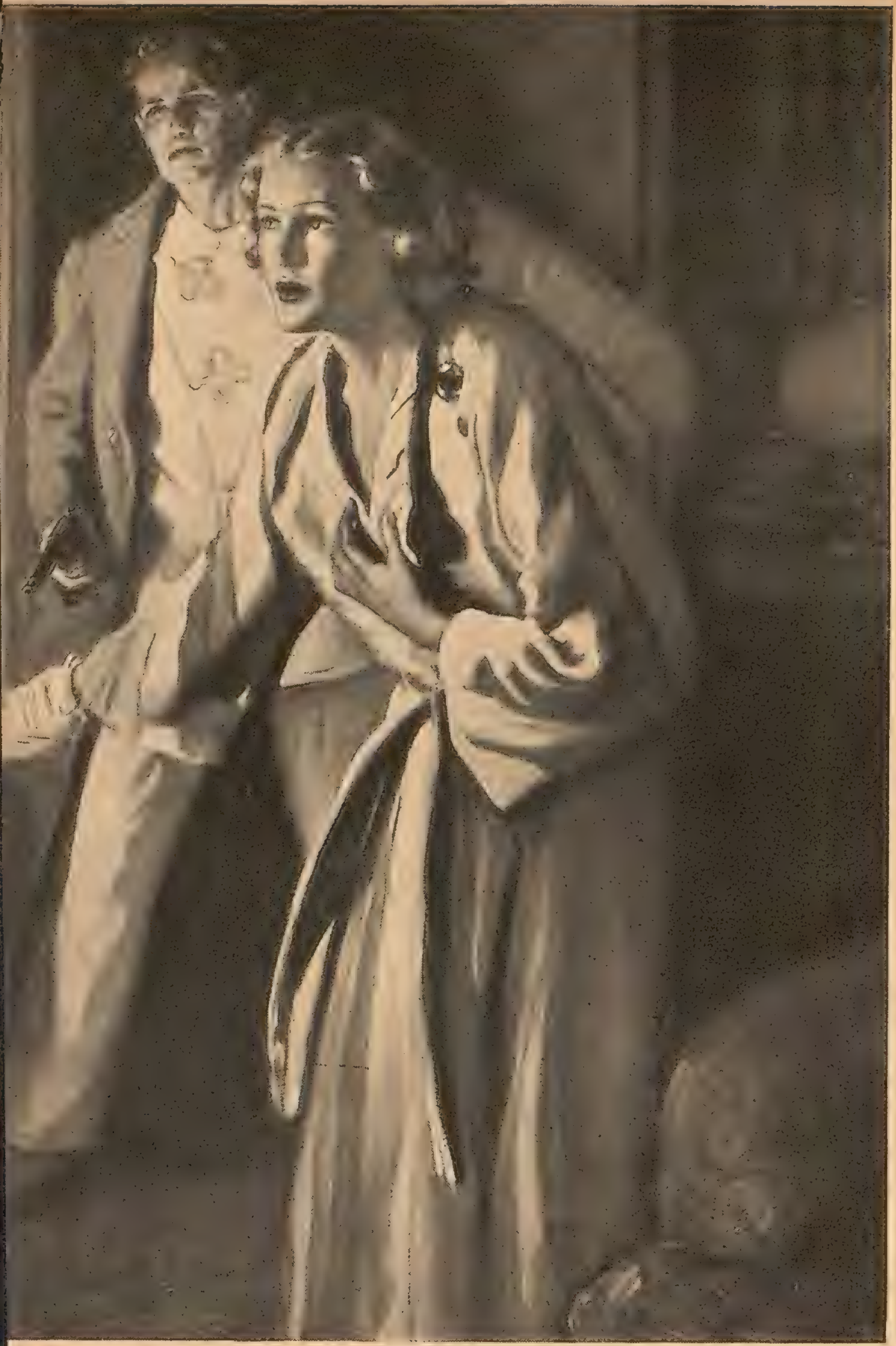
The fire of the liquor she had consumed burned out the mad shuffle of thoughts. The street noises of New York dropped from her world. She thought she heard herself moan, and then dully assured herself she had made no sound. Over her stole a heavenly blankness.

As the car came to a stop at the curb, she sat up. For a period her consciousness had deserted her, and now that it returned she felt refreshed but strangely cut off from the part of her life that had been lived before.

She looked briefly at the outline of Hugh's face as he bent to take the key from the dashboard, and glanced at his house. It was a very little house. She was glad that she already knew how it looked inside.

"Welcome home," Hugh said gravely. She took his hand and together they mounted the steps. If her old

New Thrills in a Stirring Novel of Reckless Men and the Heart of a Lonely Girl Who Was Longing for Love



Chance must have seen only the gun Hugh carried, for his own was whipped out with one movement of his hand.

life was over, she must forget it. Completely. She didn't want to return—not even vindicated. Because somehow honor hadn't meant anything—she couldn't quite understand how, but it didn't matter. What mattered was she had made a botch of that life. This was a new one with a new set of problems. She could at least live this one successfully. Because she was wise to the world now. Very wise!

Hugh fitted his key in the lock and threw open the door. From above came voices, and for a second Hugh and Patsy looked at each other blankly. Then he smiled. "I guess Drake is having a little party." He made to take her coat.

"Drake?" she echoed.

"My man."

"Oh, yes—your man."

She followed him up the narrow stairs; but as he strode into his minute living room she paused, like an intruder, at the threshold. There were three people in the room, two men and a woman, and the makings of a reasonable feast. What must be Drake was already on his feet, adjusting about his fattish chest a black sack coat which he had obviously just put on.

"I didn't expect you home so early, sir," he greeted Hugh. His voice was neither apologetic nor perturbed.

"Good evening, Gertrude." Hugh smiled over at the woman. She had risen and was collecting their glasses and bottles neatly on a tray.

She smiled at Hugh. "Hello, Mr. Branders. Did you see the feller killed tonight at the rodeo?"

She caught sight of Patsy standing in the doorway. Her cheeks flamed hotly. She picked up the tray, went awkwardly to the door. At a gesture from Hugh, Patsy entered and smiled reassuringly at the embarrassed woman.

"Dear me, miss," Drake apologized. "My sister's been unsteadied all evening, witnessing death like that. We've been sitting here talking of nothing else. And you, miss, riding with your hurt hand! Viking, we call it; it's the only word. Mr. Branders, this is Alan Fleming—you may remember me telling you. I'll join you later, Alan."

The animated rag doll thus introduced and dismissed nodded solemnly at Hugh. Though he was obviously not adolescent, he seemed like a choirboy who had no just claim to long trousers. At the doorway he paused and cast a large soulful look at Drake. "Don't forget the phone call," he warned with a girlish helpfulness. His voice and intonation startled Patsy. She found herself flushing as Hugh drew up an armchair for her before the tiny fireplace.

"Oh, yes, the phone call." Drake put a finger to his forehead. "Miss Graham it was, sir, just a short bit ago. Though I cannot for the life of me give you any straight message. It was something about a honeymoon. Does that mean anything to you?" He paused like a spirit medium getting word from the beyond.

"Yes, it's quite clear." Hugh smiled. He stood up as Drake approached with a dark red velvet house jacket, and exchanged his tuxedo coat under Drake's hands. "Miss Graham was married this evening."

"Not really, sir! Oh, her poor father!"

His round good-natured face looked so grievously concerned that Patsy smiled in spite of herself. She exchanged glances with Hugh, and, matching the twinkle she found in his blue eyes, she leaned forward and said quietly: "It was my brother she married, Drake."

The roly-poly little man gazed at her, confounded. He took a deep breath and thought better of any remark that occurred to him. He turned gravely to Hugh. "Sandwiches?" he suggested, as if giving the younger man a cue.

"No; something hot," Hugh decided, "if you can manage it. And, Drake, Miss Wyde is staying here—for some time. Her luggage is in my car. Call up Don Jackson and ask him if I can bunk in with him. If not, make arrangements at the club for me, will you?"

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a definite routine,
and keep it up
all winter
—while you're well
begin to build good
general resistance

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Patsy, staring intently into the blue roots of the log flames, lost all track of further arrangements. Yet she was aware when Drake left the room. She heard Hugh's voice, and knew he was talking too casually:

"Don Jackson is an old friend of mine. He lives in the apartment right next door. So I can run in and have breakfast with you, for that matter. That was Drake's sister who was here. She's a pretty swell masseuse, and if you'll let her, I'll have her go over you tomorrow. I don't know who the young man was. Hope she doesn't intend to marry him. She's quite desperate for a husband. But he's violently on the lavender side. I must have a little talk with her."

His words ran down and suddenly ceased. She heard him mixing himself a highball. Into her range of vision she saw Hugh's hand place a small glass of sherry on a low table. He lifted her throbbing hand and placed a small soft cushion under it. She smiled crookedly. Such tenderness saddened her.

When she looked at Hugh, he was sitting on an insanely small sofa a few feet from her. He was steady and straight and his blue eyes were clean. His easy grace was reassuring, and she felt a flood of admiration.

"LISTEN, pardner," she said. "You got me all wrong. I hadn't no intention of puttin' you out of your own house. I was—I came to live here with you."

His lips checked themselves from what was suspiciously like a smile. Impulsively he leaned toward her and kissed her, his lips gentle and warm. Her tired mouth clung gratefully to that caressing warmth.

"Drink up your sherry, sweet," he said softly. "We'll talk in the morning."

"No," she said feverishly. "I drunk whisky tonight. When he sewed my hand. It made me say things to him I didn't know I thought or felt. I've heard it called bottled courage. It sure is."

"You love him, don't you, Patsy?"

"No."

"You're in love with him," he repeated dully.

"No," she denied. "I did, but I'm over it. You don't believe it, do you? You don't like him. You're too much a gent to say so, and I understand that. But you're afraid I love him anyway. Well, I don't. He ain't what I thought, Hugh. He can't stand up to life."

"Very few of us can, Patsy."

"I know. I'm findin' I can't myself. Anyway, that love is dead. It's been dyin' a long time. I'll get over it."

"But will you get over your dreams, Patsy?"

"Dreams?" she echoed softly.

"Enough to be happy with any other life? You must have had dreams of a home ranch of your own out West—"

She stood up with nervous energy. "You don't have to get over somethin' that's just imagination," she said slowly. "If I ever had visions of marryin' a cowboy and havin' a home ranch of my own, I was crazy. A Western woman has the toughest break of any female I ever heard tell of. They got to take their men the way they is."

Her voice dropped to a whisper. "No, no. Thinkin' straight—what would I have to look forward to? Even if I loved a hard-workin' steady man. I'd have hard heavy endless work from dark to dark. Well, I ain't afraid of work. I'd have a log house with no runnin' water, no help, no comforts, no pretties. No clothes, no music, no time to read. No money. I'll lug the water, I'll cook, and take care of the small stock. There'll be more work to do than I can ever get done. I'll be miles from town and get to go in once a month at the most. And my man? He'll work harder than me. He'll be off on roundups for weeks and I'll be alone. I'll be snowed in all winter, with tunnels dug through the high snow to the barns and corrals.

"My man will fight blackleg and fever, and every cent he gets will be socked back into the stock, into equipment, into seed, into the barest necessities. He won't want nothin' but necessities. They get like that. I'll have children for a few years, and pretty soon I'll have to send them away to school. And I'll be alone again, but I'll be glad because it's better for the kids. Then they'll grow up and marry. Or wander off like Dusty and me and see the world—but never be a part of it. And I'll be alone again. And my man will grow old and tired and ganted up. And I'll sit and fold my hands and call it luxury to rest, aching all over from years of strain. I'll watch for the flowers in spring and love them, because there's nothing much else to live for but them—and the poor beasts that's got it tougher than us.

"And my man he won't even know how I've changed, how my teeth go, because he'll see it so plain and close it ain't noticeable. Even when I'm young and he knows it's tough for me, he won't say one word. Because he can't help it. And they ain't much on words, nohow; words ain't part of them."

AGAIN her voice bogged down into hushed silence. Presently she threw back her head and looked at him. Her red hair seemed a living glow in the firelight; her pale small face never looked more beautiful.

"That's why I came tonight, Hugh," she said steadily. "I know you love me, and I need it bad. I'd be awful good to some one who loved me and cared. I'm as good as out of this business—out of my own world. They think they have my number. Well, let them keep it. I don't care no more. Because I got theirs. I think I have yours too, Hugh. I think you're a straight guy, and more of a man than most I've met. I think I even love you. But anyway I'd be so grateful to you for lovin' me that I'd find the right ways to make you happy. And if you got tired of me you could say so, and I wouldn't get in your way none. So you don't have to go stay with your friend, Hugh—if you want to stay here."

He came over and took her face in his hand, tilting it up. "I love you," he smiled. "Unbelievably."

"Then stay with me."

"No." He shook his head. "Because I have other plans. I'm going to find a way to get an annulment, and you and I are going to be married. A couple of days ago I tracked down the lady who for practically no reason at all is my wife. I talked to her on the long distance—she's in Canada. She's agreed, if I can figure a way to do it quietly—secretly. No need going into it; but the way things are, she'd miss out on a very neat and sizable income if it were ever known she was married. By the way, Patsy, will you marry me?"

She laughed, then impulsively reached up to kiss him.

"Just the same, it's a question," he insisted, half jocular and half grave. "If you hadn't told me all you had tonight, it might have been months before I dared to ask you. To give up the West. To live here."

"I WANT to learn this world," she said soberly. "I want to be a part of it. I want to be like you."

"You think you do. You'll find shoddiness here. I'm warning you, you will. My way of living, of doing business, isn't what you might call idealistic. We seem to last longer in our world, but we don't. The men and women I know are mostly doctored up, ghosts at their own banquet. That's why I love you. I knew you from counterfeit from the moment I saw you. I knew I had to have something real in my life like that to believe in."

He caught an expression on her face that troubled him, and he whistled softly. "Lord!" he said mournfully. "That's a hell of a way to make love, isn't it?"

They laughed uneasily.

"Listen, Patsy," he planned softly, running his hand through her hair. "We'll make a life of our own. It's going to take me at least three months to be free, and we'll do nothing but plan."

The sound of a most indiscreet cough startled them. Hugh looked up, irritated, at Drake, who stood in the doorway.

"I've laid out Miss Wyde's things, sir, and drawn her a hot tub. I'll have a chafing dish of chicken by the time she's finished with her bath. And I'm chilling a bottle of Liebfraumilch."

"How does it sound, Patsy?" Hugh grinned.

"I'm afraid a hot bath will be so good I'll never get out."

"My sister will help you, miss. I mean, that hand of yours is a handicap."

And beaming on her benignly, Drake suddenly emitted a loud hiccup. His eyes grew frenzied, and in the midst of their laughter he hurried from the room.

This is what my life will be like from now on, Patsy told herself, a little awed as she reveled in the next hour. The simple dignity of the bedroom, the quiet elegance of its appointments. The way Gertrude soaped her back and rubbed healing creams into her many scratches, bruises, and cuts. She marveled that she felt no shyness with Gertrude, nor any sense of apology even when she had to don her own shabby cheap bathrobe and slippers. And crossing the tiny corridor to return to Hugh in the sitting room, she thought: Life with him will be safe and comfortable. There will never be violence, scenes, quarrels, harsh headlong living.

She paused at the threshold and looked over at the little table laid with a Scotch-plaid cloth, a flame burning softly under a silver chafing dish.

"Feel better?" Hugh stood up. She nodded blissfully.

Seated at the tiny table, she thought: I'm going to love being Mrs. Hugh Branders. She ate the delicious food and listened to Hugh talk, delighting in his excitable plans for their future, his silly tender unbelievable plans for their life together. She heard herself chiming in, and when their laughter filled the minute fragrant room, she reached over to hold his hand and gaze at him.

"It's really true," she told him. "It's really me talk-

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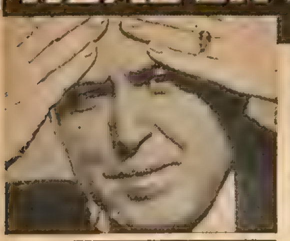

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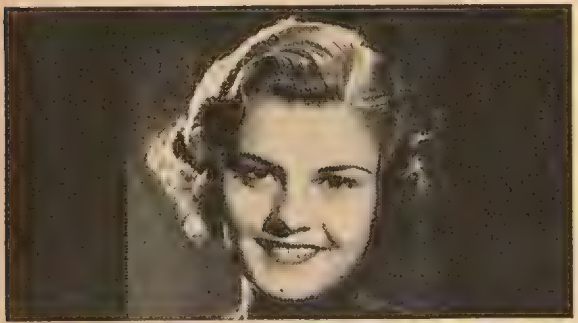

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You'll be Happy at the Ritz

ing, laughing, being spoiled. I'm happy! I don't never remember being happy before. I'm happy with you."

"Happy," she repeated again as she went downstairs with him and kissed him good night. Happy, she marveled, unused to the word and its meaning, as Drake and Gertrude cleared her late supper away, put out the lights, and saw her to bed. She had barely settled for sleep when violent noises caused her to sit up, to stare about her wildly in the darkness. She heard Gertrude's frightened voice and Drake calling. Then the sound of feet running on the staircase beyond her door.

The doorbell rang incessantly. Even two stories above, Patsy could hear the loud beatings on the front door. Somehow she didn't have to be told. . . . . *Cowboys!*

"Damn their saddles!" she muttered angrily.

She could not find the light. Her bandaged hand impeded everything she did. But somehow she discovered the door to the hall.

A high lisping voice reached her, its tenor tones exultant. That young man who was visiting the help!

"Cowboys!" the voice thrilled. "And I was just wishing on tea leaves that I'd meet some of you boys!"

Patsy's heart missed a beat. A roll of guffawing laughter came from the floor below, mounting, increasing, interspersed with remarks that frightened her. Frantically she turned back to her room to fumble awkwardly for robe and slippers. Before she had again reached the hall she heard a woman's scream—a scream of terror.

Halfway down the staircase Patsy stopped, transfixed by what she saw. In one corner Drake and Gertrude huddled, white and shaken. Directly below Patsy were Taps March and Parson Dunwoodie, bent upon jamming a Stetson down over the ears and face of Alan Fleming, who grotesquely writhed and spluttered, an absurd picture in coat and vest and no trousers. His pants hung from a chandelier.

"Stop it!" she called. "Taps! Stop it this minute."

THE sound of her voice gave the boys a momentary pause. Then Taps waved a heavy hand at her. "Aw, dry up," he said. "The guy's a pussy. A fruitcake. We're learnin' him."

"Where's your lover?" yowled Parson meaningfully at her. "We're learnin' a lot of people tonight—and you're next. So keep out of this. Come on, Taps, ride 'em!"

He turned back to his play and gave the young man a swift smack on the bottom. "Get goin'," he ordered.

"Parson!" Patsy cried. But the sound of a shot cut through her word as Parson let blaze at the ceiling. She heard Gertrude moan, and realized that the woman had decided to faint; she lay in an awkward heap on the floor while Drake stared at her as if he didn't believe it.

The boys were hustling Alan down the narrow front steps, shooting wide to punctuate their dark, dreadful threats. Patsy went over to Drake, shaking his arm to demand attention. "Take her out of here, quick," she said. "And take care of her."

"But, miss—" Drake fumbled, his voice scratchy.

"Leave them to me," Patsy answered angrily. "I know how to handle them. Now get goin'!"

He bent obediently and gathered his sister in his arms. Patsy went up into the sitting room and snapped on a light. Again the sound of a shot rang out, and swiftly she crossed to the windows, pulled back the drapes, peered out into the night. She saw the pitiful figure, pantless, blindfolded by the Stetson jammed over its face, running for its life.

"I wanna talk to you!"

SHE turned as if she herself had been shot, and stared at Chance. He looked absurdly large in the little sitting room. "That's a nice piece of work, I must say!" She pointed to the window. Her voice was raised to top the noises in the halls. "If he dies of heart failure like the last Jennie almost did, where'll you be?"

"I'll be in jail and you can write to me," Chance drawled with a one-sided smile. "Forget it. The boys gotta have some fun. I've been workin' 'em hard tonight. Where's your dude?"

She straightened up proudly, her own lips enjoying a smile. "You wouldn't know about a real gent. Mr. Branders is stayin' with friends. I'm here alone."

"Yeah?" Chance hitched his belt thoughtfully. "We'll see about that. Got a few little things to attend to, and then me and the boys is takin' you home."

"What home?" she demanded witheringly.

"Never mind." He shrugged and turned toward the door.

She crossed the room swiftly and stood braced in front of him. "Look here, Chance," she told him. "I'm sick of you and your hell-raisin'. You get out of here and take the boys with you, or you'll be sorry. You don't have to put on no Wild West Show for me. I know you."

He stared back at her, his face harsh. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself," he said bitterly. "If you think I'd let you come here without a murmur, you don't know me from a stranger. I'm cleanin' up a lot of things tonight, and the boys are glad enough to help me. And one of the chief things is this nonsense between you and the dude. It's gone far enough, see? I'm goin' to take you out of here, and lick hell out of your lover, since your brother's too busy to do his own job."

"He's not my lover!" Patsy blazed. "And I'm not ashamed. You don't understand and never could!"

"Aw, sit down," Chance grunted, and, pushing past her, he called into the hall: "Bring him in, boys!"

With an audible gasp, Patsy stood

back, staring at a shocking sight that explained the mounting noises in the hallway. One-Gut Ross, the clown, stalked into the room, leading as battered a human as Patsy had ever seen standing on two feet. Despite herself, she cried out in pity. Through puffed and swollen eyes Hector Ryon gave her a heartrending glance. Patsy sank on the half-measure sofa and covered her face with her well hand.

“Go on!” she heard One-Gut's voice. “We're a-waitin'.”

She looked up, conscious that Taps March was leaning in the doorway. Parson, who had just entered, stood on the other side of the victim. Over by the fireplace, Chance rolled a cigarette without ever looking at it. His black eyes were fixed on the tattered, bruised person who had once been the dapper publicity man.

“You heard what One-Gut said,” Parson drawled.

“We're a-waitin', and we ain't noted for patience, Mr. Ryon.”

The swaying figure drew in a quivering breath. “I fixed Third Rail,” he mumbled thickly.

“SAY it louder, you swine!” One-Gut insisted, and kicked Hector smartly in the shin.

“I heard it,” Patsy said sharply. “Parson, don't hit him again.”

“No!” agreed Chance, a whipsnap in his voice. “Don't hit him again, Parson. He don't have to say it real loud. We got it in writin'. And I think this here jelly has learned his lesson—ain't you, Handsome? All he needs now is a nice dose of fresh air to cool him off.”

“Yeah?” queried Parson. “Shall we turn him out?”

“No-o-o-o.” Chance considered the case largely. “There ain't nothin' like solitude to bring a man to his senses. Solitude and fresh air. And these city fellers don't get much of neither. Now, boys, I noticed a nice big water tank a-sittin' on the roof of the house next door.”

A snort from Taps rudely interrupted Chance, who threw him a quieting glance. “You get the idea, Taps. You could maybe reach that tank from the roof of this here place, and if Hector was tied good and comfortable he could watch the stars and kinda think things out.”

The four cowboys looked at one another and nodded.

Hysterically Hector broke loose and turned on Chance. “I can't stop you,” he spluttered through puffed lips. “You'll do it. But, bigod, when I'm found and let free in the morning, I'll have you all put in jail.”

“That'll be just fine.” Chance smiled into Hector's face. “And when we gets out of jail we'll come back and do it again. Won't we, boys? And we might be real rough next time.”

Calmly Chance blew a long whiff of smoke into Hector's face. “Take him away,” he said contemptuously.

One-Gut hitched his arm under Hector's and started out of the room. “Taps and me can manage,” he said, and Parson nodded.

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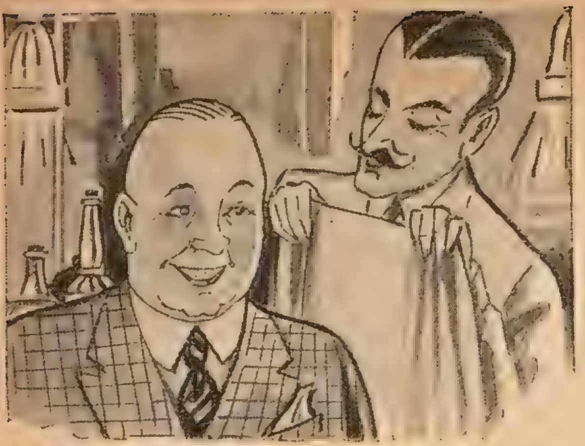

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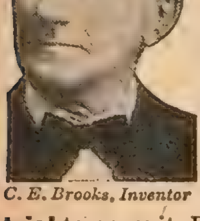

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For a moment Patsy, Chance, and Parson listened to the group that left. Then Chance tossed his cigarette into the fire. "I told you I wouldn't sleep until I found the gunzell that fixed Third Rail," he said. "Wasn't hard to figure who had it in most for Dusty. Me and the boys cornered him, and he broke down like the first-class little yellow louse he is. Now me and the boys has other things on our minds. So hurry up and get dressed, Patsy. We're takin' you with us."

"I'm stayin' here," she said.

"I ain't exactly in no mood for talk," Chance explained with large patience. "We wants to get you settled for a good night's sleep in Monk's room, 'cause we got things to do and can't have you on our minds."

"Monk's room?" Patsy echoed.

"Yeah. Monk's givin' up his hotel room to you. He don't know it yet. But we're handlin' Monk, too."

"You fools!" Patsy flared. "If you think you'll get away with—"

A sound in the hallway stopped her short. Patsy and both boys turned swiftly toward the door. Patsy saw only Hugh, looking odd and out of the picture, wearing an overcoat over pajamas. But Chance must have seen only the gun Hugh carried, for his own was whipped out with one movement of his hand.

"Be careful, Hugh!" Patsy cried. "He's been drinkin'."

"Drunk or sober, I'm quicker with a finger than you are, boy!" Chance drawled with a touch of amusement.

"I'll put up if you will," Hugh answered steadily.

"I'd rather muss you up than shoot you," Chance remarked. "On the table."

Grimly Hugh walked over, Chance reached out, and both laid their guns on a pile of magazines on the table.

"NOW take off your disguise," Chance suggested nastily.

"What do you mean?"

"The overcoat."

"Drake phoned me there was trouble," Hugh said slowly, his narrowed eyes never leaving Chance's flushed face. "I was next door and I hurried over to—"

"A bowlegged story! You been here all the time."

"That's a lie, Chance!" Patsy protested.

"Shut up, you."

Hugh took off his overcoat and tossed it on a chair near the door. Over polka-dotted silk pajamas he wore a dark red velvet bathrobe. The cut of the robe alone was enough to irritate Chance, quite aside from the matching red moiré trimmings and the neat H. B. embroidered blackly on the pocket. Hugh's smile was a deliberate goading to Chance's inflamed temper. "I do think it would be nice, Chance," Hugh said softly, "if you'd speak more gently to Patsy."

"Yeah?" Chance's voice was raw. "I'll talk to Patsy the way I always have, and she'll like it."

"Well," Branders retorted, "all that is about to be changed."

"The hell it is!" said Chance. "Patsy, go get dressed."

"I suggest you go to bed instead, Patsy." Hugh smiled quietly.

"Listen to me, rich man." Chance leaned forward, trying desperately to be as quiet as Hugh. "Patsy ain't stayin' in no strange paddock—not while I'm conscious."

"You've been conscious too long for the good of the community, it seems to me," said Hugh.

"For land's sake, Chance," Parson complained. "Whatya waitin' for?"

Hugh glanced thoughtfully at Parson, and then considered Patsy's pale, worn face. "If you want to go, Patsy, I'll arrange for a hotel," he said.

CHANCE'S smile was triumphant. "That's all right, generous," he shrugged. "I got a room for her. Are you ready, kid?"

"No," said Patsy icily. "I told you I ain't goin'. Hugh has showed me every hospitality. I don't intend to insult him by clearin' out because you say so."

"Well," Hugh said crisply, "that settles it. The lady has made her choice."

"The lady's a damn fool!" barked Chance.

"I'm afraid you're spoiling for a fight," Hugh snapped. "And if you are, you're going to get it!"

"Yeah?" Chance smirked. "I'm spoilin' to make glue out of you."

Hugh's face was bloodless. "I'll fight you singlehanded. Get your sidekick out of here."

"O. K., Jelly!" With a grin, Chance turned to Parson. "Sorry you can't stay to see the fun, Parson. Take Patsy along, dressed or not."

With a nod, Parson strode between Hugh and Chance.

"No you don't!" Patsy squared up to him, her unbandaged hand instinctively grasping the poker. "I won't have it. There's nothin' to fight over—you hear? Him and me is goin' to be married!"

Chance stared at her. "That true, Branders?" he demanded.

"We'll be married within four months." Hugh's voice was like dry ice.

"Now will you leave us alone?" Patsy demanded hotly.

"No." Chance spoke without moving his lips. "You can come back in four months. Parson, take her home."

"If you dare!" Patsy turned toward the uneasy Parson and raised the poker. But at that moment Chance's voice came, low and hushed. "Sorry, honey," he said—and socked her. Even as she fell, she saw Hugh leap toward Chance and heard herself scream in a last protest against the fight that was inevitable.

Both Hugh and Chance are strong men—which of them wins the fight? And what does Patsy finally decide to do with her life? Next week's concluding installment will tell you what fate has in store for her, and for the others whose fortunes you've been following. Don't miss it!

FAT FACTS FOR FAT MEN

A Word from the Wise to a Sometimes Neglected Sex—Wake Up and Take Warning!

Says

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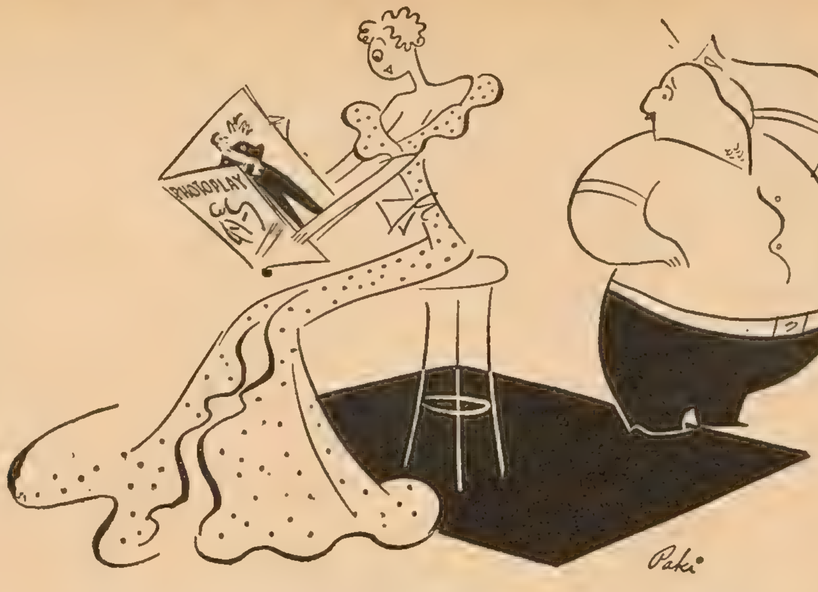

If you think she doesn't get a kick out of gazing upon a husky, virile Adonis, you're blind.

THE newspapers and magazines are full of helpful advice about the care of the hair, skin, face, figure, and general personal appearance. These subjects are discussed daily with as many different theories as there are subjects. But most of it is directed at the women. Few beauty writers seem to care a hoot about poor old papa and his figure or the hickeys on his nose. But you wives and sweethearts care, don't you? That's why, this time, I'm going after the male of the species. We'll drop a few snacks of common sense in front of those noses and see what happens. What do you say, girls? Will you be my field agents and see that they snap out of it? And, boys, how about it? Can you take it? All right. Hang on to your toupees. Here we go.

The old-fashioned idea that a man can look like the devil and get away with it, just because he brings home the bacon, is being crowded out of existence, thank goodness. Women are mighty good bacon-bringer-homers these days, too. That independence is fast developing their romantic independence. They're demanding physical attractiveness from you men, more now than ever. The movies have to a great extent fixed that for you, too. You have to compete with the Bob Taylors and Gary Coopers, just as the gals know they have to compete with the Harlows, the Gaynors, and the Shearers. In order to stay up in front you have to make it your job to keep yourself physically fit and have a slender attractive physique, just like Mr. Movie Star. He has to take his exercises daily, watch his diet, and have a trainer put him through his paces—or else.

I have treated as many male movie stars as there are high hats in Hollywood, and, babies, that's plenty! They're generally very cute about it, too. They slink in like the Forty Thieves, hoping that none of their female admirers find out. They come with the cry that it is their nerves that are shot to pieces, but before long they let their hair down and say, "Sylvia, you don't suppose while you're at it you could take a few tucks in these saggy jowls and get rid of this double chin for me, do you?" I know it's those saggy jowls that's giving them the jitters. They know it, too. The jowls and that thick squatty appearance around the waistline.

But nothing gives a male movie star the willies quicker than the realization that he is getting decidedly hippy. It's bad enough for the gals, but for the sex-appeal boys it's fatal. Hollywood knows that a handsome physique means handsome receipts at the box office. Too often you hear women in the theater audiences say, "He's getting awfully fat." And they say it with a tone loaded with finality—meaning the thrill is gone—*finis*. Believe me, boys, your gal says the same thing about you when you start rolling down the way of all flesh, gathering moss as you go. Does the shoe fit? Pinches a little, huh?

A healthy woman is bubbling with vitality and enthusiasm. She wants adventure and romance. Nothing earthbound. She wants to be swept off her feet. If she can't have it at home she generally tries to find consolation elsewhere or at the movies. As unsatisfying as it may seem in black and white on the screen, imagination is a powerful force. The male movie stars receive thousands of fan letters a week from admiring women. They spell romance, desire, intrigue, passion, and life. Are your wives' letters among them? Better check your waistlines and chinlines. You may find the answer.

Many males still think reducing and having facials are luxuries that are exclusively for women, and that any fellow who has the good sense to try to preserve his health and good looks is a sissy. That's a lot of nonsense, if you ask me. Why shouldn't all men keep themselves healthy and attractive and preserve that handsome physique that was so thrilling when they were in school? By what right do you think you are privileged to do otherwise? God knows you yell soon enough if your wives don't keep themselves as attractive as you think they should. Women know that. That's why they'll go to any trouble to make themselves as appealing as possible for you. And you should do the same for them. But oh, no. It's too much effort. It's an every day's job. As far as your appearance is concerned, anything that involves a little discomfort you pass up.

Men are supposed to be vain creatures. But not always in the right way. Many of them think that no matter how they look they're still the last word in masculine attractiveness—just because they're men. Cute logic, that. The vanity of others manifests itself in resentment about losing that athletic figure. You're upset about it. You're flabby and you don't like it. Not so much because you think the wife cares, but because you're afraid that you no longer look like the virile he-man you're supposed to be. And oh boy, are you right! There's nothing romantic about a pot belly, if you'll pardon my French. But you think, "The little woman loves me just the same; I'm so wonderful in other ways."

True, you may be, but, I repeat, the little woman loves romance and adventure too. She has imagination. If you think she doesn't get a kick out of gazing upon a husky virile Adonis, you're blind. Heed the gypsy's warning, my pets, otherwise, before you know it, you'll be wifie's "forgotten man" as far as romance is concerned.

There are many women sticking to husbands these days for every other reason but romance. Children, security, old habits, and the greatest tie of them all, pity. But what a sad state of affairs! Life is so short at best, it is deplorable that romance should die out after so few years because one of the two persons involved won't make the effort to keep himself up to snuff physically. Remember, it was that attractiveness that brought you together.

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Why throw it out the window and just jumble through the rest of the years? Surely you want to be loved for your own sake, not because you happen to bring home the pay envelope.

Fat is not healthy. It is not appealing. It is a burden. Most men who are overweight eat themselves into exhaustion, and after a meal they barge to the nearest comfortable chair and collapse. They're tickled to death at the chance to send ma to the movies. But, babies, do you make a mistake! She sees a thrilling story (if she's lucky) and Clark Gable making love to a so-called glamour girl. All of a sudden ma's little heart starts fluttering; she gets a burning desire to " hold him in my arms, just once! " Then, boom! the picture is over. But she's still walking on air.

When she comes home she sees another movie, but it's not a first-run. It's just pop asleep in the chair, the spare tire rising and falling like a hectic day on the stock market. His mouth is wide open and he's snoring. One quick look is enough for ma, and with a sorry-for-herself attitude she says to herself, " Look what *I* got! " Now, you don't want that. And you don't have to have it. If not for the glory of love and romance, then for your health's sake, start doing something about that bay window.

I receive many letters from men asking me if my system of reducing and building healthy bodies will work for them with the success it does for the women. Of course it will. Obviously there's only one way to eat for good health and resulting attractiveness, and that way is—*simply*—and with plenty of common sense. I'm not going to take the space here to write down a diet for you; just ask your wife or girl friend for my general reducing diet. She has it, or will get it. Follow it. Stick to it.

And my exercises will work wonders for you, too. But what happens? You see the womenfolks doing them and think they're crazy. You may try a couple of bends and you're through. No patience. Can't be bothered. You get by with murder! In more ways than one, too. As long as you continue to carry twenty pounds of excess fat around your waistline and on up around your heart, you not only murder romance but your health. Your blood pressure steps up, and then you *have* got a job.

Come on, boys, there's still time. Get up on your hind legs and have a good workout every day. In just a second I'll give you a couple of exercises that will smash that excess fat off your tummies in no time.

Oh, I know, like many women, some of you may say, " I haven't time. My business keeps me at the office all day." I say to you that you are the ones that need it most. Your work is confining and you need properly directed energy to counteract all the sitting you do at your desk. You can get up ten minutes earlier, can't you? Go through a definite routine every morning. Fit your exercises into your way of living.

Of course, take it easy at the beginning. The first week you may feel a little sore. Just skip it; it only proves you're rusty. Every day take a few precautions about your food. Cut down little by little. You may have an empty spot that was usually occupied by all those slices of white bread and mashed potatoes that you've been eating, but, as the days go by, you won't miss them and you'll begin to feel like a frisky young colt again. If you want a flat stomach it means a little sacrificing all around. The whole fifty inches! But it will be worth it. Incidentally, it's the water wagon for you, too. Be sure the water wagon isn't too handy, either. Excessive water drinking stretches the stomach and puts on weight.

If you'll stick to such a plan you'll benefit more than you realize as you read this and say to yourself, " All this diet and balanced meals and sensible eating talk is a lot of hooey." Well, I dare you to be the master of your own measurements!

Here are those exercises I promised:

This is a honey for the abdominal muscles: Lie on your back. Fingers clasped behind your head. Now double up, touching the knees to the elbows. Stretch out again, but do not let the feet touch the floor this time. Then repeat. Do this half a dozen times to begin with. If you find it too strenuous, work into it gradually.

Or you might try this one, until you limber up a bit: Stand with feet slightly apart. Toes pointed slightly inward. Arms stretched overhead. Now bend at the waist, but as you do so, twist the body slightly backward. Continue to bend down until you can touch your fingertips to the floor at a point about six inches behind your heel. Do this first on one side and then the other. Ten times on each side for this one. Whenever possible take a quick sprint for a couple of blocks. Prizefighters skip rope. It makes strong legs. Include it.

This one I call the rocking chair: Lie on your tummy. Arms and legs outstretched. Start rocking back and forth by raising the upper part of the torso off the floor, and then the lower half. Be sure you get those legs up. If you do it correctly you'll find yourself with strong, firm, and healthy muscles, instead of flabby flesh.

THE END

PAUL SULLIVAN

one of the nation's widest known radio commentators, is on the air from Monday to Friday night at 11 P. M., E. S. T., and 10 P. M., C. S. T., under the auspices of Liberty. Don't forget to tune in each night on Station WLW, Cincinnati, " the nation's station," 700 kilocycles.

Monday to Friday Nights

Britain Turns to the Bard

At Last Shakespeare Crashes His Countrymen's Screen—with an Austrian Actress's Money . . . Football, Radio, and a New Star in a Trio of Native Films

by
BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 51 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ½ AS YOU LIKE IT

THE PLAYERS: Elisabeth Bergner, Laurence Olivier, Henry Ainley, Felix Aylmer, Aubrey Mather, Fisher White, George Moore Marriott, John Laurie, Lionel Braham, Austin Trevor, Joan White, Dorice Fordred. Play by William Shakespeare. Scenario by R. J. Cullen. Directed by Paul Czinner. Released by Twentieth Century-Fox.

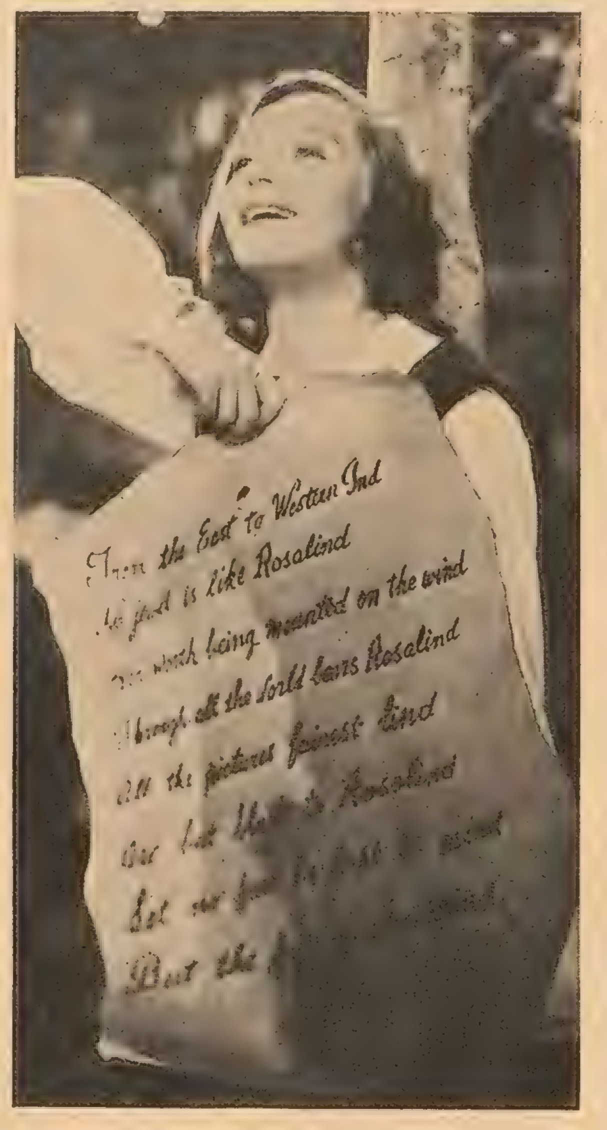
THE young German actress, Elisabeth Bergner, who scored on the stage so strongly in Escape Me Never, is the Rosalind of this Shakespearean comedy. This, by the way, is the bard's third film of 1936. Offhand, one would think this sylvan comedy—of woodland lovers and banished dukes, of intrigues, plots, and disguises—would make a pleasant film.

The screen As You Like It, shot in British studios, has more the flavor of the footlights than of the movie cameras. It is more a photographed stage production. The acting—or most of it, at least—has the mellow histrionic flavor of grease paint.

Your Beverly Hills recalls only one lovely Rosalind in stage memories. She was Julia Marlowe. Miss Bergner works hard with the lovelorn young woman, but her performance is not a happy one. For one thing, it frequently is hard to understand her diction. Nor do we care particularly for Laurence Olivier's Orlando. We like best the veteran Henry Ainley's exiled duke and we admire Leon Quartermaine's reading of Jacques's famous Seven Ages of Man speech. And Sophie Stewart makes a pretty Celia.

The sylvan slopes of the Forest of Arden are too palpably canvas and wood and the direction of Dr. Czinner is more of the stage than the studio. The background is too static. The banished duke's followers sit around the forest glades as if they were stuffed figures.

VITAL STATISTICS: England has finally found Shakespeare worthy of filming—this is her first bard classic! Yet backward unlettered America has celluloided him over and over; is yet to make money on him; is always coming back for more! . . . The most expensive As You Like It yet, this cost £150,000—all good Elisabeth Bergner money, from her savings, no other British magnate loving Shakespeare enough to risk losing what American bard lovers have. . . . Very small, shy, redheaded, and described as "having a twisty twirly little-girlie charm which features a cooing of oos," this Bergner was born in Austria, is a Jewess, yearned for bernhardtihood as a schoolgirl in Vienna, entered dramatic academy at fifteen, got her first part at eighteen, at 125 francs a month, after having been repeatedly turned down because she had (and still has) a tiny childlike form, no beauty, no figure, and a deep unchildlike voice. Her great distinctive style of acting, very studied, very original—a sort of jittery Duseness—she worked out on her lonesome. Finally crashed Berlin stage via the inevitable Reinhardt, and later played Rosalind of As You Like It there seven hundred times! Left Germany not for political reasons but to first go to France to perfect her French in The Loves of Ariane (filmed), and second to play in the wow smash staged Escape Me Never in London. Her film, Nju, was German-made and banned in England. Played Escape Me Never eight months when failing strength, not a Bergner asset, caused her to close the show. For film Escape Me Never she got small gold statuette from Hollywood for best acting performance of 1935; yet, lured with all of Samuel Goldwyn's broken English, charm, and gold, she's steadily refused to come to Hollywood. She married Dr. Paul Czinner in 1933 and has been directed by him ever since. . . . Will Shakespeare held horses' heads till he became a dramatist; was something of an elbow bender, a tavern cowboy, hot stuff with the gals. His son Hamnet died when but a tottie; had other kids, Susanna Shakespeare surviving him. Plot of As You Like It borrowed from novel of Thomas Lodge called Rosalynde. Shakespeare died wealthy.


the East to Western Ind
is like Rosalind
being mounted on the wind
all the world bears Rosalind
the pictures fairest lined
Rosalind
But the

Elisabeth Bergner as Rosalind in the Shakespearean comedy As You Like It.

★ ★ PIGSKIN PARADE

THE PLAYERS: Stuart Erwin, Patsy Kelly, Jack Haley, the Yacht Club Boys, Johnny Downs, Betty Grable, Arline Judge, Dixie Dunbar, Judy Garland, Anthony Martin, Fred Kohler, Jr., Grady Sutton, Elisha Cook, Jr., Eddie Nugent, Julius Tannen. Story by Arthur Sheekman, Nat Perrin, and Mark Kelly. Screen play by Harry Tugend, Jack Yellen, and William Conselman. Directed by David Butler. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox.

WHAT? A football picture with a brand-new climax! The small-town college team doesn't win an invitation to the Rose Bowl! No indeed. It is invited—by mistake—to the Yale Bowl by old Eli.

It is Texas State University that gets the invitation by error, being confused with another Lone Star institution of learning. Thanks to luck in picking up a young tiller of the soil who can hurl a cantaloupe across a four-acre lot with unfailing accuracy, Texas State goes to New Haven with high hopes. I won't tell you who wins the game. I'll give you one guess.

The events in the Bowl are far from orthodox. The cowboys parade; cowgirls sing solos; the whole thing is hardly true Boola-Boola. For that matter, circumstances at Texas State are a little baffling. Out there the four Yacht Club Boys seem to be the star students.

The muskmelon-tossing hillbilly who throws forward passes in his bare feet is amusingly enough done by Stuart Erwin; and Jack Haley, as the coach of Texas State, helps.

VITAL STATISTICS: Arline Judge created most of the excitement next to the Yacht Club Boys. Simultaneously she finished a role in another picture, played the heavy in this, looked after Charles Wesley Ruggles, *aetat* three, made preparations for an unhitching from director husb Wesley Ruggles, lost a $35,000 square-cut diamond star sapphire ring, only to find it in wardrobe dept. in a costume she'd changed. She's considered the most incredibly clean-cut beauty around Filmville; is sprung from brow of one-time Bridgeport newspaper gent; is convent bred. . . . Studio matched phony football sets and plays with actual scenes from Princeton-Dartmouth game played in a driving snowstorm at Palmer Stadium last year, Princeton winning. Studio snowstorm was made in 98° F., with big snow fans driving four tons of Hollywood snow—untoasted cornflakes—across phony Yale Bowl. . . . Jack Haley has just finished buying a palace in Bev-hills, complete with swimpool. . . . 170 chorus gals lost 1,190 pounds in tough going. . . . Tony Martin left St. Mary's College in his junior year after horrifying the brothers by playing swing music on the chapel organ. . . . Dixie Dunbar's a creation of the Charleston age; had four illnesses through this; plays the B-flat saxophone but won't admit it, used to pole-vault at school and, a Fox vet discovered by George White, keeps waiting for Hollywood breaks. . . . Don't complain about authenticity of extras in this: they're

Many Never Suspect Cause Of Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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USE Saxolite Astringent — a refreshing, stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel.

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Address________________

A coach and his kibitzer. Jack Haley and Patsy Kelly in a scene from the latest football score, Pigskin Parade.

real collegiates from So. Cal. brain warrens. . . . Expert on comic boobs, Stu Erwin's of Squaw Valley, Cal.; mother's middle name is Work, but Stu wouldn't know anything about that. He's married to June Collyer; he's been to college; early ambish was to be a newshawk and he did mighty well as one in Viva Villa! M-G-M owns him and he's borrowed for this. He collects comic books, informal candid camera shots. . . . The Yacht Club Boys have yet to take their first yacht trip. To refresh your mind, they're Adler, Kern, Mann, and Kelly. Kern's a Fordham lawyer; Adler's son of a tailor; Mann played Brutus in a college J. Caesar; Kelly's dad was an Irish broker —he sold bricks. Their Anti-Super-Boopa-Doopa-Commu-Bolshe-Radicals, sung herein, has been put on the Communist index purgatorius. Nobody has yet understood a Yacht Club song or caught all the words and rhymes, but nobody has yet complained. . . . Idea for picture came when Darryl Zanuck saw snowy Princeton-Dartmouth football game in the newsreels, decided it would be a good gag to play a game in the snow. Set comedy sharks Arthur Sheekman and Nat Perrin to work developing idea, which they did quickly, expertly. Four other writers horned in for credit.

★ ½ EASY TO TAKE

THE PLAYERS: Marsha Hunt, John Howard, Eugene Pallette, Marilyn Knowlden, Robert Greig, Douglas Scott, Jan Duggan, Josephine Whitell. Story by Wayne Kilbourne. Adapted by Patterson McNutt. Directed by Glenn Tryon. Produced by Paramount.

THIS satire on radio had a good idea —but the thing doesn't jell very well. Here's the idea: A nice old lady who has loved the pleasantly benevolent broadcasts of an Uncle Rodney leaves her fortune and her two grandchildren in the care of the radio personality. But Uncle Rodney is just a young man and he falls immediately in love with one of his wards.

However, the young woman's kid brother is a terrible brat and Uncle Rodney's troubles begin. They pile up when the two young people turn out to be penniless and completely dependent upon their acquired radio uncle.

All this sounds fairly fresh and interesting, but the proceedings move slowly and clumsily. There are flashes, as when a children's program offers Alfalfa (of the Hal Roach kid comedies) in a recitation as the town mayor's spoiled son.

The humor poked at radio has its amusing moments here and there, but mostly the comedy drags along to the end. The cast is merely passable, we regret to report.

VITAL STATISTICS: Largest problem in picture was to get 285-pound Robert (Tiny) Greig to see his feet, unknown to him for twenty-five years. Every time Greig moved up to chalk mark on floor to take his position in regard to camera focus, he'd overstep mark because it would disappear beneath his enormous front porch, throwing scene out of focus, ruining take. Brilliant (thin) prop man finally solved it all by placing two mirrors offscene, too big to disappear beneath Greig frontage. Greig used to be a gentleman steeplechaser in Australian horse racing and something of a polo player. . . . John Howard became a candid-camera fiend on set; took thirty-six snaps of Marsha Hunt, so you can see how things stand between them. . . . Youngest sister act in years, yet its members aren't sisters. They're Mary Ruth Kizziar, four, and Sandra Maezel, of the advanced age of four and a half. Mary Ruth's an accomplished pianist; Sandra saws the fiddle divinely. They're of Altus, Oklahoma, of humble economic circs; townies pooled to export these artists to Hollywood to charm Zukor. . . . Robert Cummings, a skilled flyer of ten years' lofting, has just got himself a new plane. . . . Marsha Hunt visited her uncle in Hollywood a few years back; pretended she didn't want to get into pictures; went to the studios and told them she didn't want to, and they almost took her word for it, since she almost pretended a trifle too long and earnestly. . . . Doug Scott is ten; got to have a sister during this; had her brought on set; wheedled Director Tryon to give her a chance to give Harlow a run for her money. . . . This is Jack Cunningham's first as a producer. He's of Ionia, Ioway. . . . Glenn Tryon is a former actor of Julietta, Idaho.

★ ½ THE CAPTAIN'S KID

THE PLAYERS: Sybil Jason, May Robson, Guy Kibbee, Jane Bryan, Fred Lawrence, Dick Purcell, Mary Treen, Gus Shy, Maude Allen, Granville Bates, Vic Potel, George E. Stone. Story by Earl Felton. Screen play by Tom Reed. Directed by Nick Grinde. Produced by Warner Brothers.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S rival, little Sybil Jason, is star of this New England comedy melodrama of buried treasure. Uncle Asa Plunkett, the town derelict, done by Guy Kibbee, finds an old map indicating that absent-minded pirates left a cache near by. With the aid of little Abigail Prentiss, he digs up the treasure, unites a young couple, and is saved from a charge of murder. The comedy is pretty topheavy with melodrama, but nobody takes the proceedings seriously, not even the characters themselves.

VITAL STATISTICS: Every night the Warner Brothers, who sponsor her, pray on their knees that heaven make a Shirley Temple out of Sybil Jason. Curiously, Shirley has no kiddie rival who can hold a lollipop to her at the box office. . . . Just the same, Sybil's terribly cute, naïve, and not nearly as conscious of what it's all about as Shirley Temple. No prima-donna sarcasm falls from her baby lips when Shirley's name is mentioned. Really Sybil Jacobson of Cape Town, South Africa, having no famous ancestors other than Adam, Moses, King David, and the rest, she's determined to be one. Tennis and hide-and-seek are her favorite games. Her parents remain in Cape Town; she's in charge of elder sister Anita and Uncle Harry Jacobson over here. When she makes enough Warner money she's returning to South Africa, and says she will buy her maw and paw a diamond mine. . . . Guy Kibbee's frankly fifty, a fisherman, and fat. His dad was an anti-lynch Roswell, New Mexico, newspaper publisher. Narrowly escaped the rope necklace himself for his attacks on the section's bad men. Guy is planning a model Cal. ranch with everything, including a million dogs and cats. . . . Never out of a job for fifty-three years, Muzzie Robson, the Australian Century Plant, enjoyed sloshing about in the synthetic studio mud, thereby shocking her seventeen-year-old visiting niece, Cherry Pinkard of London, who thought auntie should wear her arctics. May's trouped a half million miles in her day. She was an ingénue in 1883—and where will youngies like Anita Louise, Jean Harlow, and Joanie Crawford be in 1983? . . . Jane Bryan's really an O'Brien of the Irish O'Briens; Hollywood born, eighteen years ago; Jane Muir Workshop find. Debutting. . . . A leading man on the stage, Hollywood sees only a menace in Richard Purcell! . . . Fred Lawrence is twenty-seven, college (Wisconsin) grad, truck driver, bond salesman, crooner, and actor. . . . The horse Silver gets twenty-five dollars a day; is called a Hollywood yes-horse because he can shake his head up and down at urging.

★ THE MAN I MARRY

THE PLAYERS: Doris Nolan, Michael Whalen, Marjorie Gateson, Gerald Oliver Smith, Nigel Bruce, Skeets Gallagher, Cliff Edwards, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Chic Sale, Richard Carle. Story by Coates Webster. Screen play by Harry Clork. Directed by Ralph Murphy. Produced by Universal.

PRESENTING a new screen personality from New Rochelle, New York —Doris Nolan. This is her first film, a mad little comedy that doesn't quite get off the springboard.

The daughter of a Broadway producer is about to be married. Suddenly she throws the whole thing over, runs away to the long boarded-up house of her parents in remote Westchester. There she finds a young playwright laboring over a manuscript by candlelight.

All this is in the mood of gay whimsey that just misses all the way. It would be unfair to judge Miss Nolan by this just passable comedy.

VITAL STATISTICS: Universal thinks highly of new blonde discovery Doris Nolan. She's twenty, looks twenty-five. Was born in New York City, dotter to a woolen importer, July 14, '16. Is of Scotch, English, and Irish descent—and somewhere on her family tree hangs Lieutenant Nolan, who took the rap for The Charge of the Light Brigade. She plain-schooled in New York City; got her higher education at New Rochelle High. She became an actress because she likes to make noise, and in order to overcome shyness she had to make noise. . . . Michael Whalen's first studio job was sweeping the roofs of sound stages. . . . Author Coates Webster is of The Websters, a U. of Penn. lad, born in Penn., too, if you can tie that. He's been an actor, novelist, playwright. . . . After thirty years of being almost everybody else, the late Chic Sale finally decided to be himself only, eschewing crepe whiskers, fright wig, square glasses, dresses, and tobacco juice. Hoped to get going on second career. . . . Nigel Bruce sounds English but is a Californian, having been born in San Diego to Sir William and Lady Bruce on a trip around the world. . . . Skeets Gallagher is a Terra Hauteyan; had a year of law at Indiana U. but cannot write his own contracts. When a schoolboy he sold papers.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Texas Rangers, Romeo and Juliet, Nine Days a Queen, The Green Pastures, Show Boat.

★★★½—The Charge of the Light Brigade, Libeled Lady, The Big Broadcast of 1937, La Kermesse Héroïque, Dodsworth, Valiant Is the Word for Carrie, Swing Time, Girls' Dormitory, Sing, Baby, Sing, San Francisco, The Road to Glory, Anthony Adverse, Under Two Flags.

★★★—Pete Smith Shorts, The President's Mystery, The Gay Desperado, Ramona, The Devil Is a Sissy, How to Vote, Court of Human Relations, Draegerman Courage, Lady Be Careful, Stage Struck, To Mary—With Love, My Man Godfrey, The Bride Walks Out, The White Angel, The Poor Little Rich Girl, The King Steps Out, Fury, The Princess Comes Across, The Dancing Pirate, The Ex-Mrs. Bradford.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—This early photo is of a noble lady who had six children, served with the Red Cross during the World War, traveled widely and wrote much, and became known as the Mother-in-law of the Balkans. Who is she?

2—Is Never-Never Land in Flanders, Queensland, Alaska, or Guam?

3—How tall is President Roosevelt?

4—What race horse, bought last spring for $1,000, won $22,685 in six months?

5—The proposed Twenty-second Amendment has to do with what?

6—Who defined success as "the only earthly judge of right or wrong"?

7—About how much water do American railroads use a year?

8—In the Bible, what woman protested her brother's marriage to an Ethiopian?

9—How many stops does the China Clipper make between Honolulu and Guam?

10—What are the surnames of the following: Ernest Aldrich ——, Herbert George ——, James Abram ——?

11—Who invented the pneumatic rubber tire?

12—The capital of which American republic is 7,524 feet above sea level?

13—What courtesan traveled to Asia with Alexander the Great?

14—What is another name for niter or potassium nitrate?

15—Which department at Washington supervises patents and copyrights?

16—Who was the first woman to make a solo flight between England and Australia?

17—What causes the bubbles in genuine champagne?

18—Who painted the Duchess of Devonshire, purchased by J. P. Morgan?

19—Among radio tubes is a 42, 76, 77, 78, or 80 a rectifier?

20—What artist conceived the telegraph?

(Answers will be found on page 57)

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(Continued from November 28)

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SECOND PRIZE, $250

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THIRD PRIZE, $100

Gertrude L. Crum
Springfield, Mass.

20 PRIZES $10

William M. Brown, Wilkinsburg, Pa.; Leo J. Burke, Harvey, N. D.; Mrs. Mary C. Burke, Arvada, Colo.; Blanche Clayton, Indianapolis, Ind.; Lee Culler, New York, N. Y.; William Edmondson, Wheaton, Ill.; Mrs. C. W. Ensminger, Rochester, Ind.

(To be continued in an early issue)

ANOTHER $200 LIMERICK CONTEST

DON'T FAIL TO SEND YOUR ENTRY

BEGIN IT NOW! YOU MAY WIN

AGAIN Liberty offers $200 in cash prizes for last lines for a Limerick based on the cover of the magazine. All you need to do to start toward a prize is study this week's cover carefully, read the unfinished Limerick, and then write a last line that satisfactorily completes the episode. The first four lines are provided. The cover illustrates the situation. The rest is up to you. Why not jot down your last line now, before you turn the page? It may start you toward a cash prize that will delight you. Remember, you can't win unless you enter. And now is the time to enter. Do it now!

The Rules

1. Anyone anywhere may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications and members of their families.

2. To compete, study the cover on this issue of Liberty, read the Limerick carefully, and then write a last line of your own to complete it.

3. Only entries made with the official coupon will be considered.

4. When you have completed the Limerick, write a brief statement of not more than seventy-five words explaining what feature of this issue of Liberty you like best, and why.

5. Last lines will be judged on the basis of originality and aptness. For the best last line on this basis accompanied by the clearest, most logical statement, Liberty will award a First Prize of $50. A Second Prize of $25, and twenty-five prizes of $5 each will be paid on this same basis. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

6. Address all entries to Cover Limerick Contest, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. All entries must be received on or before December 21, the closing date of this contest.

7. The judges will be the contest board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

DECEMBER 5 COVER LIMERICK CONTEST OFFICIAL COUPON

Here is the Limerick:

No little dilemma is Sue's.
With Army or Navy to choose,
Can she make up her mind
To just one to be kind?

(Write your own last line here)

Name ....

Street ....

City ....

A NEW PRIZE CONTEST NEXT WEEK

THINGS YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THE NEW PLYMOUTH

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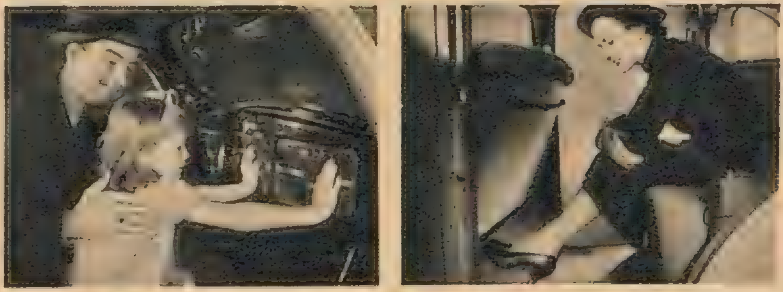
SEE this beautiful, new, all-steel body? It's cushioned from the frame by live rubber mountings, insulating the car from road vibration.

Five different kinds of sound-proofing material SHUT OUT NOISE. Four big shock-absorbers... like giant airliners use ...SWALLOW BUMPS and jolts.

It's the BIGGEST Plymouth we've ever built...front seats are 3" wider, back seats 2½". There's more room for legs, head and shoulders. And it's also America's most economical full-size car.

In every detail, this new Plymouth is the GREATEST VALUE for your money! Look: ALL-Steel Body... double-action Hydraulic Brakes... Floating Power engine mountings...easy, finger-tip steering —no "wandering" or "swaying"...amazing new Safety Interior ... new Hypoid rear axle, formerly used in high-priced cars only.

BE SURE to see this Plymouth. At all Chrysler, De Soto and Dodge dealers. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORP.



NEW SAFETY INTERIOR

Instrument knobs and controls are recessed. Door handles curve inward... back edge of front seat rolled and padded to protect against "sudden-stop" bumps.

New Hypoid rear axle permits low rear floor with "chair-height" seats—no floor "hump."

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PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

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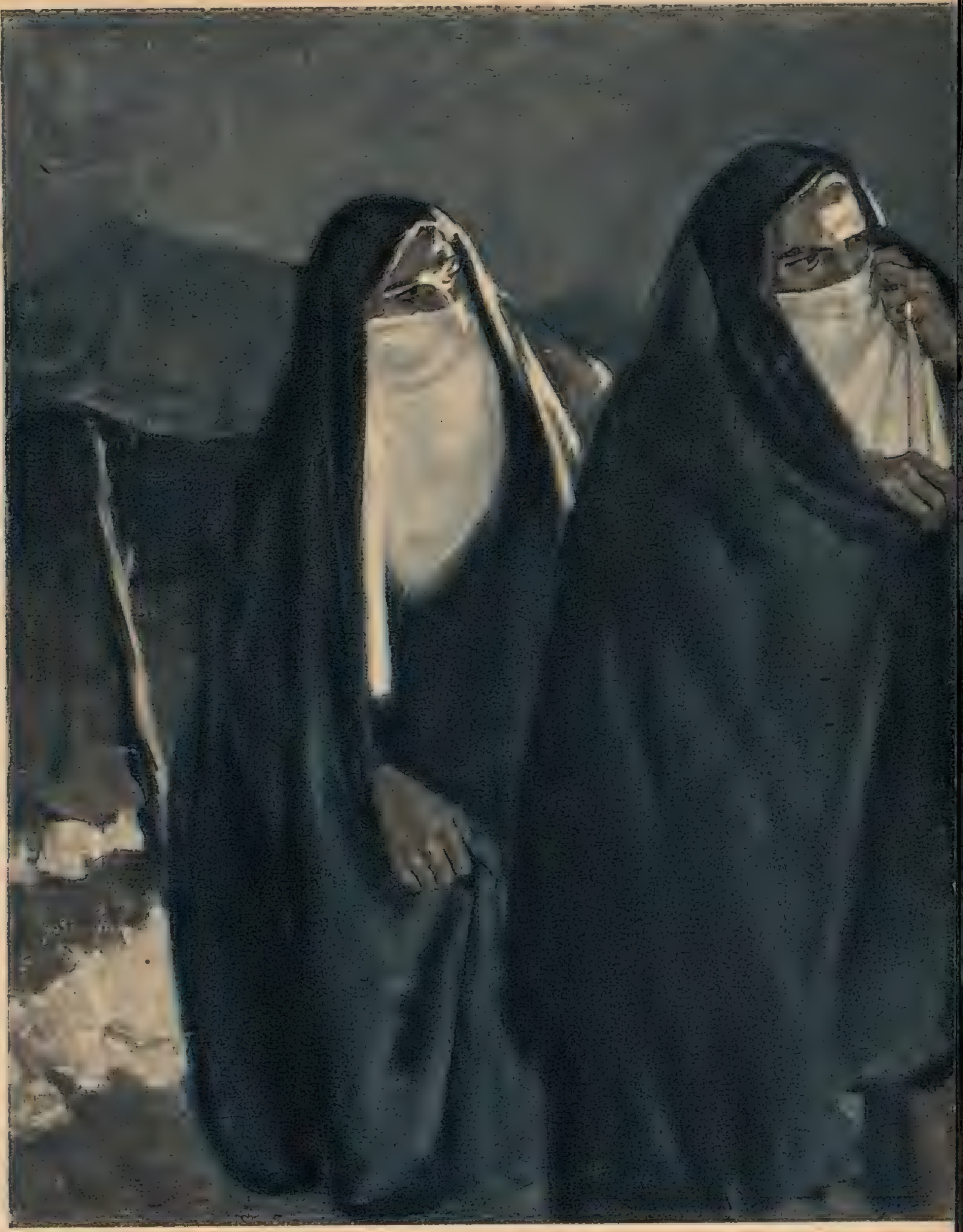
ILLUSTRATION BY
WALTER M. BAUMHOFER

LEGION OF LOST SOULS



PART EIGHT — CONCLUSION

WE were conducted back over the flank of the hill and along that roadway where we had seen the troops marching and the wagons lumbering. After about half a mile we turned up the hill again. Here was a kind of roadway cut in great broad tiers or steps. At the top we came upon a broad plateau, a natural ledge on the hillside that was big enough for a parade ground. Here were Turkish and Arab troops, mules, baggage, stores, and ammunition dumps, kitchens and all the paraphernalia to be found behind the lines in wartime.

Then we saw the women. They were squatting on the ground in a corner of their own, cooking over tiny charcoal fires. They looked up as we passed them, spat, made indecent gestures with their knives, leered, and drew dirty fingers across equally dirty throats.

"Huh! You dirty ——!" fired Sherwood, and got a prod in the rump for his pains, though the Arab guards had no notion as to what he had said. But as soon as I saw those women, one way of escape came over me in a flash. It was so wildly unpromising—at first blush—that I said nothing about it then.

We were marched across the plateau to a huge dugout in the hillside. In a kind of open portico we were halted. It was an amazing place, a wonderful feat of engineering. It had been cut in from the level of the plateau and the walls had been reinforced with concrete. Archways faced with stone led into rooms tunneled into the hill itself. There were offices, radio station, officers' quarters, orderly room—a regular barracks.

"They've had a pretty shrewd idea we should never get over this far," murmured Sherwood. "Gosh! They've dug in here to stay!"

"This where you came before, Tommy?"

"No. Over to yon rest camp."

Officers and orderlies glanced at us curiously and went their ways. Presently a general of sorts strolled out, looked us over, then snapped out an order. We were hustled after him into one of the chambers. It was a large place with a littered table in one corner where officers and N. C. Os. were lounging, and across the room were some crude wooden benches and queer-looking contraptions.

When we had grown accustomed to the dimness we saw another prisoner in the far corner of the chamber. He was tied up to the wall—otherwise he must have sunk to the floor in a heap. Dried blood scarred his unshaven face in patches. Only his eyes seemed alive.

"God in heaven!" I gasped. "He's no Turk!"

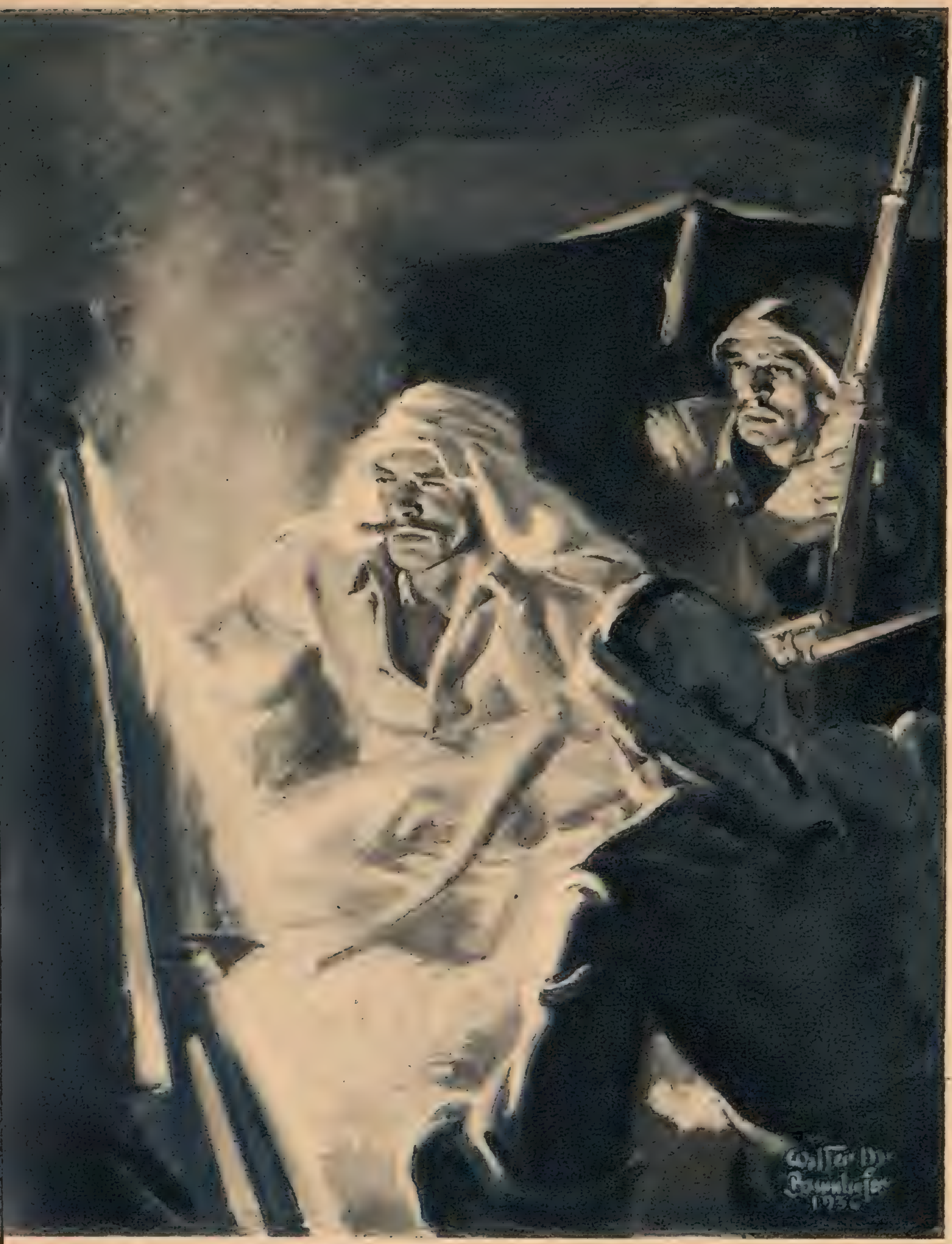
Suddenly he shouted, or rather croaked at us:

"Don't answer these swine! Don't tell them anything!"

"Who are you? What are you doing here?"

"Accused of espionage!"

There wasn't a chance for more. We were hustled along to the table at which the general had seated himself. There we were lined up. The general eyed us one by one



The Turkish guards looked up as we passed. One called out after us. We could guess what he said.

Johnny Turk's Chamber of Horrors—Anzac vs. Amazon . . . The Curtain Falls on a Vivid Saga of War at Gallipoli

by CAPTAIN W. J. BLACKLEDGE

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

slowly and maliciously. Then he started in with his queries, first in Turkish, then German, then crude French. We did precisely nothing except stare at him. We had long been warned about just such a situation as this. It was part of our training. No need to tell us to keep mum. We gave his Turkish and his German and his bad French a completely dead clock.

He began to show signs of becoming exasperated. We stared like four yokels. His face grew purple. He spluttered. He cursed. He jumped to his feet, shook a fist. We stood at attention, inwardly amused. If that general could only have seen himself! For a time there was no sound in that room save his rasping, choking epithets. We did not blink an eyelid.

Then one of his officers dared to make a suggestion. He swung round upon the interrupter with raised fist—changed his demeanor suddenly, nodded, and sat down, mopping his brow. The officer came forward and addressed us in broken English. We answered him also with the blank dial. He was very patient. He would turn to the general and apparently give him in Turkish the queries he threw at us in English. We just gazed at him.

He wanted to know who and what we were, our units and their position; how we came to be in possession of German Mausers and cartridges for them; how we came to be on this side of the hill and so far from our own lines. Apparently he did not connect us with the massacre at the outpost, or maybe, as a subordinate, he had not heard of it.

Finally, the general's patience being exhausted, he rapped out some message and the officer translated. Should we insist upon remaining dumb, certain means would be employed to make us talk. We just stared. The officer tried again and again. He implored, begged, pleaded. We should save ourselves a lot of horrible suffering if only we would talk. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the wretch tied up in the corner. The face seamed with pain had cracked into a grin. Even he could enjoy these brief moments.

Then one of those crude benches was dragged into the center of the room. The leather straps attached to it were stiff and crusted, obviously with blood.

" This is where we start something," quoth Sherwood.

" Right fust time! " declared Tommy.

Whether or not the young officer understood them, he gave us one more chance to talk. Again we gave him the dead dial. But the general's plan was subtle. We were to witness a demonstration of the gentle art of bastinado, and the first victim was to be the poor wretch in the corner, who was already half dead.

" Never mind what they say or do! " he shrieked. " Don't talk! Don't talk! "

They wrenched him from the wall and strapped him face downward on the bench. Then the general went forward and started beating him across the soles of his feet. It was too much for us. I don't think it was daring. I fancy we did not stop to think at all.

It was Sherwood who let out the yell as we leaped upon the general and tore the club from his hands. After that I cannot say just what happened. We had quite a lot of accumulated fury to work off, and we did.

I saw the general go down, his officers rushing to his assistance; saw Red hurriedly unstrapping that poor bleeding wretch; saw Sherwood dancing around with his long arms flailing like a windmill while Arab guards and N. C. Os. went down like ninepins. It was a lovely scrap! Those Johnnies and those Arabs knew nothing about guarding their jaws. They were soon sprawling all over the concrete floor, for one's opponent had only to go down on it, provided his head hit it.

But in a few minutes the general was outside, blowing a whistle and bawling himself hoarse. We heard a scampering of feet. Red hoisted the tormented stranger on his shoulders and yelled to us to follow him as he made for the archway. We rushed out in a bunch. I don't know what we expected to do. We could hardly have hoped to break a way through the crowd of men arriving. It was merely a blind rush, an instinctive dash toward freedom.

We were pulled up sharply enough. Hardly had we got halfway across the plateau, knocking down everything in our path, when we were surrounded by those haggle-tooth bayonets. We stayed put and stared around us. Red lowered his burden to the ground, then gave a sudden exclamation. The poor devil was dead. He would never again have to refuse to talk—and suffer torment. His torturers had overdone their persuasions.

"The bloody swine!" Red gasped.

"Go on! Charge!" yelled Tommy, baring his chest at those saw bayonets.

But Tommy was just a little beyond the border. The rest of us held him back. We didn't quake, though. We faced that mob with their fixed bayonets and yelled defiance at them, dared the —— ——s to do their worst. I can see them now, blinking and staring at us. Long minutes went by, minutes during which nobody seemed inclined to approach us or even to give an order. And if I live to be a hundred I'll never forget that commanding officer's face! It wasn't purple any more. It was pasty as putty, and there was a discolored lump on his cheekbone of quite astonishing dimensions.

When we had yapped until we could yap no more, we were surrounded by guards and marched off to a barbed-wire pen. We were shoved inside and left to our own reflections. A double-armed guard patrolled outside the wire. Nothing happened for days, except that black bread, dates, figs, and the like were pushed through the wire twice a day. Our one and only drink was water. We didn't mind that. The food was quite as good as anything we could get anywhere else on Gallipoli. The water was fresh and sweet.

WHAT did worry us after a few days was the cat-and-mouse game the commanding officer began to play. He came along to the wire every day, sometimes more than once in a day, with his young officer-interpreter, and we learned that he intended to make one or another of us talk—though of what use to him anything we might say would be was hard to understand.

He had some crazy scheme each day and he would have his young interpreter explain it to us in detail. He must have known more about torture than any man alive. One day he went so far as actually to kill some poor wretch of an Arab before our eyes—with the wire in between—by the hideously cruel method of impaling. It was all done for our especial benefit. He explained to us that the demonstration was merely to show what would happen to us if we insisted upon remaining dumb. We should be impaled in like manner, one by one, on successive days—unless one of us talked.

After that, we agreed that if and when he started on one of us, the rest would talk. Just talking would be easy enough. All we had to do was mouth a pack of lies as glibly as we knew how. We should thus satisfy him without giving away anything of value. The cold fact was that we knew nothing, had no information that could possibly be of use to this insanely cruel fool, but realized there would be no use in trying to convince him of that.

We were in his pen six weeks. There was no cover of any kind there, and we were there during a time of year that is particularly trying on the peninsula. The latter half of September and the whole of October was marked by fairly warm days and bitterly cold nights. We had no protection, no sleeping accommodation of any kind. So far as we could gather, we were awaiting some sort of trial.

Before we finally got out we were experiencing bitter blasts of hail and sleet, mud underfoot and mud to sleep on; frozen mud eventually. It should be remembered that we were still wearing the remnants of our khaki drill, the thin clothing issued to us during the intense heat. The whole surface of the land had changed. It was now bare and bleak and cold. We would squat in that filthy pen and watch the birds fly in wedge-shaped flocks across the dun skies, envying their migration to warmer climes.

We were not idle during those six weeks. Escape was always in our minds. The others agreed to my plan. It was fantastic, it was about as crazy as any plan well could be. But it was the only possible one. Our pen was within thirty yards of the quarters which housed the Arab women. From the moment when we had been dragged to it I had had them in mind. I would stare at them as they went about their daily jobs and would think and think. The idea might be mad, but I knew I'd have to try it.

"We could use those women," I insisted.

"Could use one myself," growled Sherwood with the manner of one whom nothing could crush.

SOMETIMES they would come round the pen with their leers and gestures, grinning evilly, making play with their knives. All right, my beauties, thought I, you'll serve! There were other things besides knives. We worked with flints found among the rubble and stones of our pen. We had to make these preparations with the utmost care. It was all done during the night and hidden before daylight in the earth at our feet. We went to work under cover of the noise which occurred at the same time every night—the weird chanting of Arabs and Turks round the campfires and the cooking pots.

It was then that we sawed away with our flints and worked at the wire that penned us in. We kept to one section of it—that nearest the women's quarters. Every wire we cut was patched up to look as if it were perfectly sound; yet when we finished, a wrench in the right place would open up a section big enough for us to crawl through. Nor would the Turks ever suspect us of making a getaway by a route that led us to the women.

By that time they did not expect us to attempt an escape at all. We had proved good prisoners; had appeared ill and weak, sunk in apathy and despair. Actually we were tough enough. We worked with infinite patience and cunning, desperately but methodically. We even had our hidden cache of food.

Moreover, with the changing season there came a change over the whole military situation hereabouts. Always we had the distant sound of guns in our ears, but it diminished in volume. We wondered if the whole war on the peninsula was cracking up. Fewer men came to guard the pen, and even they appeared more concerned about keeping themselves warm. They made excellent coffee, and sometimes they would bring us a bucket of it.

Winter was approaching. Winter on Gallipoli is raw, bleak, and terribly severe after the intense heat of summer. They gave us blankets in the end, the coarsest and lousiest we had ever seen, but we were glad enough to use them during those perishing nights. Every succeeding day found fewer Turks on the plateau. Either they were being sent off to some other part of the front or their command considered the war as good as finished around these parts.

When we woke up one morning to find that many of the women, too, had disappeared, we became horribly nervous. There were but a handful of them left, so far as we could see, and if those should drift off some night our scheme would fall to pieces. It was now or never! We would make the attempt tonight.

I never knew such a frightfully long day. It seemed as if darkness would never descend. Even when it did, we still had to wait for the smell of that delicious coffee.

If this were one of their generous nights and they offered us a pail, we must be there to receive it. Also, it would fortify us for the tasks ahead.

The coffee came, and we accepted it with a great show of gratitude. Then we watched the departing figures of the guards with some anxiety. But everything went off like clockwork. We had discussed this venture for so long, had rehearsed every little move so often, that we were as near action-perfect as any one could have been when at last the great moment arrived.

We had to leave our blankets behind. We left them stuffed with earth and stones in a decent imitation of four recumbent forms stilled in sleep. Sharpened flints were secreted about our persons. The cache of food was distributed. We knew the movements of the guards so well by now that we had no difficulty in choosing the right moment. The section of wire was removed and we crept out, replacing the pieces with the utmost care. We were free! At least, we were outside that barbed wire that had penned us in so long.

We crawled away from it. Vaguely, in the darkness, we could discern one of the crude tents which were the women's quarters. We crept toward it with the stealth of cats. Our biggest task was now before us. When the guards took their turns around our pen through the night, they would look upon those stuffed blankets lying there, and they could have no suspicion that anything was amiss. But meanwhile we must attend to the women!

ATTENDING to them was about the most ghastly task one can remember in a lifetime of adventuring. We had planned to work in pairs. Sherwood and I took one tent, Red and Tommy the other. We could hear the snores of the women within. How many of them were there? How many must we silence? Any noise from them and it would be all up with us.

Sherwood crept up to the tent and peered in. He beckoned. By this time our eyes were accustomed to the darkness. I too looked in. Four women there, sprawled in heavy slumber. We would take two each.

Sherwood made noiseless pantomimic gestures, indicating that a man could hold one woman by the throat while he attended to another, thus stifling any attempt at giving an alarm. We did not underestimate the strength of these wenches. But desperation was our master. This was war. We intended to make our getaway or die trying.

We were inside that tent without any sign of disturbance from the sleeping women. But, heavens—the stench! I can smell it still, just as I can see the bulging eyes of the woman whose tough brown throat I gripped. We had each struck at one woman and began throttling the other before they could have shaken off their heavy sleep.

The one I had struck lay stiff and I

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ANTI-FREEZE

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It's the thriftiest dollar's worth of Concentrated Anti-Freeze you can buy

Concentrated, tailored to today's high-speed engines and their smaller cooling systems, WINTER-FLO, in the correct amount for your car, gives you security against freeze-up and corrosion.

Easy to pay for, too, because it costs only $1.00 a gallon. Consult your dealer's chart giving the correct amount needed for *your* car.

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1. *Winter-Flo is more powerful*—Winter-Flo (Concentrated Methanol) provides more anti-freeze protection than denatured alcohol, volume for volume. 1 gallon of Winter-Flo is the equivalent of 5 quarts of denatured alcohol.

2. *It is undiluted*—A concentrated product with value in every drop.

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THE CONCENTRATED METHANOL
ANTI-FREEZE

paid her no further attention for the moment. It was just as well that I had made no mistake about that blow. I had all my work cut out to hold this other wench. She was stronger than I, after my imprisonment, but I never lost my hold on her neck. It was no part of our task to kill them. The idea was merely to put them out of action.

She kicked and struggled and rolled in vain efforts to throw me. Her two great paws tore at the hands about her throat. Her mouth was twisting and foaming, but no sound was permitted to escape her. It was nip and tuck in that frightful and sickening minute. She all but gummed up the whole beastly business for us. I had to contend with a convulsive desire to let go of her and retch! But hang on I did. Presently we were rolling about the floor of the tent. I was keeping my grip and she clawing and gasping, punching, and pummeling with her knees. It was like fighting with some ponderous bear, and she knew most of the tricks of rough-and-tumble in deadly earnest.

There were instants when I thought she would squeeze the air out of my lungs by way of broken ribs. Once my hands slipped and I thought it was all over. The swelling tongue disappeared for a split second, the mouth opened wide. She was too far gone then, however, to emit any sound, and I regained my grip. Over and over we rolled, bumping up against those other struggling figures, against the dead weight of the women who had been knocked out.

At last she went limp. I was afraid to let go. It might be just a trick. Then I sat back at last, mopping the sweat from my face. I took possession of her headcloth and coarse robe and put them on. They covered me; she was a big woman. Then I used others of her clouts to tie her securely. Sherwood was still fighting when I fixed up the two women we had knocked out. I went to his aid. He was working with only one hand. The other looked as if it had been bitten to pieces. Blood was streaming from it, splattering over them both. They were in a hideous mess.

Between us we contrived to bind and gag the troublesome creature, and Sherwood also put on a headcloth and a robe. We took their knives, some food, some fairly clean cloth—for Sherwood's chewed hand had been reduced to pulp and badly needed attention—and left them, four half-clothed but securely bound muscular wenches. We walked boldly out of the tent with the robes wrapped closely around us and the head coverings drawn up to the nose in the manner of Arab women, and strolled leisurely across the plateau. Any appearance of haste would have aroused suspicion.

We had no idea then what had happened to the other two. We went on according to plan. If they had succeeded, we should find them down there in that wood round the flank of the hill. If they had failed— We tried not to think of that.

We had now to run the gauntlet of the camp. We walked on, looking neither to right nor left. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the group of tents and the dying embers of a fire. Guards were squatting there, rifles across their knees. My heart beat madly as we drew near. There was no other way out. We had to pass them—and with this nerve-straining deliberation.

We drew abreast. The glow of the fire lit up the faces of half a dozen Turkish guards. They looked up as we passed. They grinned at us. One of them called out after us. We could not understand what he said. But we could guess. Sherwood waved his hand in a negative gesture.

NO one attempted to follow us. They believed we would be back soon. We heaved huge sighs of relief. The next minute I very nearly jumped out of my robe. A figure rose up suddenly out of the darkness. It was the commanding officer—the general! We kept going. He paused for a moment, stared curiously as we passed him, then turned on his heel and disappeared. Apparently he was making a round of the camp before turning in. It was the closest shave yet!

I should like to have seen the general's face when, our escape having been discovered, as well as the state of those wenches in the tents, he recalled having seen two women crossing the plateau!

FRANK, HOW COULD
CHILD LIKE THAT...

SO RUN-DOWN AND TIRED
HE SNAPPED AT EVERYONE

SAY GOOD NIGHT TO DADDY, DARLING
POOR DADDY-- HE'S SO TIRED
YOU SAID IT KITTEN- BY THE WAY, MARIE, WILL YOU ORDER SOME OF THAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST? JIM SCOTT SAYS IT'S SWELL STUFF TO PEP YOU UP. HE SAYS I OUGHT TO EAT IT REGULARLY FOR AWHILE

VITAMINS A. B. G and D

Then came the closest shave of all. We were stepping more briskly downhill, when there loomed up two more figures. We almost ran into them. They pulled up suddenly, barring our path. Then the fun began. A flood of amorous Arabic greeted us. We must have been the dumbest dames those two Johnnies had ever met! Apparently it was their night off duty, for they had been indulging in arrack or some such potent spirit, and needed only a couple of wenches to make their joy complete.

What made matters worse was that the devil was in Sherwood and he was playing their game with idiotic mummery. He would, I thought bitterly—not realizing then that he was going through hell with that hand of his, for since we had left the tents scarcely a word had passed between us.

THIS did not seem to me to be a time for tomfoolery. I felt he was carrying his impersonation a trifle too far. Yet even when he allowed his man to approach him in that maudlin lascivious manner I could not do a thing about it. The other Turk, who had chosen me, was occupying all my attention.

If those two Johnnies had been a little less fuddled, they might have guessed that something was amiss about the two dumb women confronting them. Instead, they attempted to clinch. Their would-be loving arms reached out.

In another moment my man would have been slobbering all over me. When his groping arms touched my robe I reached up for his jaw, putting everything I had behind the blow.

It worked. It lifted him off his feet; then he slumped. In that instant he must have been the most surprised wallah on Gallipoli!

Slick as I had been, however, Sherwood's man was down first. I stared. Blood was gushing from his mouth, his neck. Sherwood was wiping his knife.

"Come on, Digger! We've got to drag 'em over to that clump of scrub, else they'll be found too soon. Better tie that Johnny up. He'll come to in a few minutes and start bellowing. I've only one hand I can use, so I had to pull the knife and make sure. My other paw is giving me hell."

I trussed up and gagged the wallah I'd knocked out, and we lugged them like two sacks into the bushes. After which we set off at a brisk pace across the slope. There was only one thing to do then—put as much distance between us and that plateau as we humanly could. We were leaving a trail behind us that must insure our being tortured, drawn and quartered if ever we fell into the hands of that Turkish general again!

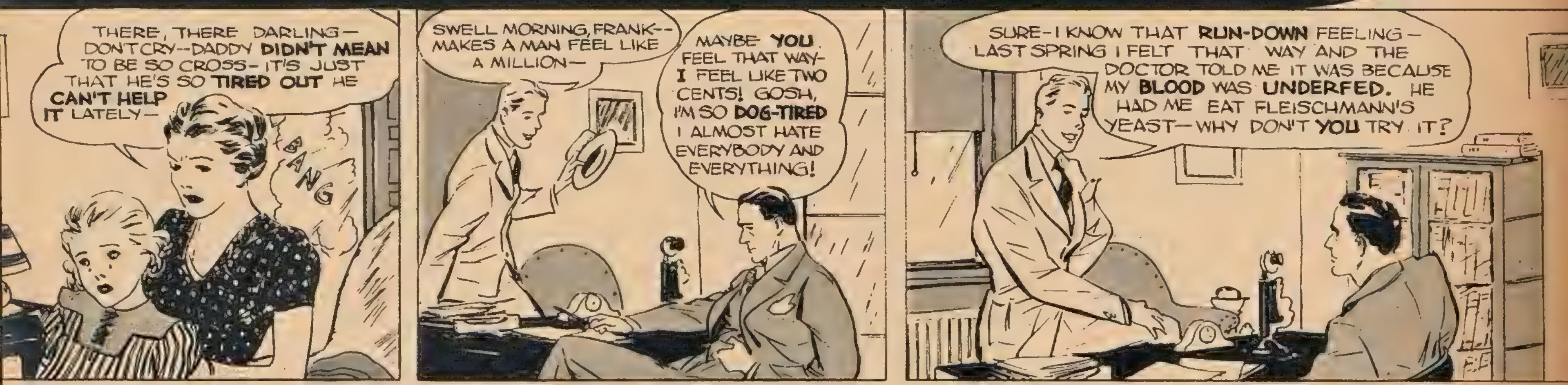
I would like to linger over what followed, but it can hardly interest any one else as it does me. There were thousands of other escapes during the World War and probably better ones than ours. From this point on, instead of everything going wrong, it went just right. We got around to the wood without further mishap, still wearing our robes. Sherwood's bandage was dripping, but he would not stop to have his hand seen to. Red and Tommy were waiting for us at the cairn of stones where the roof of that cavern had broken. Their story was not unlike ours. They too had had to fight desperately for the clothing they wanted.

Dawn was near. We removed some of the covering from the roof of the cavern and dropped through one by one, then replaced as much as we could from beneath. All of us were dead for sleep. and down here we could get it safely. I, for one, dropped right off and slept for more than twelve hours.

Night had descended when we emerged. The gloom of the wood was pierced by fitful moonlight. We moved like ghosts through the trees. Blessed sleep had made us fit again—all except Sherwood, whose hand was in terribly bad shape. We had washed the bleeding pulp and wrapped it up in fresh bandages, but the fingers were torn to the bone. Yet, while that woman's teeth had been tearing them, he had never uttered a sound.

We set off at a good pace, trying vaguely to get our direction from the stars. We trekked endlessly. It seemed that the night grew colder. We had now been

YOU SPEAK TO THE


THERE, THERE DARLING—DON'T CRY--DADDY **DIDN'T MEAN** TO BE SO CROSS- IT'S JUST THAT HE'S SO **TIRED OUT** HE **CAN'T HELP IT** LATELY—
BANG
SWELL MORNING, FRANK--MAKES A MAN FEEL LIKE A MILLION—
MAYBE **YOU** FEEL THAT WAY-**I** FEEL LIKE TWO CENTS! GOSH, I'M SO **DOG-TIRED** I ALMOST HATE EVERYBODY AND EVERYTHING!
SURE-I KNOW THAT **RUN-DOWN** FEELING—LAST SPRING I FELT THAT WAY AND THE DOCTOR TOLD ME IT WAS BECAUSE MY **BLOOD** WAS **UNDERFED.** HE HAD ME EAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST—WHY DON'T **YOU** TRY IT?

MORNING-A FEW WEEKS LATER
1-2-3 AND 4. THAT'S THE STUFF HONEY-NOW BEND **WAY** DOWN...
IT'S PRETTY NICE TO HAVE DADDY LIKE HIS OLD SELF AGAIN, ISN'T IT?
LOOK, MUMMY-I CAN DO IT **JUST** LIKE DADDY!

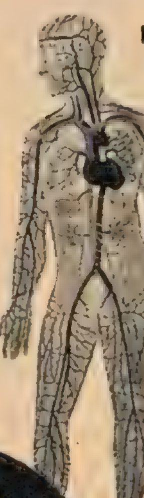
DON'T LET **UNDERFED BLOOD** MAKE YOU FEEL DRAGGED OUT

MANY people find that they "get into a slump" at this season of the year.

Usually that "tired feeling" means your blood is *underfed* and not providing your nerves and muscles with enough nourishment.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast supplies your blood with needed vitamins and other food elements. Your blood then carries more and better food to your tissues.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily—about ½ hour before meals—plain, or in a little water. Start today!



IT'S YOUR BLOOD THAT "FEEDS" YOUR BODY...

One of the important functions of your blood stream is to carry nourishment from your food to the muscle and nerve tissues of your entire body.

When you find you get overtired at the least extra effort, it is usually a sign that your blood is not supplied with enough food for your tissues.

What you need is something to help your blood get more nourishment from your food.

FLEISCHMANN'S **FRESH** YEAST CONTAINS **4** VITAMINS IN ADDITION TO HORMONE-LIKE SUBSTANCES, WHICH HELP THE BODY GET **GREATER VALUE** FROM THE FOOD YOU EAT, AND **GET IT FASTER**-----

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free more than twenty-four hours. How long would they search for us before giving up?

We plodded along in single file, with Red leading, still wearing the robes and headcloths—for their warmth. We must have presented a weird picture, striding and stumbling over the rough ground in those enveloping clothes—four Arab women with their clouts lifted to the knees, the better to step out like soldiers!

"Down!" snapped Red.

We crouched in the scrub. It was an eerie sound that came to us, a sound like that of feet, just one pair of them, dragging slowly through the gravel patches.

After waiting for an age, we risked a crab crawl to investigate.

In a moment we saw the man moving, slowly, laboriously, painfully. He appeared to be carrying full equipment. There could be no patrol here, surely—and he was headed toward the sea. If this were not some sort of trap, he must be one of our own men!

At that time we had tricks and traps on the brain. Even when he staggered and pitched headlong into the dirt, we still hesitated. Then suddenly Red rose to his feet, a giant in woman's clothes, and strode forward.

"Come on!" he rapped.

The fellow was dead. He was a Britisher. The numerals on his epaulettes and his cap badge marked him as one of the Yorkshires. How had he got here? How came he to be wandering alone in this desolate region? When we opened his clothing to search for his identity disk, we found it stiff with dried blood, and found a bullet wound, caked over, in his chest. We took his disk and the contents of his pockets—smudgy letters, photographs, tobacco, lighter, broken wrist watch, knife, money, and a curious figure in brass that one imagined he had picked up in the Egyptian bazaars.

WE took possession of his equipment and rifle, used his entrenching tool to dig the hole in which we laid him. An eerie little episode in all conscience. A few minutes ago he had been staggering along in front of us, a stranger, yet a friend, a mystery figure who turned out to be a dead comrade.

We beat down the earth and covered it with stones to keep the jackals off. Then we got to our feet and trekked on again, trudging along in silence. Red was in the lead with the rifle and the ammunition pouches.

There was another alarm when we came within sight of that outpost where we had fought nine men to a standstill. We crept as near as we could. The place was strangely quiet. There wasn't a sign of life anywhere. We lay for what seemed hours, waiting for Johnny to show himself. Nothing happened.

"Looks as if the post had been given up," whispered Red.

"Maybe this campaign's cracking up," grunted Sherwood. "Come on. Let's take a look-see."

We crept up to the wire, heard a scuffling, stopped dead. But the only occupants of that outpost were the rats—unless one reckoned the remains of two bodies, torn, ragged, ripped apart, reduced to little more than skeletons by the rodents and the vultures. Another untold story of Gallipoli peninsula. God alone knows how many "missing" passed out among the crevices and fissures of that unhappy land.

We should have liked to stay and spend the day there, for dawn was not far off; but the scavenging was a bit more than we had stomach for. We went on. A dogtrot for nearly an hour brought us to a deep ravine. It was quite new to us. Also it afforded excellent shelter. We could creep under the overhanging brush and sleep without being seen from above. And that was what we did when daylight came again.

The next night found us hoofing once more. Our food had all but given out. That did not worry us a great deal. But we had no water, and that worried us a hell of a lot. The ravine was bone dry. True, a lot of the heat had gone from the sun, even at high noon. But we knew well what thirst could be. Added to which, this ravine seemed to wander on and on in a winding tortuous fashion, a deep cut in the hanging hills. We had neither the energy nor the inclination to climb out and reconnoiter the land. We followed the ravine blindly. We seemed to be in it for days and days; actually, I believe, we spent two nights there.

We were pretty well spent before the end came. Sherwood was in a thoroughly bad way. That hand of his could not be kept clean. The last drops of water had gone. His arm had swollen to the thickness of two. By that time we were all dragging our feet. We had been reduced to chewing roots for whatever moisture we could get, and there isn't much in the scrub of Gallipoli.

WE turned a bend of the ravine early one morning and found it widening. No sooner had we come to the opening than a hail of lead ripped toward us. We dropped, crawled for cover. That machine-gun burst had rocked the dreary lethargy right out of us; we were alert in a second.

We had almost walked into a British outpost! Those fellows down there must have taken us for Turks masquerading as Arab women. You never knew what Johnny Turk would do next!

We yelled to them not to shoot, told them who we were.

There was no answer. We crept forward. There was considerable noise of shelling hereabouts. As we crawled nearer, a wall of sandbags and a tangle of wire came into view. It was an advanced trench. We guessed at once that this must be the extended left flank of the Anzac line.

We yelled again. Still no response. Those boys were not taking any chances.

Something had to be done about it. They kept peppering in our direction. We didn't want to be finished off in bits after all that trekking, and by our own men. I jumped up with my hands reaching for the sky and yelled in a language they surely understood. The firing stopped, but not before I'd received a puncture in the flesh of my left forearm.

They came out to us then. We staggered forward—all except Sherwood. He could not do any more. Heaven knows how he had managed to keep up as long as he had. I think we gave a sort of croaking cheer when those boys ran toward us. I flopped right out then. It wasn't the little slug so much. I expect we were pretty well through.

They didn't talk a lot, those boys; they just fed and watered us and got us ready for the stretcher party that came along. We were covered up with the robes—they went with us to the clearing station, on the boats, even to the hospital at Mudros. I did, in fact, carry that robe of mine as far as Alexandria.

We never went back to Gallipoli. After a spell in Mudros we were shipped for Alexandria, and by the time we were convalescent the show was over. The Anzacs had finished with Anzac Cove for good and all. The evacuation of the peninsula took place during the third week of December, 1915. When the first shipload touched the Egyptian shore, I received an urgent message from Grace: "Come quickly. You know where to find me."

I found her in that same room, that place of strange memories and a stranger dawn. She was radiant, all flashing smiles, gloriously shining blue eyes, gleaming black casque of hair—a vision not easily forgotten.

Her arms flew out to me in an all-yielding gesture. I can never forget the words of her greeting:

"Oh, Digger! Thank God that's the end of Gallipoli!"

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 47

1—Marie, Dowager Queen of Rumania.

2—Queensland, Australia.

3—Six feet, two inches.

4—Action, purchased by Hirsch Jacobs.

5—Civil-service reform.

6—Adolf Hitler in his only book, Mein Kampf.

7—Three hundred and fifty billion gallons.

8—Miriam, Numbers 12:1—"And Miriam and Aaron spake against Moses because of the Ethiopian woman whom he had married."

9—Two: at Midway and Wake islands.

10—Simpson; Wells; Garfield.

11—John Boyd Dunlop (1840-1921). His invention was patented in 1888.

12—Mexico.

13—Thaïs.

14—Saltpeter.

15—The Department of the Interior.

16—Amy Johnson, in 1930.

17—Self-generated carbonic-acid gas which forms in the bottled wine when fermentation is completed.

18—Thomas Gainsborough (1727-88). Blue Boy became his most famous work.

19—An 80.

20— Sam. F.B. Morse

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Every Boy or Girl Wants a SILVER KING!

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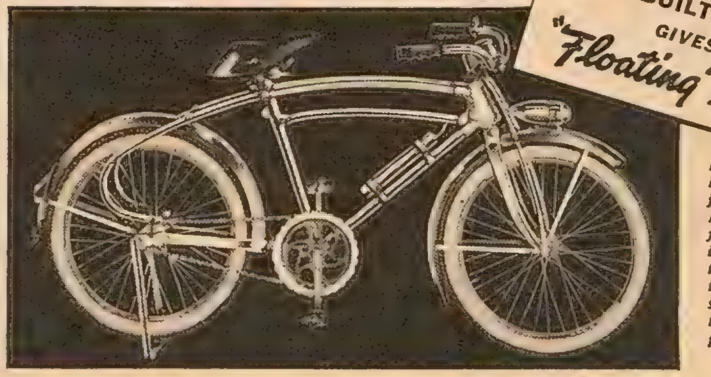

No harsh bumps, jars or road shock! Built-in spring and flexible frame "cushion" the highway—turn rough paths into boulevards—smoothness in motion never before possible in a bicycle!

A Bike for Christmas! . . . and don't disappoint them with less than a Silver King! Your boy or girl knows how much finer a Silver King is—how much more fun to ride! When *you* see its remarkable features, you, too, will realize Silver King's greater pleasure, comfort, safety and economy.

America's Outstanding Bike! It's the only bicycle built of aluminum alloy—lighter, easier to pedal—but 3 times as strong as steel, weight for weight. So strong 10,000 lbs. can't pull apart its joints! Its brilliant silver finish is the polished aluminum alloy—and rustless. Its advanced streamlined design is years ahead.

GLORIA STUART—(*featured player in 20th Century-Fox Productions*)—*on her new Silver King.*

A full-sized bicycle, built lower, with 24-inch wheels and longer wheelbase for greater roadability. Its chain has more links for smoother pedaling. Its patented revolving chain-guard with sunken bolts really protects clothing, doesn't rattle. Theft-proof lock built into head; big built-in Clipper speedometer; auto-type blast horn; powerful headlight; tear-drop reflector-type rear light; De Luxe saddle; oversize tires.

Because of these exclusive features, a Silver King means much more to a boy or girl than "merely a bicycle." Assure *your* boy or girl their Happiest Christmas by giving a Silver King!

Monthly Payments Possible! Thousands of dealers offer the Silver King on the monthly payment plan. See it at your nearest bicycle dealer or department store now. The amazing new *Flo-Cycle* includes a prepaid fire and theft insurance policy—Other Silver King models for boys, girls and adults in a range of prices. If your dealer doesn't have them, write for free catalog.

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Love Letters of a Prizefighter and a Hollywood Extra

A Tank-Town Angel—Dizzy with Dollars—Mr. Socko Takes and Gets Taken

Words and Pictures

by BERT GREEN

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

Hollywood, Califilmia.

SOCKO O'BRIEN,
The Brooklyn Sports and Manslaughter Club,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Socko:

In my last epistle I tipped you off to the fact that Watson and Twist had snared a wealthy angel from Kansas to finance Watsons gawjiss gal opry called Colisium. I allso told you that Jack and I was going to work in the picture. Listen, and of all the screwey ways to form a picture company, get a load of the details:

About a week ago Watson and Twist was sitting on a stool in Burp Hollow wondering where their next hamburger was coming from, when Twists eyes rested on a paragraf in the Hollywood Headache. Here's the line:

KANSAS MULTI-MILLIONAIRE PAYS HOLLYWOOD A VISIT

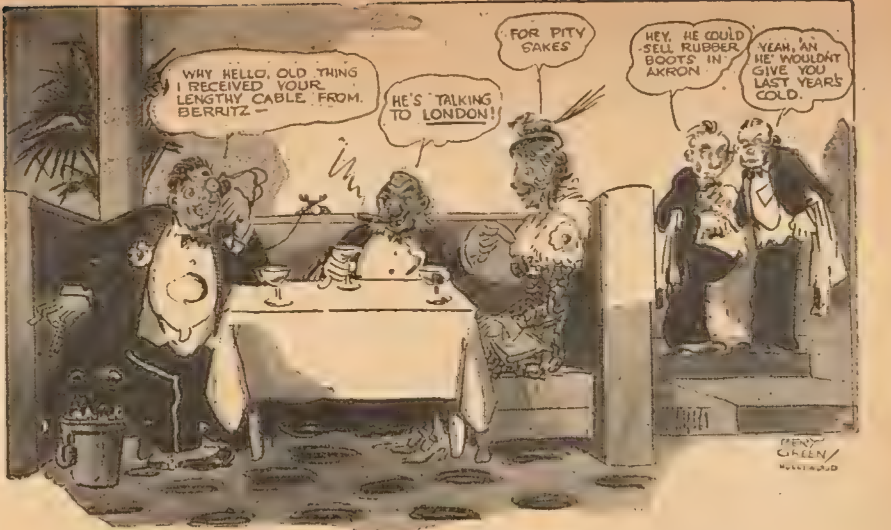
Elmer Allowishus De Kay the Peoria Oil and Alfalfa King Here on Vacation. Expects to Ogle Profile Mills, etc. . . .

Well, Socko, as soon as Mr. Twist lamped that headline he all but blew up. "Hey, Watson," he gulped, pointing to the tab, "why worry about our future cakes and beauty rest when we have a chance to put the clip on this chump from the wheat belt and cut up his chunk?"

Well, Socko, I dont know what transspired that afternoon, but I *do* know that part of the Watsons belongings moved over to Izzy Cohens camphor parlor for peaces-of-eight. As soon as Watson got his dukes on the cash, he ribbed himself up like a senator and went gunning for the Kansas millionaire. He not only corraled *him*, but he got a scissors on *his heart-murmur*, Ida M. Dizzy. The yell is, she *allso* has a buck-eighty for every fly in a Greek restaurant.

Well, Watson put on the big promotion flash like nobodys nevermind. He hired a sixteen cylinder supercharger with a liveried Jap and took the couple to the ritzy Clover Club where they could gun the flicker stars. Mr. Watson not only described the stars in person, but he dwelled upon the *fabulous fortunes* that were being made in the fillum racket. Honest, after he'd wore out sixteen menus figuring imaginary picture profits, and by the time they killed the fourth bottle of Mr. Graves sparkling burgundy, Elmer Allowishus De Kay and his sweetie were all set to give Metro and Fox a terriffic pushing around.

"To show you how painfully eager capitalists are to enter this glamerous business," said Watson, "I have a scenarrio in my vault for a collosal girl production that will earn millions. As a result, I have six *international bankers* clammering to finance my production."


WHY HELLO, OLD THING I RECEIVED YOUR LENGTHY CABLE FROM BERRITZ —
HE'S TALKING TO LONDON!
FOR PITY SAKES
HEY, HE COULD SELL RUBBER BOOTS IN AKRON
YEAH, AN HE WOULDNT GIVE YOU LAST YEARS COLD.
BERT GREEN
HOLLYWOOD

When those two carpet-baggers heard Watson talk to London, it all but slayed them.

Just then the head waiter came over with a portable telephone and informed Mr. Watson that Lord Beaverboard was calling him from London.

When those two carpet-baggers heard Watson talk to *London*, it all but slayed them. "Why, Hello, Lord Beaverboard?" said Watson. "I'm delighted to hear your voice."

"Hey! How are you making out with 'em two sagebrush comics?" asked Twist, on the other end of the wire.

"My dear Sir," replied Watson, "I received your lengthy cable a fortnight ago from Berritz and regret to say that my barister is apethetic about your proposal to finance my picture. As a result, I am deeply grieved to have to decline your generous offer. Toodle-oo."

Well, he no more than hung up than a messenger boy trecked in and handed Watson a telegram. It read:

WALL STREET EAGER TO FINANCE YOUR COLISIUM PRODUCTION STOP SPLIT WORLD PROFITS FIFTY FIFTY PLEASE ADVISE. VALVESTEM MALIVINSKI AND GRISTLE

"There you are Mr. De Kay!" remarked Watson, as he carelessly tossed the wire across the table. "They *all* want to back my picture." That floored the two of them. Between that wire, the trans-Atlantic call and the giggle gravy, you could no more keep them out of the movie business than you could do a hand-spring in a phone booth. They signed Watsons agreement and *loved* it!

And *that*, Socko, is the way Mr. Watsons new motion picture company was formed, and if you dont think Jack and I are going places in his big production—follow my MALE!!

Cheerio old thing, GINGER.

Ginger Ryan,
Hollywood, Cal.

New York.

Dear Ginger:

Oh! Am I fit to be floored! After exposing my manly form to Manslaughter Mahoney and winning five grand, I arrive in New York with six-bits. Heres what happened: I no sooner board the boat in Havana when that cute little trick Margie Mc.Guire leads me to the Palm Room where we ruin a couple back-a-dees. "I'd just love to play a little poker, just for fun," she says.

"So would I," I says. "Anything to be with *you*."

Well, she invites me down to her cabin and ten minutes later who barges in but her "uncle." "Can I cut in?" he says, as clubby as a dance-hall hostess.

"We'd be delighted, wouldn't we, Socko?" she says.

Eight hours later I'm minus five grand.

The next day when I run into my manager, Jack Downey, I give him the low-down. "It serves you right," he says. "You took Manslaughter's dough and his dame took *you!*" Now aint that a sweet load of grief?

Wishing you the same,
Your ever loving pal, SOCKO.

You'll find more letters from Socko and Ginger, describing still dizzier days, in an early issue.

FOOTBALL... "PRO" and CON

A Star Surveys the Money Game as Compared with the College Brand

by HARRY NEWMAN

All-America Quarterback, 1932;
New York Giants (Professionals)
Quarterback, 1933-35

as told to

E. L. WARNER, Jr.

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 53 SECONDS

WE were trailing the Chicago Bears 16 to 14 in the play-off game for the National Professional League championship. As quarterback for the New York Giants, I had thrown passes for both our touchdowns. We were in scoring territory again, with the ball on the Bears' twenty-yard line, ten yards from the left side line.

I called a reverse play to the weak side, toward the left, with Ken Strong, our big halfback, carrying the ball. I took the ball from center and handed it to Strong, who started to the left. But he could find no hole, so he twisted and turned, finally throwing a backward pass to me. I ran wide to the right, then wheeled and arched another pass into Strong's arms as he waited in the end zone. Strong and I each handled the ball twice on the play.

As the teams lined up for the point after touchdown, Joe Kopcha, the Bears' burly guard, walked by me disgustedly.

" You haven't got a play like that," he snorted.

And Kopcha was right. Strong and I improvised that play to fit the occasion when we found another play wouldn't work. That is one of the essential differences between college and professional football. The pros sometimes concoct plays like that on the spur of the moment. They can handle the ball better after years of experience and can adapt themselves to a situation more readily than the collegians.

But don't think the professionals have any less " will to win " than the college boys who go out to " die for dear old Rutgers." The pro players are just older boys, and no boys like to lose.

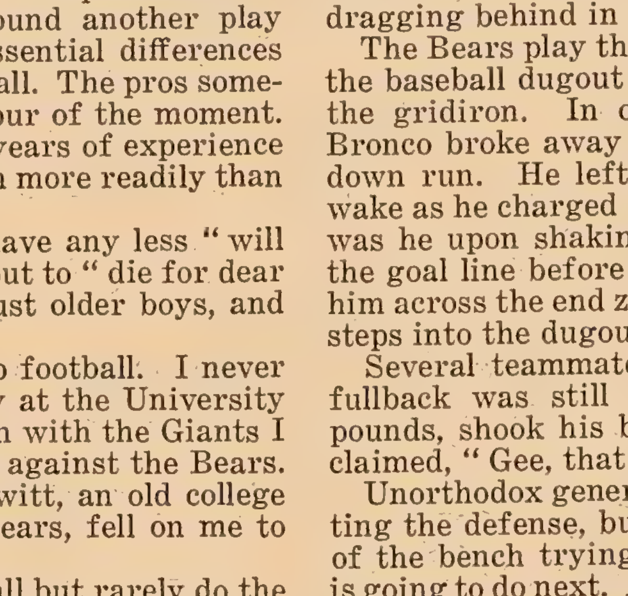
They block and tackle harder in pro football. I never was really hurt in three years of play at the University of Michigan. But in my second season with the Giants I had three vertebrae broken in a game against the Bears. I was lying on the ball when Bill Hewitt, an old college teammate now playing end for the Bears, fell on me to make sure I was down.

They may hit you hard in pro football but rarely do the players injure an opponent purposely. There is a policy of " live and let live," for all realize that they derive their livelihood from the game. Besides, there are other ways of stopping a play. " Link " Lyman, the old bald eagle of the Chicago Bears, now retired from pro football, was a master at the art of " tackling the ball." Many a ball carrier found himself not only stopped by Lyman but divested of the ball as well.

In a game against Cincinnati, Lyman was doing quite a bit of holding in the line. The referee either failed to detect the infraction or ignored it. But Lyman's holding became so irksome to the Cincinnati players that one of them complained to the referee.

" Can't you see Lyman holding there on every play? " he asked disgustedly.

" Don't you think that a player who has been in the league as long as Lyman is entitled to some privileges? " shot back the referee.



"Bronco" crashed into the dugout.

Although I have thrown hundreds of passes both in college and pro games, kicked several valuable field goals, and made some spectacular runs, including one of ninety-three yards against the Boston Redskins on the opening kickoff, I believe the play that gave me the most satisfaction was a defensive one. We were playing the Green Bay Packers in 1934. Clark Hinkle, husky Packer fullback, intercepted one of our passes deep in his own territory and started down the field.

I was playing the safety position on the Giants' thirty-five-yard line. By the time Hinkle approached that point, he had three blockers in front of him as he came down the side line and apparently was touchdown-bound. I dodged one of the Green Bay blockers, straight-armed another, and then managed to knock Hinkle out of bounds. How I eluded all three blockers I don't know, but Green Bay lost a touchdown and the Giants won the game, 17 to 3.

" Bronco " Nagurski, the Chicago Bears' human battering ram, is the hardest player to stop in pro football. I have seen him gallop along with as many as three tacklers dragging behind in a vain effort to bring him down.

The Bears play their home games at Wrigley Field and the baseball dugout cuts into the end zone at one end of the gridiron. In one of the Bears' home games, the Bronco broke away at midfield and commenced a touchdown run. He left tackler after tackler strewn in his wake as he charged down toward the goal line. So intent was he upon shaking off the opposition that he crossed the goal line before he knew it. His momentum carried him across the end zone and he crashed down the concrete steps into the dugout.

Several teammates rushed across to see if their star fullback was still intact. Bronco picked up his 210 pounds, shook his big head in a dazed manner, and exclaimed, " Gee, that last fella sure hit me hard! "

Unorthodox generalship often proves valuable in upsetting the defense, but it also keeps the coach on the edge of the bench trying to anticipate what the quarterback is going to do next. At Michigan, Coach Kipke had a habit of pulling up blades of grass from the stadium turf and chewing on them during tense moments in a game. When we went East to play Harvard in 1930, the Michigan bench was on the running track instead of on turf, so " Kip " spent an unpleasant afternoon munching on cinders.

In my second year on the Michigan varsity we lost to Ohio State, but a certain play in that game earned me some public disapproval. I dropped back to pass, but, failing to spot a receiver, I ran with the ball instead and gained some twenty yards. Immediately afterward Kipke sent in a substitute and I trotted out.

Some of the spectators jumped to the conclusion that I had disobeyed orders. As a matter of fact, Kipke replaced me because he thought I was hurt.

But that's football—headlines today and heads wagging tomorrow.

THE END

Vox Pop

"You Can't Hate Your Way Out of Crime," Says Ex-Burglar

WINTERTON, N. Y.—I guess you will box my ears and send me to the foot of the class when I tell you that Will Irwin's piece in October 17 Liberty gave me a pain.

The newspapers and magazines of this country have gone nuts over this J. Edgar Hoover. Don't you fellows want the truth? Why all this hokum? Why doesn't a writer like Irwin get his facts straight? You give Roosevelt hell, don't you? Well, why not go after Hoover too?

I think Hoover and his G-men are a menace. Why? First, because he has antagonized the local police organizations of the United States and has destroyed the morale of many of them. He works with them and then grabs all the publicity and credit for the solution of crimes. He says he solved all the major kidnapings. He hasn't. He didn't solve, among others, the Lindbergh, McElroy, and Weyerhauser cases. Nor did he capture Dillinger. He tried to grab all the credit on the Dillinger case until the Chicago newspapermen got after him.

Will Irwin says Hoover has broken up kidnaping and bank robbery. Migod! What are the kidnapers and bank robbers doing today? If we stop kidnaping and bank robbing and the boys turn to other kinds of crime, where does the taxpayer wind up?

Will says the P. O. inspectors put the train robbers out of business. Migod! Will should study underworld evolution. He may be a swell writer but he's a terrible criminologist.

What does Hoover know about crime detection that the police of New York, Boston, Chicago, or a thousand other cities don't know? Will talks about underworld organization. More bunk. There has never been such a thing in America—outside of the bootlegging rings. Dips, prowlers, jewel thieves, pay-roll robbers, bank robbers, con men have never been organized. All our criminals are afraid of the G-men, Will says. Migod! Will should be chloroformed!

Another kidnaping and bank-robbing epidemic is on the way. We can't hate our way out of crime, the opinions of Hoover to the contrary notwithstanding. Why not tell the truth about the G-men? —*Ex-Bank Robber.*

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—When an American-born citizen reads an article such as that by Mr. Will Irwin titled Are They Putting J. Edgar Hoover On the Spot? its contents are sufficient to make one's blood boil to bursting point.

Is it Mr. Hoover's fault that he has received so much publicity at the hands of the overanxious reporters of the dailies who are seeking a so-called scoop? Such publicity has worked a hardship and disadvantage to Mr. Hoover, to whom every citizen in this great republic should be grateful.

This publicity to the exclusion of the Secret Service Department has caused bitterness and animosity.

Many public speakers have pointed with extreme pride to one department in our government not influenced or affected by politicians or grafters, and that department is the one over which Mr. Hoover presides.

Is Mr. Hoover or his department to be verbally chastised, criticized, or berated because his department is clean and free of every vestige of graft?—*Robert S. Elliott.*

INVESTIGATE THE NATURALIZATION OFFICES

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—I am reading Liberty quite regularly if for nothing else than Mr. Macfadden's editorials. The article, however, Why Not Deport the Alien? by Herbert Corey (October 24 Liberty), is utter rot. He apparently doesn't know very much about the things he is writing about. If he could reason a little and see things, he would probably not come to the conclusion that the sudden spurt of naturalization is solely due to old-age pensions, etc., but to a few other little things.

If you want to do something for our country, why don't you investigate the naturalization offices throughout the country on the q. t. and see what is going on before letting anybody dish you up such a silly mess as that article? After you get through your eyes will pop out of your head.

The whole department has been completely demoralized by putting its political henchmen in key positions without civil-service requirements.—*Frank X. Zilker.*

BLUE RIBBON FOR OLD WHEEZE

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Reading an October 10 Vox Pop entitled Precocious Shirley made me think of a story that applies to such extraordinary intelligence as this. It is to the effect that a girl took to nursing twenty-four hours after she was born.

Now, fellers, send on the blue ribbon! —*Joseph O. Payette.*

WHY NOT BRIDGE FUNERALS?

EL CAJON, CALIF.—Your Citizen of the World letter in October 10 Vox Pop gives me the courage to say that since becoming acquainted with certain small-town groups that spell the words "society" and "sports" with the capital S I am convinced that bridge should be a feature of the up-to-date funeral service. It's time to junk that moth-eaten conception of death as involving the services of a preacher and enriching the florist. And why listen to those so-called "sacred songs" which are never heard on any other occasion?

The bridge funeral would satisfy everybody. Those who are spiritualistically inclined could feel that the departed, lying so peacefully in his or her casket, is really participating in the beloved game. Materialists who believe that death ends all would be cheered to go on having a good time while the going is good. And the bereaved would be braced for the subsequent ordeal of cremation or burial.

The bridge funeral might help to purify the game and elevate it from its threatened status as poker's twin. By all means, let's root for the bridge funeral!—*Genuine Progressive.*

LIBERTY OFFSETS DROUGHT

WAURIKA, OKLA.—The days have passed into weeks, the weeks into months, the months into years, and still I continue to buy Liberty (the best five-cent magazine published). Living in a land of droughts and crop failures makes life seem not worth while at times. So reading Liberty during these years has been a pleasure and one of the few pastimes I could afford.

LIBERTY
Pabé

Bernarr Macfadden's editorials express good sound common sense; I enjoy reading them.

Please keep Liberty coming to my door.—*Hattie Moore.*

STALIN FALLS FOR PRINCESS!

TOLEDO, OHIO—Have just finished reading Princess Catherine Radziwill's article, Sixteen Die at One Woman's Word (October 24 Liberty).

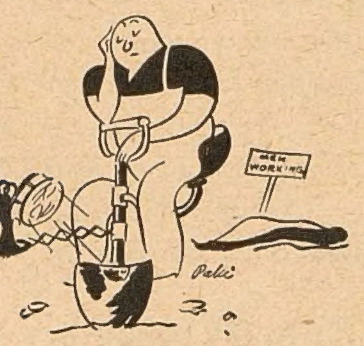
I do not agree with the Princess that Stalin has turned soft over a woman and will do her bidding.

Stalin stands for Steel. His life story doesn't sound as if he and the nobility were great pals. That's a laugh, him falling for a princess! Evidently the writer left Russia in such a hurry, she doesn't know the life history of this man. —*Elmer Scholz.*

CHIN REST ON SHOVEL

FRACKVILLE, PA.—The letter regarding the "cute" shovels written by the irritated lady from Arizona (October 3 Vox Pop) greatly interested me.

I wonder if she has heard about or has seen the very latest model in the shovel industry. This new shovel is fitted not only with the old gadget of supplying a padded seat but also with one which, on releasing a spring, causes a soft velvet chin rest to slide into place at the end of the handle. There is also a cooling system. If the shovel does too much arduous work pushing pebbles and dirt hither and yon, and the tool becomes too hot—then by this new system the shovel is instantly fanned and cooled. No time is wasted and the cheerful busy-bee worker can return to his strenuous chores. I urge you to go out and see these models in operation. My dear, it's the last word in shovels!—*(Mrs.) Ethel Roads Garrett.*



FROM IDAHO IN THE INTEREST OF RODEO

BLACKFOOT, IDA.—Dora Macy's Riding High started out in great fashion. It looks like a great serial. In the mechanics of rodeo she is perfect. The story is swell. We all like it. But in the interest of rodeo may we make a few corrections?

In the first place, Liberty ran away with itself in an announcement showing the picture of Alice Greenough as world champion bronc rider. Alice, as grand a hand as she is, is not ladies' bronc champion. The champion of 1935 is Rose Davis (Breeden) of Fort Worth, Texas. She won the title in Madison Square Garden, the only major rodeo in which women compete, in 1935 and 1933, being out with a broken leg in 1934. In 1935 Mary Keen of Fort Davis, Texas, was runner-up.

Your announcement also quoted Alice as saying, "We talk the way they do in Riding High." Somebody has fooled Alice. In her first installment Dora says that cowboys said "I winned" and "I knewed" and nobody in rodeo talks that way—and Alice knows it—unless it is in a rodeo at Revere Beach, Jackson, Mississippi, or the hillbillies of the Bronx. The only imperfect English you can accuse them of is the race-track slang of using "I win" for "I won."

Also, a scallion to your illustrator. The use of leather cuffs and neckerchiefs has been out for twelve years. Chaps are worn only in riding the range or in bucking. Never for dress wear, to restaurants, in parade, or on the streets. Steer wrestling, even if they hang pretty ribbons on the steer's horns, is still "dogging" to the hands. Chaps are not equipment. They prevent tearing while riding through the brush and wear and tear on "working parts" during rodeo.

If you wish further on the "ladies' bronc championship," please call authorities, especially Colonel W. T. Johnston or Everett Colborn, or the Colborn and Sorensen rodeos. Probably Rose Davis, the real champion, is as interested in your rodeo story as Alice, a grand hand, who may be champion this year.—*S. J. Moloney.*

"COMMUNISM IS NATIONAL CAPITALISM"

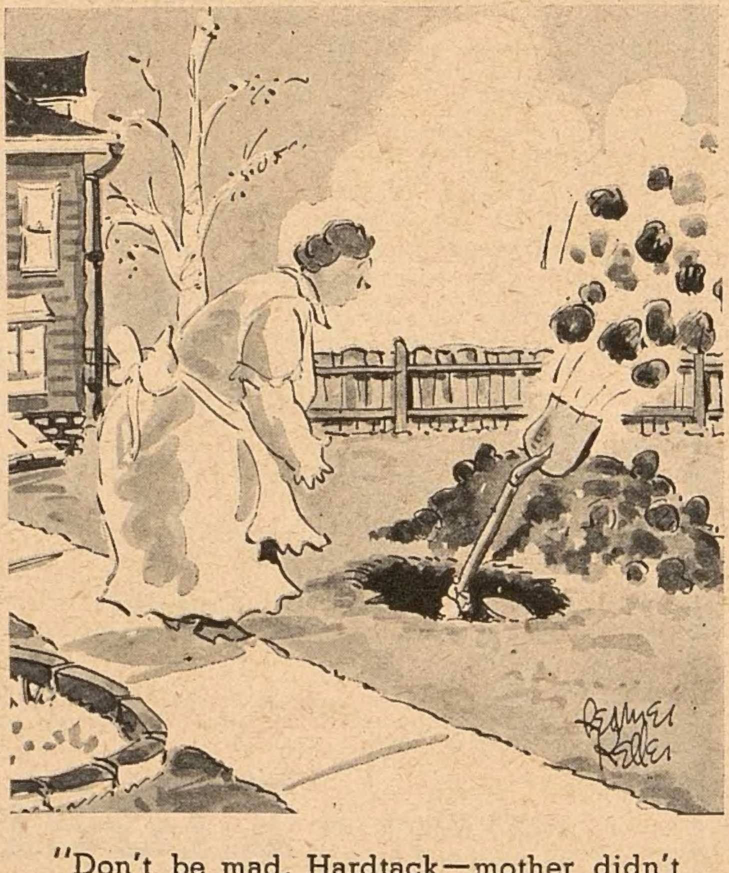
OLYMPIA, WASH.—Mr. Macfadden's editorial, Communism Is National Capitalism (October 17 Liberty), struck me as a lot of common sense.

I hope a lot of these stupid people who are continually arguing for Communism will have the chance to read that article. I have always said that it only takes a fairly fluent tongue to reel off some sputterings about Communism, but it takes common sense to argue on the happy medium.—*D. R. S.*

HARDTACK MAKES A HIT

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—I know, if I were editor of a magazine, I would be interested in knowing what my public liked. Hence my sincere approval of Mr. Reamer Keller's humorous drawings appearing these last few weeks. May they continue indefinitely!—*Fred Young.*

"HARDTACK"

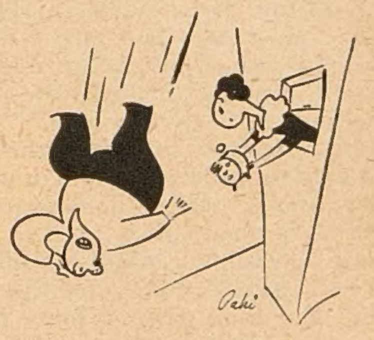


"Don't be mad, Hardtack—mother didn't mean it when she told you to go to China."

SPEED OF FALLING BODY

DES MOINES, IA.—George S. Doll, J (October 24 Vox Pop), made the startling announcement that a human body will fall thirty feet the first second and gain an additional speed of thirty feet per second.

Mr. Doll may know all about parachute jumping, but I would like to inform him that he is a little hazy in his physics.



I find a body will fall sixteen feet during the first second and gain an additional speed of thirty-two feet per second.—*Thomas Burford.*

TWO GLARING ERRORS ON HORSEBACK

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.—Several of the students at the university have risen in protest over the cover of the October 10 issue of Liberty.

There are two glaring errors. If you will refer to that cover depicting a woman on horseback, you will notice that the reins from the bit to the beginning of the leather are loose, and from there on they are taut. This is impossible, as any beginner of horsemanship would know.

The second error is not quite as grave a mistake but nevertheless an error. Again referring to the cover, you will notice that the foot is placed too far forward in the stirrup.

If Cole Bradley, the artist, is an attractive female not over thirty years of age, kindly disregard this letter.—*Charles Fairfax Reade IV.*

HELL IN SPAIN, BASIS FOR SERMON

MONTREAL, QUE.—It might be interesting to know that the article Hell in Spain as I Saw It, by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., was used as the basis for a sermon given by the Rev. Father Stanford of St. Patrick's Parish.

I called the priest and he spoke quite highly of this article and Liberty in general.—*A. E. H.*

"JACKOS" TO THE ANZACS

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Digger Craven, in his story of Gallipoli, Legion of Lost Souls, constantly refers to the Turks as "Johnny Turks." That was what the English troops called them. To the Anzacs the Turks were known as "Jackos"!—*3149.*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

It Happened In

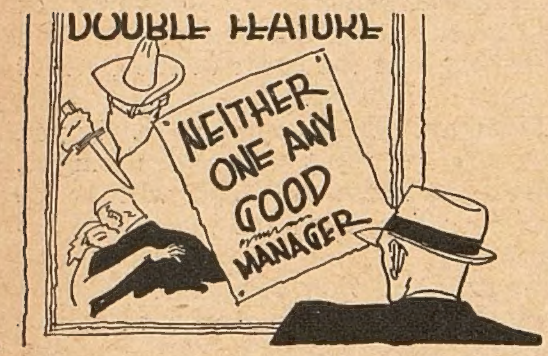
ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT--Sheik Mohammed, sixty-five years old, married Zanouba, a nineteen-year-old girl, in 1935. Three times they quarreled, and three times Mohammed divorced her under Mohammedan law by saying to her in the presence of witnesses, "I divorce you."

Twice he remarried her. But the law forbids a man to remarry a woman more than twice, unless she has been married to another man meanwhile.

So Sheik Mohammed asked his friend Hussein to marry Zanouba for twenty-four hours and then divorce her. Hussein agreed. When the twenty-four hours were up, however, Hussein balked.

"I've grown too fond of her," he said. Sheik Mohammed fumed. Hussein stood pat. Zanouba only smiled.

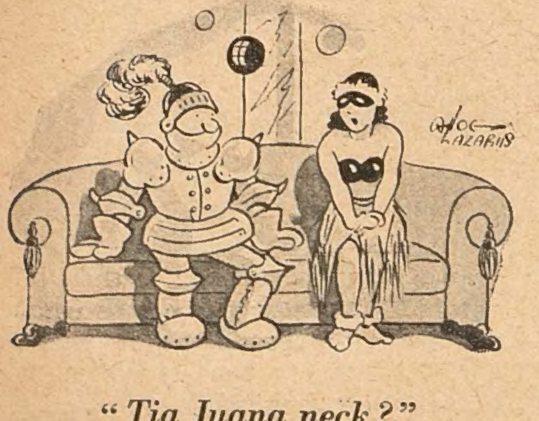
GALION, OHIO—Henry Fickensher, theater manager, whose advertising of a double-feature movie program read: "Neither one any good," reported that receipts from the double feature advertised negatively were twenty dollars greater than those of the previous double-feature show.



WARSAW, POLAND—From a Warsaw maternity hospital comes the news that an army sergeant, Nochmen Tennenbaum, twenty-five, walked into the hospital, announced that he was about to have a baby—and did so. Nochmen had undergone a change of sex during the past year and been forced to abandon a promising army career. But he continues to wear male attire. The father of the child is an artist. This is the first case on record where sex change was sufficiently complete for reproduction.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Elmer Koch went to jail for thirty days for the theft of an antique store cuckoo clock. "I watched it for two weeks," he said. "Then I couldn't stand it any longer. I wanted to see what made it run."

Use the words "Tia Juana"



"Tia Juana neck?"

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY REVERE WISTEHUFF

AMERICAN GIRLS ARE CHANGING!

Where are the "flaming femmes" of yesteryear—the girls who thought money grew on trees; the girls who thought overdrinking was cute; the girls who used to get up at twelve or one o'clock?

They're gone! And their places have been taken by a new type of American deb—Miss 1937.

She's a girl who knows that money is earned; she realizes that physical fitness is a paramount necessity. And she knows that work is fun.

So she has descended on the business office, the department store, the dress shops and hat shops. So strenuous has her competition been in modeling that the professionals had to organize a committee to protect their interests from the society buds!

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR., has known the two types intimately: their background, likes and dislikes, ambitions. In Liberty next week he gives you a revealing close-up of Miss 1937, the girl who knows what she wants and in a cool, level-eyed way is going about the business of getting it.

WISE VIRGIN

The start of a thrilling new novel of today, the gripping story of a rich girl's love. WALTON GREEN, who gave you Little Brown Nurse, Corsair, and Dangerous Woman, now gives you an absorbing romance of an American girl, Model 1937—a girl all girls must be like if they want to survive.

Remain Young Indefinitely

More of the wizard Steinach's latest secrets of man's fight against old age and death.

Also stories and articles by Edith Barnard Delano, Edward Doherty, Roger Garis, Frederick James Smith, and others.

NEXT WEEK IN Liberty ON SALE DEC. 2

GET YOUR COPY OF LIBERTY ON WEDNESDAY

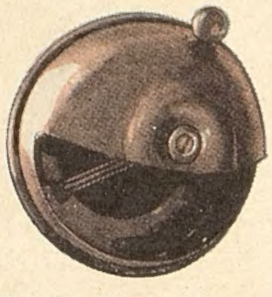
It's always fair weather . . IN YOUR FORD V·8 WITH A GENUINE FORD HEATER

GENUINE Ford ACCESSORIES

Let Winter come! Let cold winds blow! You'll enjoy Summer comfort the year around in your Ford V-8 with a Genuine Ford Heater.

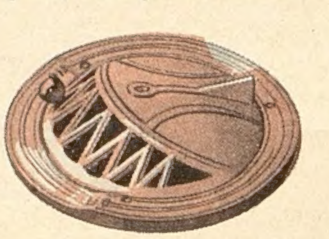
For 1937 Ford Motor Company announces a new, improved heater. It's more efficient. It heats quickly. It circulates fresh air. It brings the comfort of your living room to your Ford V-8. You'll appreciate the features of this new Ford Heater. A convenient instrument panel control regulates the amount of heat desired. An improved air intake admits a greater amount of clean, fresh outside air. Newly designed outlets supply an unrestricted flow of warmed air to both front and rear compartments. Let the nearest Ford dealer install a new Ford Heater in your Ford car today. You'll enjoy a full Winter of comfortable driving. Heater $13.50 installed. Defroster and rear compartment outlet available at additional cost.

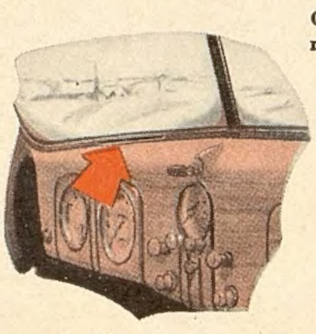
FORD MOTOR COMPANY, Dearborn, Michigan



Heat-flow from both front and rear outlets may be directed as desired.

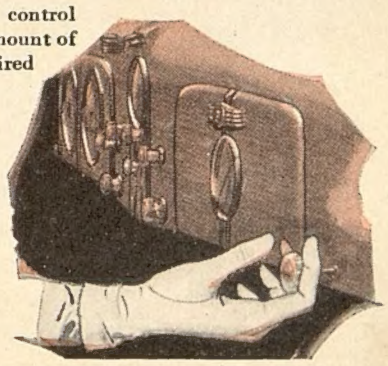
The rear compartment is heated quickly through this outlet.





Arrow indicates defroster outlet. Keeps windshield clear of ice and moisture in all weather.

Convenient control regulates amount of heat desired



Deep in the jungle fastness of Central America amid the ruins of a Lost City . . .

Lawrence T. K. Griswold (*right*) has headed expeditions to Tibet, Komodo, the Amazon, and the lost cities of the ancient Mayas. He lists Camels as one of the necessities on the trail. "At best, eating in the jungle is no picnic," says Griswold. "I've found that smoking Camels—no matter where, what, or when I eat—is an aid to my digestion. Camels ease tension and give me a "lift" in energy when I need it most. After a day of tough going with nerves alert for hidden peril, I look forward to the sense of ease Camels bring me. Camels never get on my nerves."

Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Good digestion helps bring a sense of well-being and contentment—so

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE SMOKE CAMELS

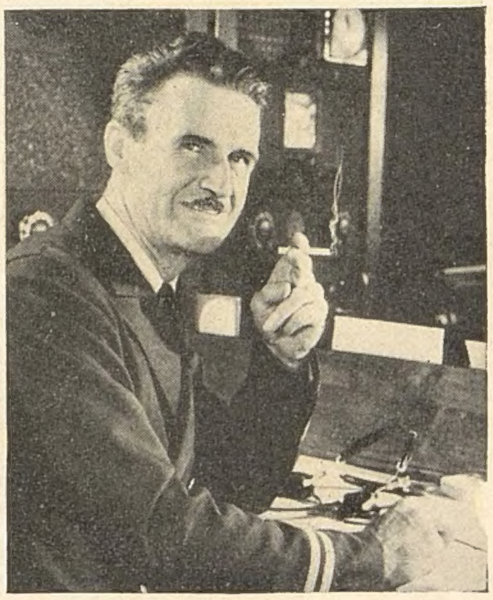
THE beneficial effect of smoking Camels with your meals and afterwards has been proved again and again in the great laboratory of human experience. Explorers, athletes, people in hazardous outdoor work, millions of men and women in homes and offices, find that Camels aid digestion. When you enjoy Camels, you are rewarded with an increased flow of the fluids so important to good digestion. You can enjoy Camels *often*. Camels do not get on your nerves.

CAMEL
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

● **Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.**

THIS "CO-ED" SAYS: "CAMELS SET ME RIGHT!" "Mental work often has an effect on digestion, too," adds Miss Josephine O'Neill—photographed on her way to a lecture. "During meals Camels are a big aid to digestion. After meals they make food seem twice as good."



A FLIGHT DISPATCHER needs to be on the alert. "I often eat my meals right on the job," says H. G. Andrews, TWA flight dispatcher at the Newark Airport. "And always smoke Camels. Camels help my digestion behave itself. Being mild, Camels don't get on my nerves."